Dec. 23, 1972

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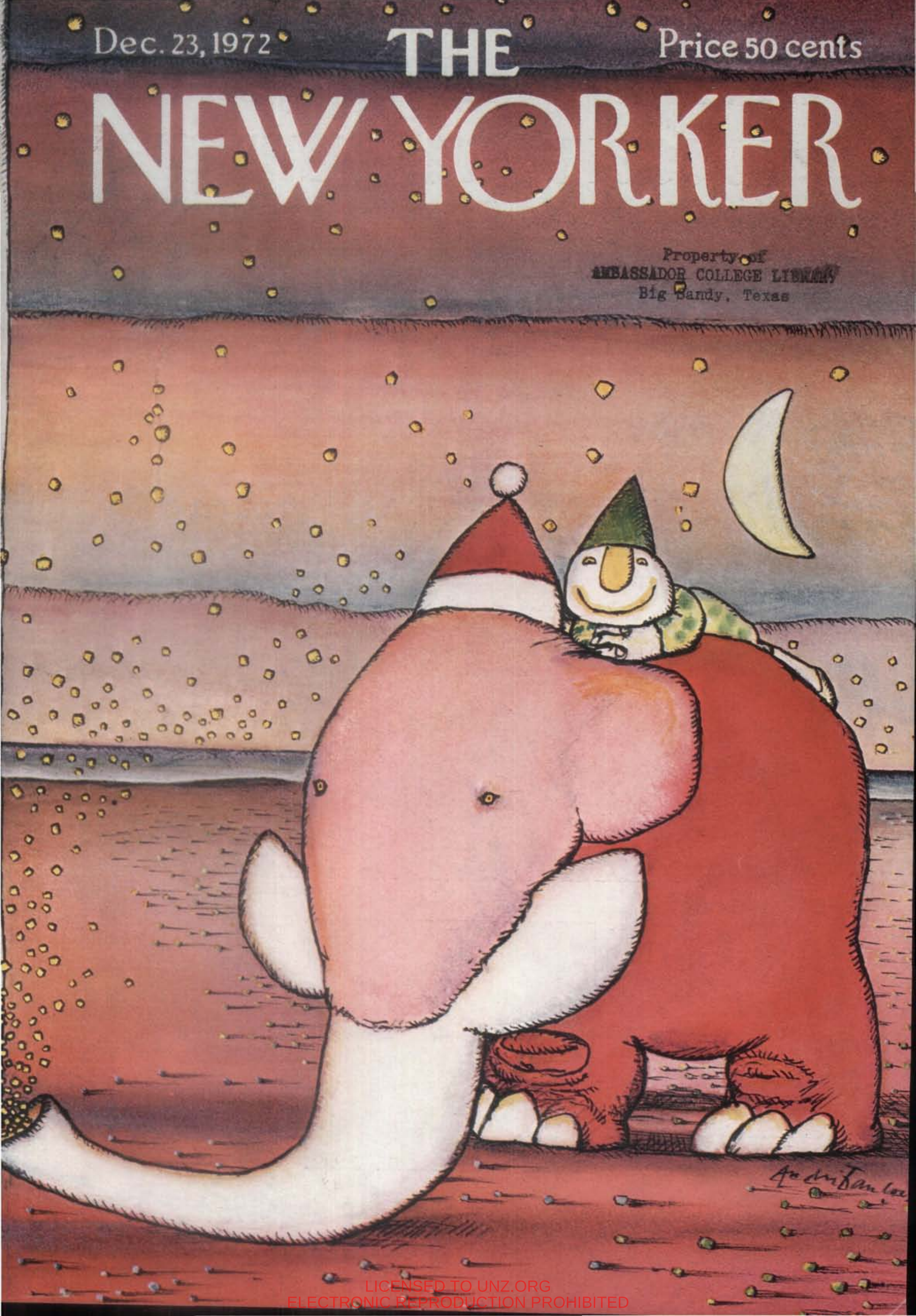
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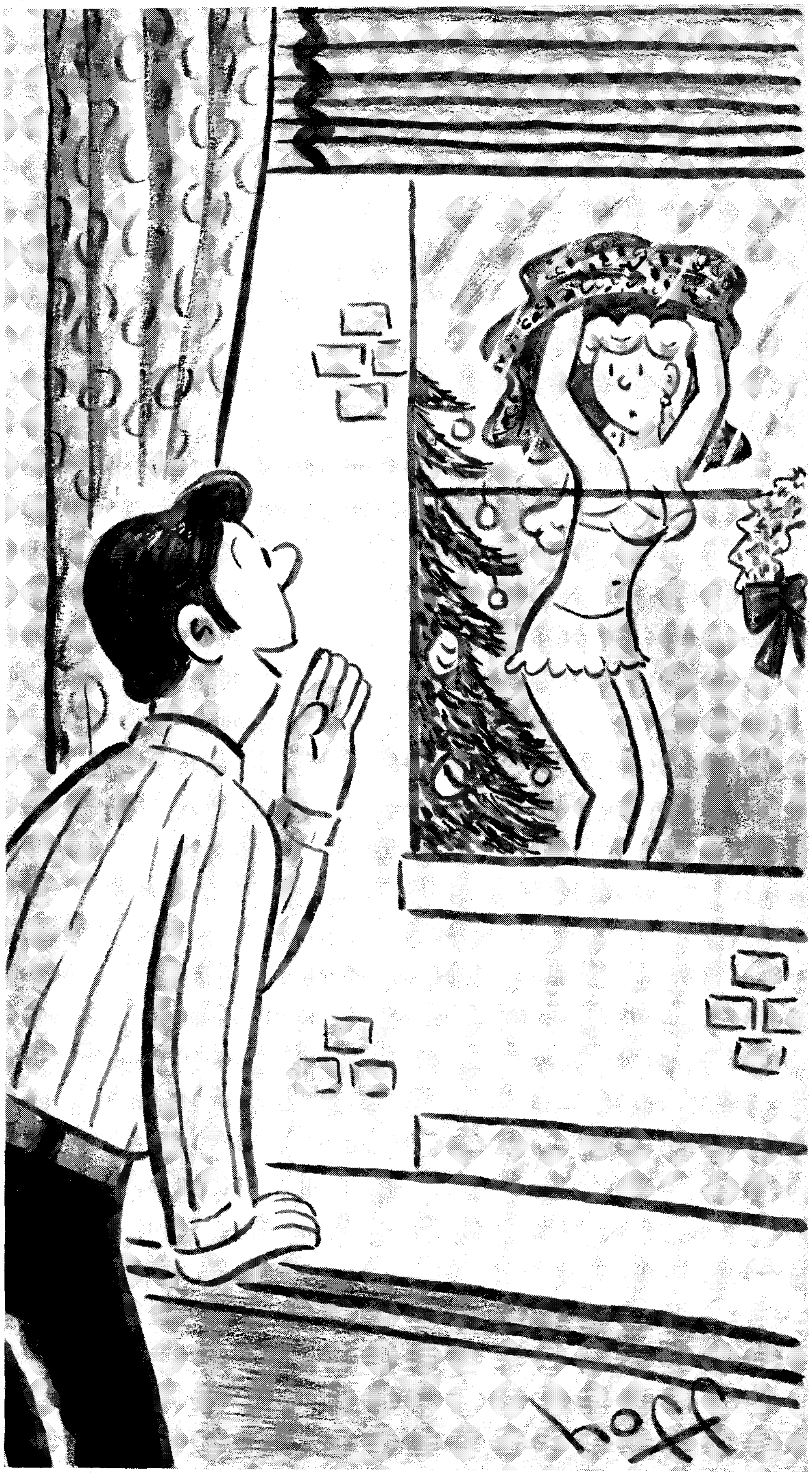

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Christmas. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Bar That Never Closes—A musical with a book by Louisa Rose, lyrics by Miss Rose and John Braswell, and music by Tom Mandel. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Berlin to Broadway with Kurt Weill—This chronological arrangement of Weill's glorious songs, as sung and semi-performed by two young men and two young women, is a bit tame for the writings of the Master, but it has its exciting moments all the same. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Butley—Alan Bates, continuously onstage and in continuous eruption, as a miserable teacher at the University of London bent on making everyone around him feel as unhappy as he does. The author, Simon Gray, has found the means of making Butley sympathetic; he has also given him wonderfully funny lines to utter. An excellent comedy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

The Children—Bob Balaban, Terry Kiser, Kevin McCarthy, and Fern Sloan make up the cast of this play by Michael McGuire. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Doctor Selavy's Magic Theatre—A very entertaining, wild, and way-out musical set in a madhouse. The show was conceived, directed, and designed by Richard Foreman. Stanley Silverman wrote the music, and Tom Hendry wrote the lyrics. The performances by all hands are highly satisfactory. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

The Great God Brown and Don Juan—A seven-week engagement of the two plays, presented more or less in alternation by the New Phoenix Repertory Company. John McMartin in Eugene O'Neill's THE GREAT GOD BROWN, directed by Harold Prince: Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 28-29, at 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 30, at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ Paul Hecht in Molière's DON JUAN, adapted and directed by Stephen Porter: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 21-22, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 7:30; Tuesday, Dec. 26, at 7:30; and Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 7:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Closes Sunday, Jan. 21.)

Green Julia—A rather silly but lively comedy by a gifted young English dramatist named Paul Ableman about a pair of college roommates who never stop playing games. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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24	25	26	27	28	29	30

The Last of Mrs. Lincoln—Julie Harris gives a first-rate performance in a rather slick play about the constant troubles of the Widow Lincoln. With David Rounds and Leora Dana. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mourning Becomes Electra—An almost flawless revival of the grave and beautiful O'Neill play. With Colleen Dewhurst and Pamela Payton-Wright. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)

Much Ado About Nothing—In which to be young and in love is very Heaven, if not necessarily very Shakespeare. With Kathleen Widdoes, Sam Waterston, and a merry company. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 14.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Pippin—A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Purlie—Robert Guillaume and Patti Jo in a five-week return engagement of the musical taken from Ossie Davis's "Purlie Victorious." The music is by Gary Geld, the lyrics by Peter Udell, and the book by Mr. Davis, Philip Rose (who also directed), and Mr. Udell. Previews Tuesday, Dec. 26, at 7:30, and Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 2. Opens officially on Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 6:45. (Billy Rose,

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'ULTIMA'
Charles Revson

'A woman may dress for other women, but I am convinced she wears fragrance to please a man. That's why I created 'Ultima' Fragrance.
It communicates both elegance and sexiness —and I know of no combination that pleases a man more.'

—Charles Revson

'Ultima'—Charles Revson

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

RAINBOW—A musical with a score and lyrics by James Rado and a book by him and his brother Ted. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 674-2010. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND and **AFTER MAGRITTE**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

THE REBBITZEN FROM ISRAEL—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays, except Dec. 27, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30; special matinées Christmas at 2 and 5:30.)

THE RIVER NIGER—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)

6 RMS RIV VU—Jerry Orbach and Jane Alexander meet, flirt, make love, and part, all in the course of some twenty-four hours in a vacant apartment on Riverside Drive. Bob Randall wrote the play, such as it is. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SUGAR—A musical-comedy adaptation of the celebrated movie "Some Like It Hot," with Robert Morse, Tony Roberts, and Cyril Ritchard. The movie is better. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SUNSET—A play by Isaac Babel, translated from the Russian by Mirra Ginsburg and Raymond Rosenthal. The production is inadequate. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 24.)

THE SUNSHINE BOYS—Neil Simon's new comedy, with Jack Albertson and Sam Levene. Alan Arkin directed. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 20. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE TRIALS OF OZ—A play by Geoff Robertson, with songs by Buzzy Linhart, Mick Jagger, John Lennon, and Yoko Ono. (Anderson, Second Ave. at 4th St. 260-4940. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

WEDDING BAND—The setting for this love story by Alice Childress is the black section of a city in South Carolina in 1918, and the middle-aged lovers are a black seamstress and a white baker. The first act is fine; after that, for one reason or another, things fall slightly apart, but Ruby Dee, in the leading role, and the actors who support her are so good that they save the evening. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

YOSHE KALB—David Opatoshu and Jacob Ben-Ami in a Yiddish musical (with an English narration) adapted by David Licht from I. J. Singer's novel. The music is by Maurice Rauch. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Thursday, Dec. 21, at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Christmas at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 7.)

LONG RUNS—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,262 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays, except Dec. 24, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 22, at 2.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival of that immortal work of the twenties. With Martha Raye, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. No performances Thursday, Dec. 21, and Christmas.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Neil Simon writes very funny lines, and they are being delivered by Hector Elizondo and Phyllis Newman in the leading roles. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** Joe Papp's delightful musical version of a silly Shakespeare play. Book by Mel Shapiro and John Guare, who also wrote the lyrics that accompany Galt MacDermot's attractive music. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 7. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 20-22, at 6; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 23-24, at 2 and 6; Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 26-29, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 30, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

DANCERS OF BALI—The first in a series of sixteen performances by this company of fifty, with the palace gamelan (native orchestra), from the village of Tabanan. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 23-24, at 2 and 7:30 [previews]; Tuesday, Dec. 26, at 7; Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 27-28, at 2; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 29-30, at 2 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 7.)

MISCELLANY

MOSCOW CIRCUS—Russia's celebrated one-ring circus, with Popov the clown, cycling bears, Cossack riders, strongmen, jugglers, aerialists, and acrobats. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 20-22, at 7:30; Saturdays at 2 and 8; Sundays and Christmas at 1:30 and 5:30; Tuesday, Dec. 26, at 2 and 7:30; and Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 27-29, at 10:30, 2, and 8. Closes Monday, Jan. 1.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up *autres temps, autres mœurs.* Closed Sundays and Christmas.

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Weather Report, an original and pretty stimulating jazz group, will be here through Thursday, Dec. 21. Singer Jim Dawson opens Friday, Dec. 22. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 26.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. The Ray Bryant trio will play on Wednesday, Dec. 20, and Steve Kuhn will lead a trio Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 21-24. Mondays are for soul music. Entertainment nightly from nine to two (Mondays from eight).

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Mike Abene, a spirited young pianist, will be performing with bassist Harvey Schwartz through Saturday, Dec. 23. Pianist Bobby Leeman and bassist-guitarist Jan Fourie will begin on Tuesday, Dec. 26. Nine-thirty to two-thirty. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In this seat of the mighty, the songs of Bobby Short lead rewardingly down one well-appointed primrose path after another. Following in his merry footsteps are his two great sidemen—Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Teddy Wilson, one of the rocks upon which the contemporary jazz piano was built, plays in his flawless way six nights a week, in company with bassist Al Bruno. On Sundays, Dick Hyman fills in at the keyboard. Eight until one. Dining in pleasant surroundings.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—A long bar and a barnlike back room in which a series of singers and instrumentalists—not necessarily folk—entertain. Beginning Tuesday, Dec. 26, a foursome headed by guitarist Pat Martino will alternate with folk singer Bob Martin. Sounds from nine every night except Sunday and Monday.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-

2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the fully guaranteed jazz piano of Ellis Larkins, who performs with bassist Al Hall Mondays through Saturday from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, from four until closing, Mr. Larkins and other musicians jam. Snacks.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—No city of eight million should be without at least one place dedicated to the six-stringed instrument. Guitarist Sam Brown and bassist Midge Pike are sharing the platform with a jazz-and-classic guitarist named David Qualey. Shows Tuesday through Saturday at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. A Deep South kitchen, albeit a limited one.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—A renascence of jazz in midtown? Since this club moved to its new, shiny home a few weeks ago, a lot of people seem to think so. Another favorable omen: the club is presenting two jazz combos each night. Through Saturday, Dec. 23, Anita O'Day, known for her ice-blue improvisations, and the Roland Hanna trio will trade sets with a quintet headed by tenor saxophonists Al Cohn and Zoot Sims. Starting Tuesday, Dec. 26, the singing team of Jackie Paris and Anne Marie Moss, backed by a group called Every Thursday, will be on the bill with the Cohn-Sims combo. Music from nine to four every night but Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Pianist Nina Sheldon, who can sing up a storm, plays through Saturday, Dec. 23. The Diana Halprin string trio will be the Christmas Eve fare. On Tuesday, Dec. 26, Jimmy Young will be at the keyboard, and on Wednesday, Dec. 27, Lance Hayward returns to his piano. Fridays and Saturdays, bassist Lyn Christie participates. Music from nine-thirty to three, except Christmas Eve, when it runs from nine to one. Closed Christmas.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandsmen: Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Roy Eldridge. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday and Christmas.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—If there's a nautical motif, it pretty well gets lost in the shuffle. Exuma, a good-natured Caribbean rock band, and folk singers Hod and Marc will entertain through Sunday, Dec. 24. Irish singer Liam Clancy and singer-guitarist Rick Roberts, formerly of the Flying Burrito Brothers, will come in on Wednesday, Dec. 27. Shows beginning at nine-thirty Wednesdays through Sundays. Mondays are turned over to an assortment of aspiring entertainers. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas City woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings. Cajun fiddler, singer, and composer Doug Kershaw will be doing his authentic thing through Saturday, Dec. 23. Tom Rapp comes in with his Pearls Before Swine on Tuesday, Dec. 26. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the **BLUE ROOM CABARET,** on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some urgent playing and singing at ten and midnight each night. . . . ¶ In the **OSCAR WILDE ROOM** (a misnomer if there ever was one), on the same floor, highly amplified rock groups begin at ten nightly. People may dance when the music is appropriate.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Wood panelling and a portrait of Henry VIII. Also a complete menu and some satisfying sounds. Tuesdays through Saturdays, jazz pianist Stan Freeman plays from nine to one. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Patti Wicks plays a full-bodied jazz piano, accompanied by bassist Perry Lind, in this relaxed club. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Onliest Place, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Formerly the Half Note (which recently moved to midtown) and now under new management, this little club is located two miles west of Nowhere, but it offers jazz of a fairly high calibre. Through Sunday, Dec. 24, reed man Sonny Red will direct a quartet. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 22-24, jazz singer Sheila Jordan will also be on hand. On Tuesday, Dec. 26, alto saxophonist Lee Konitz will move in with a foursome. Closed Mondays.

Rafiki, 181 Bleecker St. (473-8220)—Warm surroundings and friendly people (appropriately enough, since "*rafiki*" means "friend" in Swahili). Also, a wide-ranging soul-food menu and some swinging jazz by bassist Raphael Grinage and pianist Cecil Young. They play Thursdays through Saturdays from eight until two.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, ombudswoman to all who have ever played at love, is singing—with both rue and wry humor—for them and for the rest of us from nine every night but Sunday and Monday. She is assisted by the piano of Jimmy Lyon.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small and attractive bar (dig the ceiling lights) in which some good musicians have to cope with a less than ideal pianoforte. Drummer Al Dreares leads a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three-thirty. Snacks.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Blues singer Ruth Brown and her trio will perform through Sunday, Dec. 24. On Tuesday, Dec. 26, pianist Ahmad Jamal and his trio will take over. A talented pianist named Bill Rubenstein starts the evening at nine-thirty and fills in between sets—except on Thursdays, Dec. 21 and 28, when harpist Daphne Hellman brings in her Bach-to-Bacharach trio. Limited dining. Closed Christmas. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Tuesday through Sunday, Dec. 26-31, Brazilian guitarist-accordionist Sivuca and singer-guitarist Buzzy Linhart will begin at nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A basement *boîte* where history is sometimes made. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 20-21, Gary Bartz, a bop-based saxophonist, will present his NTU Troop. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 22-24, Chick Corea, an advanced jazz pianist, and his quartet will have the floor. Saxophonist Rahsaan Roland Kirk will arrive with his Vibration Society on Tuesday, Dec. 26. On Mondays, the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band has the stage to itself. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass by Jim Roberts and Carl Pruitt Friday through Sunday and by Joanne Brackeen and Herman Wright Monday through Thursday. Eight until two.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Mr. D. will be away Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 26-28. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The present incumbents are singer John C. Attle and comedian Donnie Brooke. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Fridays, and at nine, eleven, and one on Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

MMANUEL
Christmas Greetings

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Closed Sundays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a new portmanteau revue, is on view at nine and eleven every night but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian Brauerei, thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from seven to one. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The staccato ballet team of Augie & Margo and Spanish singer Franciska give their all at dinner and supper. On Thursday, Dec. 21, Cuban singers Rolando Lacerie and Luisa Maria will replace Franciska. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **FLAMENCO ROOM,** a minute theatre-in-the-round, there occur (well along in the evening) outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Front and center are comedian George Kirby and Australian singer Wilma Reading. Beginning Thursday, Dec. 21, Ronnie Dyson will do the singing and Moms Mabley will supply the humor, as well as some rhythm-and-blues songs. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, one can still evoke the illusion that he is in typical, tropical, topical Las Vegas surroundings. The music begins at ten. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT,** where every prospect pleases, the dance music during the dinner hours issues from Mark Monte's orchestra and a trio, while the supper hours are devoted to a London-style discothèque. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ The **CAFÉ** has a seven-day week, with Herb Winner's dance crew calling the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's threesome on Sundays and Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—This year, the **PERSIAN ROOM** is serving as a showcase for new musical groups. The current one is called the Westwood. The schedule is Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . ¶ Sig and Gary, a brace of strolling musicians, disport themselves in the **GREEN TULIP** from five to ten. Discothèque dancing from ten until one. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violin-and-piano music susurrates from four-thirty to six-thirty every day, and from eight until midnight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine until one Fridays and Saturdays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Duke Ellington (*lui-même*) is leading his band at dinner and supper every night but Sunday on this top of the world. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from seven o'clock on.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Blues singer and guitarist Muddy Waters and the Sy Oliver band share the stage at dinner and supper in the **MAISONETTE.** The orchestra of Burt Farber and the trio of Anthony Terini are the tireless dance musicians. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Nilotic and pleasantly sybaritic, but given to live entertainment of a sort that brings forth visions of some over-merchandised American pie. Three times nightly, there is a spangly floor show. Between sets—and earlier, beginning at five—people dance to discs. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Leisurely evenings, during which Bill Halsey's high-level pianistics can soothe or scintillate, de-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

pending on the jazz, blues, or show tunes he is embellishing. With Leonard Gaskin on bass, he plays Mondays (except Christmas) through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closes after Saturday, Dec. 23, for a ten-day holiday. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. There's piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from cocktails until whenever. (After nine-thirty, it's by Charlie La Torella.). . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a foursome that cannot be long out of Athens. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The visitor who arrives unaware soon discovers that the restaurant is really a *schola cantorum*, operatic division, for every man jack of the staff. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner and supper hours and chirrups the Bal Tabarin song she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **PAUL REVERE'S TAVERN,** in the Lexington Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 1-1776): A Colonial-American room in which both the music and the food are Hibernian. Arnold Elder and Brandon Sheridan sing ballads Wednesdays through Saturdays. Tuesdays through Thursdays, Paddy Noonan and Martin Flynn join in. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to midnight and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to one.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song by Gino Toscano. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): On a lower deck of Iperbole, and one that is distinctly not steerage, the Three Romans, a dance triad, inhabits a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Beau Bergersen plays piano Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five to nine and ten to one. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (355-8989): Candlelight and memorable melodies. The piano is manned by Marty Berns from seven to two. Closes after Friday, Dec. 22, for a short vacation. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are assigned to a devout contemplation of (1) what's good to eat (French, often) and (2) what's good to listen to (the piano of Gene Bradley from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty). Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A hospice at the top of the stairs that leads from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, and (on piano) Norman Rollings, a casual librarian. A lot more fun than F.B.I. in the Library. Eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Those-were-the-days and all that, relived (and not vicariously, either) by a brace of pianists (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays; Murray Grand all the rest of the time) who were on hand when night life ended with the dawn patrol. Closed Christmas. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Four-thirty to ten-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of table-hopping by both guests and a set of prowling instrumentalists. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a townhouse can possibly be, and as formal. George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, gives his piano (and occasional lyrics) the flavor that has always been a secret ingredient of Vienna. No sound on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **LAIR,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): A medieval resting place in which Larry Oleno charms the figures out of their niches Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until midnight. Calm voice, confident piano. . . . **NIRVANA,** penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): The view alone approximates Nirvana, but there is more: the sitar of Arooj Lazewal, the drums and tabla of Badal Roy, and Bangladesh cuisine. Music every night but Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas.)

GALLERIES

JOHN ALTOON (1925-69)—Drawings in several mediums of erotic subjects handled with fantasy and fun; through Jan. 11. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 23.)

SHUSAKU ARAKAWA—Large canvases that incorporate words; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

EDWARD AVEDISIAN—Expressionist paintings on wood that emphasize texture; through Jan. 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER BARDAZZI—Abstract compositions in acrylic and charcoal; through Friday, Dec. 22. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

NATALIE BIESER / JOSEPH RAFFAEL—Sculptures of sticks, cord, and beads. / Landscapes with detailed surfaces. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Through Jan. 4. Closed Mondays.)

JANET BRAUN-REINITZ—Erotic paintings; through Thursday, Dec. 28. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Closed Mondays.)

BERT CARPENTER—Heads and eggs painted close up; through Jan. 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHANG DAI-CHIEN—Thirty representative works by a leading painter of the Republic of China; through Jan. 7. (Chinese Information Service, 159 Lexington Ave., at 30th St. Daily, 10 to 6.)

LUCIEN DAY—City and country landscapes; through Jan. 4. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

JOSÉ DE CREEFT—Figurative sculptures in stone and polished brass; through Jan. 6. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 23.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)—Watercolors by a pioneer American abstractionist; through Jan. 19. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

SAM FRANCIS—Works on paper by this first-generation Abstract Expressionist, in a show that is running simultaneously with the one at the Whitney Museum; through Jan. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—The first sculptures shown by the artist, in addition to works on paper; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

KRISTINA FRIBERG—Abstract embroideries, some of them evocative of landscapes; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

TINA GIROUARD—Four constructions for audience participation; through Thursday, Dec. 28. (112 Greene Street. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

ARSHILE GORKY (1904-48)—Paintings and drawings; through Friday, Dec. 22. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

STEPHEN GREENE—Figurative and abstract drawings in an Expressionist mood; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARY GRIGORIADIS / DOTTY ATTIE—Abstract oil paintings stressing texture. / Drawings that relate to Old Master images. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Through Wednesday, Dec. 27. Closed Mondays.)

RED GROOMS—A backdrop by this Pop "naïve," done for a film he made in his studio, plus paintings and constructions; through Jan. 4. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT INDIANA—Paintings and sculptures employing geometric shapes, numbers, and letters by this Pop artist; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 23.)

WILL INSLEY—Thirty drawings of four imaginary buildings; through Friday, Dec. 22. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Friday, Dec. 22, from 10 to noon.)

KAWASHIMA—Abstract stone sculptures; through Jan. 6. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 23.)

KÄTHE KOLLWITZ (1867-1945)—Posters and prints from the twenties and thirties by a socially conscious Expressionist; through Jan. 6. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH KOSUTH—Conceptual works, 1965 to 1967; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

GARY KUEHN—Poured-paint canvases by a sculptor; through Friday, Dec. 29. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT KULICKE—Forty-two tiny landscapes, some circular in format; through Jan. 4. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

LES LEVINE—Objects having to do with this artist's speculations about art and its public; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St.)

NOEL MAHAFFEY—Realistic paintings of city scenes; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

CLAUDIO MARZOLLO—Sculptures in glass boxes, with subtly changing colors; through Jan. 10. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-30.)

ANDRÉ MASSON—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings of four decades by a foremost Surrealist; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Rory McEwen—Realistic oil paintings of vegetables, flowers, and grasses; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Clement Meadmore—Abstract steel sculptures; through Jan. 3. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Willard Midgette—Two works, one consisting of seven painted panels representing the rehearsal of a dance company being painted by the artist, the other comprising two panels depicting family life; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Prints and clay pieces; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Lucas Samaras—Chicken-wire boxes in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Whitney Museum; through Jan. 3. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday through Tuesday, Dec. 23-26.)

Fred Sandback—Constructions in colored elastic cord; through Jan. 3. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Shirlann Smith / Alan Finkel—Paintings of textures with superimposed irregular abstract figures. / Three large floor pieces of plastic with steel rods. (55 Mercer Street. Through Jan. 3. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Bob Stanley—Realistic paintings, most of them of nature, in sharply contrasting colors; through Tuesday, Dec. 26. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Jo Warner—Wall pieces of assembled materials mounted on plywood; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **EMMERICH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth-century Navajo blankets, pre-Columbian gold ornaments, and painted and sculpted Mayan ceramics; through Jan. 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Tapestries by twentieth-century artists, among them Picasso, Klee, Chaim Gross, and Joseph Hirsch; through Friday, Dec. 22. . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Art of the Eskimo; through Saturday, Dec. 23. . . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: American nineteenth-century still-lifes; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Contemporary paintings of birds of North America; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 23.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Nineteenth-century American landscapes, individual and group portraits, and still-lifes; through Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 23.) . . . **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Masters of German Expressionism, such as Kandinsky, Jawlensky, Marc, Macke, and Kirchner; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Paintings by nineteenth-century Americans; through Jan. 27. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.) . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Works in several mediums by a large group of artists, among them Bonnard, Dubuffet, Korbel, Ernst, and Oldenburg; through Jan. 13. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WASHBURN**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures of the nineteen-forties exhibited by Baroness Hilla Rebay, then director of the Museum of Non-Objective Painting, now the Guggenheim; through Jan. 20. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 23.)

Note—During the holiday season, many galleries, with an eye on the Christmas tree, are exhibiting special selections of paintings and sculptures, prints, and drawings. Some of them are listed herewith: **ACTS OF ART**, 15 Charles St.; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 8. . . . **ADAM**, 21 E. 73rd St.; closed Mondays. . . . **ARTISTS EQUITY ASSOCIATION**, 1780 Broadway, at 57th St.; Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 4. . . . **COOPER**, 100 Prince St.; closed Mondays. . . . **CUNINGHAM WARD**, 94 Prince St.; closed Mondays. . . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.; closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 23. . . . **GALLERY 84**, 1046 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE ART CENTER**, 930 Lexington Ave., at 69th St.; Closed Saturdays. . . . **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . **KUHLIK**, 23 E. 67th St.; closed Mondays. . . . **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.; closed Mondays. . . . **LOGIUDICE**, 59 Wooster St.; closed Mondays and Saturday mornings. . . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 41 E. 57th St.; closed Mondays. . . . **NATIONAL SCULPTURE SOCIETY**, 250 E. 51st St.; Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30. . . . **POINDEXTER**, 24 E. 84th St.; closed Mondays. . . . **PRINCE STREET GALLERY**, 106 Prince St.; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5. . . . **RUBIN**, 49 W. 57th St.; closed Mondays. . . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.; closed Mondays. . . . **WESTBROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway; closed Mondays. . . . **WEST SIDE GALLERY**, 250 W. 72nd St.; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1:30 to 6.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of highlights of the career of Marcel Breuer, including photomurals, models and plans of buildings, furniture, tapestries, and full-scale mockups of elements of projects (the columns of the I.B.M. Research Center in France and the tree columns from the library at St. John's Abbey and University, in Minnesota); through Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Forty works by Whistler—oils, selections from a scrapbook, watercolors, drawings, lithographs, and woodcuts; through Tuesday, Dec. 26. . . . ¶ Medieval and Renaissance stained-glass windows from six European nations; through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Ninety-three drawings and watercolors, most of them never before shown in the United States, by leading German artists of the nineteenth century; through Jan. 28. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and fifty examples of African textiles and body ornaments; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Ninety paintings, collages, and sculptures, done in the first four decades of the twentieth century, from the Louise and Walter Arensberg and Albert Eugene Gallatin collections, now owned by the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Among them are ten sculptures by Brancusi, eleven major Picassos, and works by Léger, Matisse, Duchamp, Miró, Rousseau, and many others. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings by Jean Dubuffet, which survey his career as a draftsman from 1944 to 1966; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the work of Diane Arbus (1923-71), consisting of a hundred and twenty-five photographic portraits; through Jan. 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Approximately sixty paintings by Joan Miró, of the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-sixties, with a less figurative emphasis; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Eighty sculptures and drawings executed between 1965 and 1970 by Eva Hesse (1936-70), well-known Minimalist; through Feb. 11. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective exhibit of three hundred and seventy-seven works covering the entire career of the post-Surrealist Lucas Samaras, including sculptures, designs, and mixed-media works; through Jan. 27. A complementary show is at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty paintings done between 1947 and the present, constituting a retrospective of the work of Sam Francis, an early Abstract Expressionist; through Jan. 14. A complementary show is at the Emmerich Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Lithographs from 1923 to the present by Louis Lozowick, the well-known New York printmaker; through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The eighteenth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints; through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ About a hundred Japanese wood-block prints (1860-63) reflecting the influence on Japanese art of the opening of the port of Yokohama to foreigners; through Jan. 28. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs and color slides of shells, along with examples, marking the publication of a book on the subject by Andreas Feininger and William K. Emerson; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese landscape paintings from the eleventh century to the eighteenth, devoted to the theme of mountains and rivers, wintry forests, and old trees; through Jan. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 24-26.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Sculptures by Boris Lovet-Lorski; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Photographic and sound documentation of Ulster today by Les Levine; through Jan. 21. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

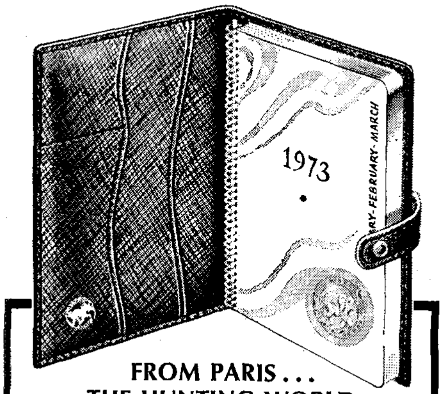
Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Works showing a Chinese influence by Fima, who was born and educated in China, and figure paintings by Avraham Ofek, an Israeli born in Bulgaria; through March 18. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Sketches by E. Lee Spruyt of architectural details and interior rooms of the Old Met; through Jan. 6. (Mondays, except Christmas, through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The Heineman Collection of musical manuscripts and letters by major composers (Bach, Mozart, Wagner, and the like) and German and French books, manuscripts, and letters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by Schiller, Kant, Voltaire, Balzac, and others; through Saturday, Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Twenty-three brilliantly colored illuminations from a fourteenth-century choir book, recently linked together and attributed to a Florentine abbot; through Saturday, Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Autograph letters of an intimate nature by personages in the fields of politics, arts, and literature; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Nearly five hundred historical and contemporary objects used in preparing food, from an antique egg separator to a micro-

BOB LEE'S LITTLE BLACK BOX OF FOUR LITTLE WHITE BOOKS HAS THE MEMORY OF AN ELEPHANT!



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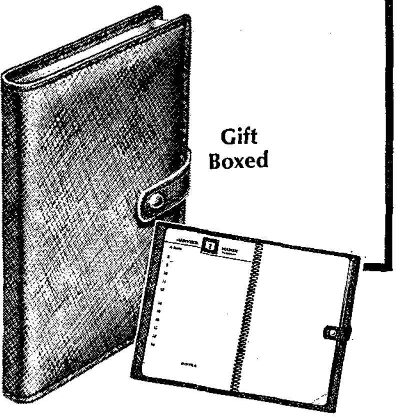

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N113

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wave oven. Supplementary slides and films are shown, including the mind-boggling "French Lunch," taken in the kitchen of La Caravel restaurant. Through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—The Brett Dolls' House, made in New York in the late eighteen-thirties, showing Christmas at Grandmother Brett's; through Jan. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—About sixty paintings, many of them illustrations for "Robinson Crusoe," "Kidnapped," "The Last of the Mohicans," and other books, by N. C. Wyeth (1882-1945), the celebrated American illustrator who was the father of Andrew Wyeth; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ About sixty paintings by thirty-one artists constituting a survey of nineteenth-century Italian painting; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures representing various types of current realism in the United States; through Jan. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A luminous aviary of four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors, the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Sumerian cuneiform tablets, Japanese and Nepalese manuscripts, a Mongolian block-printed book, Shakespeare's First Folio, and illustrations of the complex languages of music and mathematics, all contributing to an exhibit portraying the variety of past and present languages; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Berlioz' Christmas oratorio, "L'Enfance du Christ," with Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; William Metcalf, baritone; and Ara Berberian, bass. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Oratorio Society of New York—T. Charles Lee directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with Patricia Craig, soprano; Batyah Godfrey, contralto; Dean Wilder, tenor; Robert Hale, bass-baritone; Frances Cole, harpsichord; and the Orchestra of America. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

New York Pro Musica—Advent and Epiphany music of the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries. (The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Saturday, Dec. 23, and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 3. Tickets can be bought only at the door.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Otello," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, Leo Goeke, and Raymond Michalski; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 21, at 8: "Faust," with Adriana Maliponte, Judith Forst, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Matteo Manuguerra, and Cesare Siepi; Roberto Benzi. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 22, at 7: "Siegfried," with Ursula Schröder, Judith Blegen, Ruza Baldani, Helge Brilioth, Ragnar Ulfung, Theo Adam, Gustav Neidlinger, and John Macurdy; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 23, at 2: "Die Zauberflöte," with Adriana Maliponte, Edda Moser, Stuart Burrows, John Reardon, Hans Sotin, and Donald Gramm; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8: "Otello," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, Leo Goeke, and Raymond Michalski; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 25, at 8: "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Judith Forst, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Matteo Manuguerra, and Cesare Siepi; Roberto Benzi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 26, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Theodor Uppman, and Nico Castel; Jan Behr. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 8: "Pique Dame," with Raina Kabaivanska, Regina Resnik, Joann Grillo, Nicolai Gedda, John Reardon, and William Walker; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 28, at 8: "La Bohème," with Adriana Maliponte, Colette Boky, Richard Tucker, Dominic Cossa, Paul Plishka, Robert Goodloe, Andrij Dobriansky, and Nico Castel; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 29, at 8: "Otello," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Shirley Love, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, William Lewis, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 30, at 2: "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Judith Forst, Nicolai Gedda, Matteo Manuguerra, and Cesare Siepi; Roberto Benzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 30, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Atsuko Azuma, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Dominic Cossa, and Nico Castel; Jan Behr. (A non-subscription performance.)

ORCHESTRA AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Pierre Boulez conducting, with Lorne Munroe, cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 21-23, at 8:30. After a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts with the same program on Tuesday, Jan. 2.)

New York String Orchestra—Alexander Schneider conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 24, at midnight, with Peter Serkin, piano. Friday, Dec. 29, at 8, with Mr. Serkin; Pinchas Zukerman, violin; and Paula Robison, flute.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Uwe Theimer directing the first five in a series of seven concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Dec. 28, at 2, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 29-30, at 2 and 8.)

RECITALS

Waverly Consort—Presenting "Las Cantigas de Santa Maria," music and verse in the medieval court of King Alfonso X, performed by six singers and instrumentalists and a troubadour-narrator. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 21-22, at 7 and 9:15. For tickets, call 787-1219.)

Note—The Juilliard String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 7, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Tuesday, Dec. 26, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Virgil Fox—"Heavy Organ," an all-Bach concert. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Judy Collins—With Hamid Hamilton Camp and the Skymonters. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 22, at 8 and at midnight, and Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8.)

Fleetwood Mac, McKendree Spring, and Pure Prairie League—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8 and (plus Dick Heckstall-Smith) at 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Grand Funk—With Freddie King. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8.)

Modern Jazz Quartet—Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 26, at 8.

Tim Hardin, Dave Van Ronk, and Eric Kaz—With Tracey Nelson & Mother Earth. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 8.)

Ragtime Concert—Joshua Rifkin, Bill Bolcom, Eubie Blake, Avon Long, the Red Back Book Ensemble, and the Gail August Dancers. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 8 and 11.)

J. Geils Band and B.B. King—Academy of Music. Friday, Dec. 29, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Nets vs. Utah, Friday, Dec. 22, at 8:05. . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Detroit, Monday, Dec. 25, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Buffalo, Thursday, Dec. 28, at 1:30. . . .

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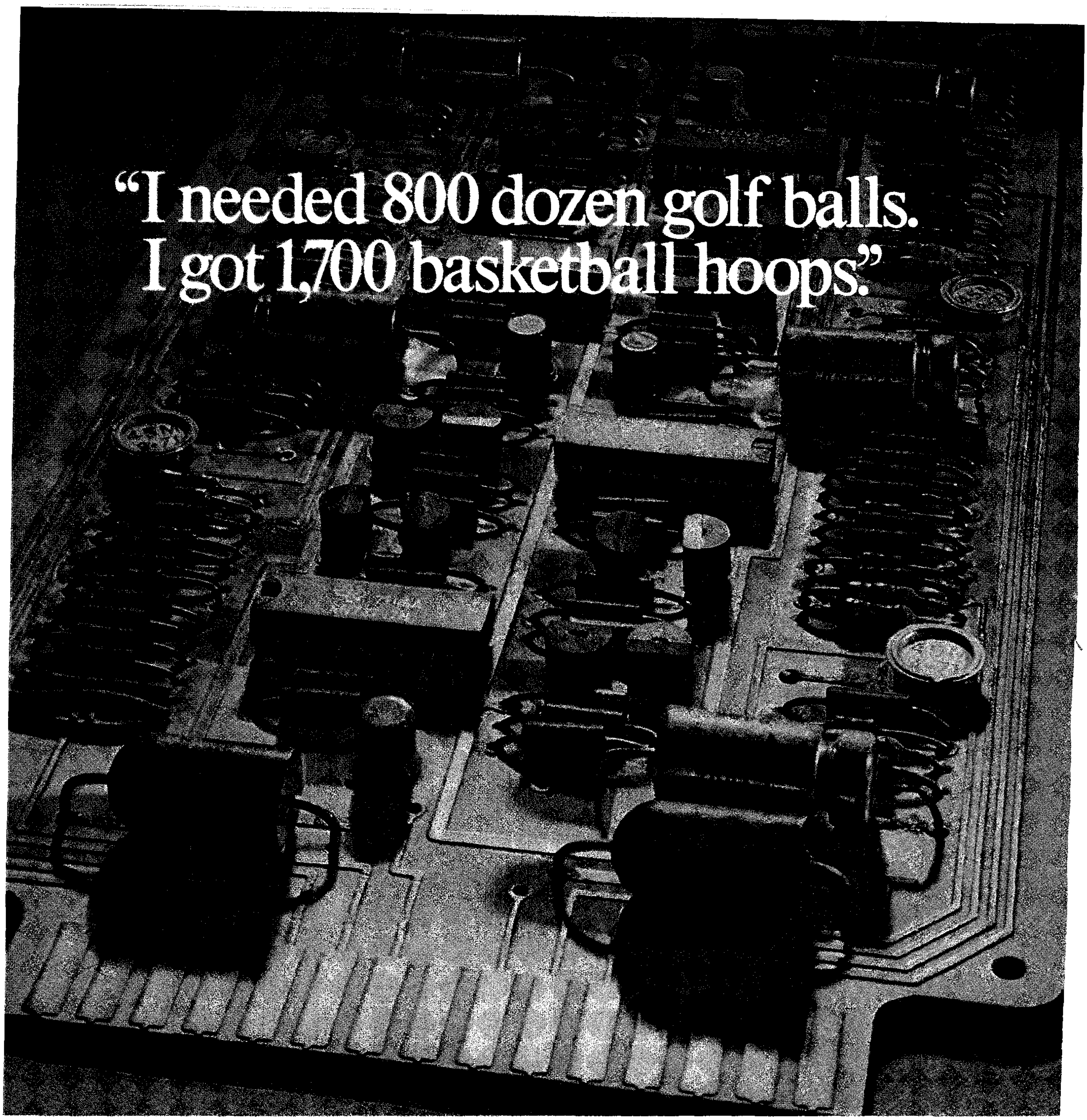
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Knicks vs. Baltimore, Saturday, Dec. 30, at 8.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Atlanta, Thursday, Dec. 21, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Ottawa, Friday, Dec. 22, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit, Sunday, Dec. 24, at 1:05. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. New England, Monday, Dec. 25, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo, Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Vancouver, Thursday, Dec. 21, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Minnesota, Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8:05.

Racing—At LIBERTY BELL, Philadelphia: Weekdays, except Christmas, at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 3. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays, except Christmas, at 12:30; through Monday, Jan. 1.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN: "Iolanthe," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 23-24, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday, Dec. 30, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.) . . . NEW YORK LYRIC OPERA COMPANY: "Hansel and Gretel." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 26-28, at 2, and Saturday, Dec. 30, at 11 and 3. For information about tickets, call 595-8410.) . . . VIENNA CHOIR BOYS: Uwe Theimer directing. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Thursday through Monday, Dec. 28-Jan. 1, at 2.)

Emmett Kelly, Jr., All Star Circus—With Mr. Kelly as star clown, along with such animal celebrities as Clarence, Jr., the Cross-Eyed Lion; Gentle Ben; the "Daktari" chimps; and Tony, the Wonder Horse. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 26-29, at 2:30 and 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 30-31, at 2 and 5.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Davy Jones' Locker." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Sunday and Monday, Dec. 24-25, at 2:30, and Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-30, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . KING'S PLAYERS: "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturdays and also Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 26-29, at 2.) . . . STAGE 73: "Who Am I?" (321 E. 73rd St. 988-2047. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 21-22, at 2, plus Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 23-24, and Tuesday through Sunday, Dec. 26-31, at 11 and 2.) . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "Rumpelstiltskin," Tuesday, Dec. 26. . . . ¶ "Mr. Popper's Penguins," Wednesday, Dec. 27. . . . ¶ "Jack and the Beanstalk," Thursday, Dec. 28. . . . ¶ "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," Friday, Dec. 29. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Afternoons at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Stars of Christmas;" through Jan. 2. (Special holiday schedule: Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 20-22, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sunday, Dec. 24, at 1, 2, and 3:30; and Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 26-29, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"As Sixth Graders See American History," a showing of twenty-five paintings, selected from entries submitted by schools throughout the country; starting Friday, Dec. 22. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Movies—At BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC: "Flight of the Doves," with Ron Moody and Jack Wild, Saturday, Dec. 23, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," with Howard Keel and Jane Powell, Saturday, Dec. 30, at 2:30. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.) . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): "Heidi," with Maximilian Schell and Jean Simmons, Saturday, Dec. 23. . . . ¶ "Cry Wolf," a British film, Tuesday, Dec. 26. . . . ¶ "The Snow Queen," a full-length Russian cartoon with an English dialogue, Wednesday, Dec. 27. . . . ¶ "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," with Danny Kaye, Thursday, Dec. 28. . . . ¶ "Prince Valiant," with James Mason and Janet Leigh, Friday, Dec. 29. . . . ¶ "The Eagle and the Hawk," narrated by Joanne Woodward, and "Aesop's Fables," with Bill Cosby, Saturday, Dec. 30. (Afternoons at 3.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, Monday through Friday, Dec. 25-29, from 8 to 10.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no sessions on Christmas. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily. Closed Sunday, Dec. 24, and Christmas.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 20 at 5:30: "The Southerner" (1945), directed by Jean Renoir, with Betty Field and Zachary Scott. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 1: "The Aeneid, Parts I, II, III, and IV" (1971), in Italian, directed by Franco Rossi. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 7: "The Aeneid, Parts V, VI, and VII" (1971). . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 2: "Central Park" (1972), in Italian, directed by Gianni Amico. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 5:30 and Dec. 23 at noon: "The Street" (1923), a German film, directed by Karl Grune. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 3: "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" (1969), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Jeanne Moreau. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 5:30: "The Conspirators" (1972), in Italian, directed by Joaquim Pedro de Andrade. . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 12:30 and 3: "Miracle on 34th Street" (1947), directed by George Seaton, with John Payne and Maureen O'Hara. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 2: "Spartacus" (1960), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas and Laurence Olivier. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 5:30 (tentative): "China" (1972), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 5:30: "Spartacus" (1960). . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 5:30: "To Go and Come" (1972), in Italian, directed by Guiseppe Bertolucci. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 8: "King Lear" (1971), in Russian, directed by Grigori Kostinev. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through Dec. 21: "I'll Be Seeing You" (1945), directed by William Dieterle, with Ginger Rogers and Joseph Cotten. . . . ¶ Dec. 22-23: "Miracle on 34th Street" (1947), directed by George Seaton, with John Payne and Maureen O'Hara. . . . ¶ Dec. 24 and 27: "The Bells of St. Mary's" (1945), directed by Leo McCarey, with Ingrid Bergman and Bing Crosby. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 28: "Heidi" (1937), directed by Allan Dwan, with Shirley Temple. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Vigo, Vertov, Riefenstahl, Warhol, Anger, Brakhage, Bresson, Broughton, and others. Showings at 6, 8 (except Dec. 22 and 24), and 10 (except Dec. 21 and 24). No Mondays. . . . WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Dec. 20: "Here Comes Every Body," directed by John Whitmore. Showings at 2 and 4. . . . ¶ Dec. 21-27: "Come to Your Senses," directed by Bernard Gunther. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6, 7:40, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings). . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 28: "Visual Alchemy," a program of six short films. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information. Closed Christmas.

Christmas and Healthful Outdoor Living—On Thursday, Dec. 21, at 6:30, the Lincoln Center Christmas tree will be lighted. Following the ceremony, the public is invited to join in the singing of carols. . . . ¶ Sundays, from 1 to 5, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 59th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, is closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Greaser's Palace."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Dec. 26: "A Star Is Born."
From Dec. 27: "Around the World in 80 Days."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Dec. 26: "Zachariah" and "Medicine Ball Caravan," plus "The T.A.M.I. Show" and "T.N.T. Show."
From Dec. 27: "Monterey Pop," "Yellow Submarine," "Gimme Shelter," and "Celebration at Big Sur."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Sounder."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Getaway."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Heartbreak Kid."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Avanti!"

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Child's Play."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Travels with My Aunt."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pete 'n' Tillie."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Dec. 20: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 21: "Up the Sandbox."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Last House on the Left."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Hit Man."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Dec. 20: "The Ruling Class."
From Dec. 21: "Cries and Whispers."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Images."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Young Winston."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Traffic."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Dec. 20: "Deliverance."
From Dec. 21: "Jeremiah Johnson."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 26: "Oliver!"
From Dec. 27: To be announced.

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Dec. 21: "The French Connection" and "M*A*S*H."
From Dec. 22: "The Biscuit Eater" and "The Sword in the Stone."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Across 110th Street."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Avanti!"

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Getaway."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Great Waltz."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Last House on the Left."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
"Hit Man."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"A Separate Peace."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 26: "The Assassination of Trotsky" and "The Trojan Women."
From Dec. 27: "Deliverance."

Quad Cinema 1, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Dec. 21: "Heat" and "Is There Sex After Death?"
From Dec. 22: "The Biscuit Eater" and "The Sword in the Stone."

Quad Cinemas 2, 3, and **4**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Dec. 26: "Fantasia," "Fillmore," "Asylum," and "Necromancy."
From Dec. 27: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Dec. 21: "Last Year at Marienbad" and "Lola Montès."
Dec. 22-25: "Pather Panchali," "Aparajito," and "The World of Apu."
Dec. 26-28: "Zero for Conduct" and "L'Atalante."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Dec. 26: "Asylum" and "Necromancy."
From Dec. 27 (evening performances only): "Lady Sings the Blues" and "Such Good Friends."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Man of La Mancha."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Snoopy, Come Home."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"1776."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Sleuth."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Fellini's Roma."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 26: "Oliver!"
From Dec. 27: "Deliverance."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Limelight."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"César and Rosalie."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Dec. 20: "Belated Flowers."
From Dec. 21: "Prince Igor."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Dec. 21: "You'll Like My Mother" and "Sweet Charity."
From Dec. 22: "The Ruling Class."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Dec. 21: "Finian's Rainbow" and "The Twelve Chairs."
Dec. 22-26: "The Biscuit Eater" and "The Sword in the Stone."
From Dec. 27 (evening performances only): "Lady Sings the Blues" and "Such Good Friends."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Dec. 26: "Oliver!"
From Dec. 27: "Deliverance."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
A Jerry Lewis festival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" and "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?"

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 20: "The Cranes Are Flying" and "Ballad of a Soldier."
Dec. 21: "Antigone" and "Justine."
Dec. 22-25: "Miss Julie" and "Torment."
Dec. 26-27: "The Shop on Main Street" and "A Report on the Party and the Guests."
From Dec. 28: "Blow-Up" and "Alfie."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"Across 110th Street."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"Sounder."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 26: "The Great Dictator" and "Gumshoe."
From Dec. 27: "Lady Sings the Blues" and another feature, to be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Across 110th Street—With Anthony Quinn, Yaphet Kotto, and Anthony Franciosa, directed by Barry Shear. (Juliet 2 and Riverside.)

Alfie (1966)—Michael Caine gives a beautifully self-mocking performance as a solemnly promiscuous working-class swinger who divides his attentions among Vivien Merchant, Jane Asher, Shelley Winters, and others. Directed by Lewis Gilbert, from Bill Naughton's play. Score by Sonny Rollins. (Thalia; starting Dec. 28.)

Antigone (1961)—There are some masterly sequences in George Tzavellas's neglected version of the Sophocles drama, as well as a strong, fine performance by Irene Papas and a great Creon by Manos Katrakis. In modern Greek. (Thalia; Dec. 21.)

Aparajito (1957)—The central film of Satyajit Ray's great Apu trilogy is transitional in structure, rather than dramatic, yet it is full of insights and revelations. Ray takes the broken family of "Pather Panchali" from the village to Benares and follows the boy Apu in his encounter with school and the intellectual life at the University of Calcutta. (There is a luminous moment when Apu recites a poem in a classroom—one understands how it is that art survives in the midst of poverty.) The film chronicles the emergence of modern industrial India, showing it to be not a primitive society but a corrupted society. However, Apu himself embodies Ray's belief that individuals need not become corrupt. In Bengali. (Elgin; Dec. 22-25.)

Around the World in 80 Days (1956)—Mike Todd's Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. *Featuring David Niven, the* Mexican comedian Cantinflas, Shirley MacLaine, and an all-star cast of fifty-seven. Directed by Michael Anderson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 27.)

The Assassination of Trotsky—*Not* for anyone who knows, or cares, anything about Leon Trotsky. With Richard Burton as a stuffed-shirt Trotsky, and Alain Delon as the angel-of-death assassin; directed by Joseph Losey. (Greenwich; through Dec. 26.)

Asylum—With Peter Cushing and Britt Ekland, directed by Roy Ward Baker. (Quad Cinema 4 and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Dec. 26.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is the tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 26-28.)

Avanti!—With Jack Lemmon and Juliet Mills, directed by Billy Wilder. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1959)—A film about the Second World War that is less a drama than *a collection of memorable photographic essays.* Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. In Russian. (Thalia; Dec. 20.)

Belated Flowers—Directed by Abram Room. In *Russian. (Regency; Dec. 20.)*

The Biscuit Eater—From the Disney Studios, with Earl Holliman and Patricia Crowley. Directed by Vincent McEveety. (Juliet 1 and Quad Cinema 1; starting Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Beacon; Dec. 22-26.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An oversensitized and wildly misaccented account of the mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Thalia; starting Dec. 28.)

Celebration at Big Sur (1971)—Joan Baez, Joni Mitchell, and a load of others at the 1969 Big Sur Folk Festival at the Esalen Institute. One feels like a fly caught in the works of a hi-fi set, but the scene and the mood are paci-

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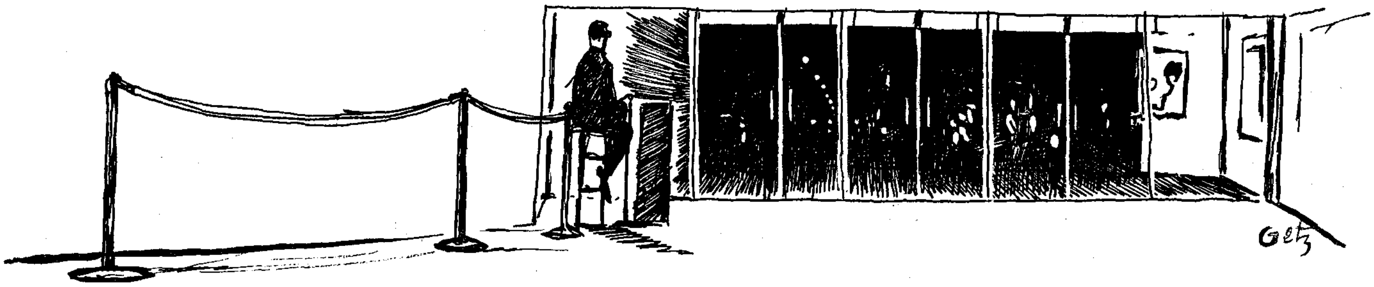

fying. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 27.)

César and Rosalie—With Yves Montand and Romy Schneider, directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Paris.)

Child's Play—Diabolism on the loose in a Catholic boarding school for boys. The boys indulge in decidedly uncharming mutilations, while two rival teachers (the hated pedant James Mason and the popular Robert Preston) quarrel about who is responsible, and a new teacher (Beau Bridges) tries to puzzle matters out. Unpleasantly tense melodrama, with noisy rattles on the sound track to alert the audience to lurking depravity. Mason's fine performance is marred by an excess of abrupt, badly cropped closeups. Sidney Lumet directed; from the Robert Marasco play. (Fine Arts.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1957)—The Mikhail Kalatozov film was made during the de-Stalinization period of the late fifties; set during the Second World War, it deals with a beautiful Moscow girl (the lovely Tatiana Samoilova) who is trapped in a loveless marriage with an unpatriotic and hence decadent pianist after her fiancé (Alexei Batalov) goes to the front. Somewhat silly, but with fine sequences, and Miss Samoilova, a grandniece of Stanislavsky, does him honor. In Russian. (Thalia; Dec. 20.)

Cries and Whispers—The new film by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, and Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Cinema I; starting Dec. 21.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Loews Tower East; Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Playboy, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Dec. 27.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—Based on the Paul Zindel play, with Joanne Woodward. Directed by Paul Newman. (Cinema II and Paramount.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Symphony.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others), and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Quad Cinema 2; through Dec. 26.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say, "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini is the only star in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth, and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Festival.)

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Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (U. A. East, Waverly, and Cinema Studio.)

Fillmore—A record of the final days of Bill Graham's Fillmore West, in San Francisco. Directed by Richard T. Heffron. (Quad Cinema 3; through Dec. 26.)

Finian's Rainbow (1968)—This pastiche isn't totally bad, and, granted the material and the overly familiar score, that's something of a triumph. Petula Clark and Al Freeman, Jr., are some of its redeeming features. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (Beacon; through Dec. 21.)

The French Connection (1971)—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slambang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the low-life police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Juliet 1; through Dec. 21.)

The Getaway—With Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw, directed by Sam Peckinpah. (34th St. East and Loews Orpheum.)

Gimme Shelter (1970)—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 27.)

Greaser's Palace—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. Downey seems for the moment to have abandoned his cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (Art.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Olympia; through Dec. 26.)

The Great Waltz—With Horst Buchholz playing Johann Strauss. Directed by Andrew L. Stone, the foremost primitive at work in the musical form. (This is not a compliment.) (86th St. East. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

Gumshoe—Albert Finney in a funny and rather stirring English film, directed by Stephen Frears and written by Neville Smith, about the private-eye adventures of a Liverpool lad who is an aged thirty-one. In a mood of self-sendup, he fancies himself as Bogart, but he probably rather prefers his other life as a comic in workingmen's clubs. Billie Whitelaw is his sister-in-law, married to Finney's brother (Frank Finlay), who is gunrunning to South Africa and Rhodesia. Good and sweetly ammunitionless repartee. (Olympia; through Dec. 26.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first, besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Sutton.)

Heat—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. The best thing about it is the title. (Quad Cinema 1; through Dec. 21.)

Hit Man—With Bernie Casey and Pamela Grier, directed by George Armitage. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Images—With Susannah York and René Auberjonois, directed by Robert Altman. (Columbia I.)

Is There Sex After Death? (1971)—Porno-spoof with the usual sex scenes and the usual sex jokes. And the usual fatigue sets in, because the scenes and jokes in films of this type are repetitive and interchangeable. However, this one has some funnier-than-usual skits involving Buck Henry, Jim Moran, and Marshall Efron. Written and directed by Jeanne and Alan Abel. (Quad Cinema 1; through Dec. 21.)

Jeremiah Johnson—With Robert Redford, directed by Sydney Pollack. (Loews Tower East; starting Dec. 21.)

Justine (1969)—Lawrence Durrell's "Alexandria Quartet" filmed in the foreseeable Hollywood way, with a script written all for narrative, and actors from everywhere (Anouk Aimée, Anna Karina, Dirk Bogarde, Severn Darden). George Cukor directed. (Thalia; Dec. 21.)

Lady Sings the Blues—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over from her first comic scenes. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (Olympia; starting Dec. 27. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Beacon; starting Dec. 27, evening performances only.)

Last House on the Left—With David Hess, written and directed by Wes Craven. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Elgin; through Dec. 21.)

Jerry Lewis—A series of films (through Dec. 29) featuring Mr. Lewis: Dec. 20: "Who's Minding the Store?" (1963) and "The Bellboy" (1960). Dec. 21: "You're Never Too Young" (1955), and "The Geisha Boy"

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The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean—With Paul Newman in the title role, directed by John Huston. (Murray Hill and Loews Ciné.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he appears at a gala benefit and shows the unbelievers who think him finished that he is still the greatest, and then dies in the wings as the applause fades; this is surely the richest hunk of self-gratification since Huck and Tom attended their own funeral—and Chaplin serves it up straight. The mediocrity of Calvero's stage routines may be the result of Chaplin's aiming at greatness. At one point, Calvero awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden) in the darkened theatre after she has performed; he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility, which proclaims Chaplin's artistry in the act of asserting another's, is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (Lincoln Art.)

Man of La Mancha—The musical, with Peter O'Toole as Don Quixote, Sophia Loren as Aldonza, and James Coco as Sancho Panza. Directed by Arthur Hiller. (Rivoli. Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 2:30 and 8; Thursday, Dec. 21, at 8; Friday, Dec. 22, at 7 and 9:45; Saturday, Dec. 23, at 1:30, 4:15, 7, and 9:45; Sunday, Dec. 24, at 2, 5, and 8; and Monday through Thursday, Dec. 25-28, at 1:30, 4:15, 7, and 9:45. Reserved seats only.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Juliet 1; through Dec. 21.)

Medicine Ball Caravan (1971)—Rock musicians on tour in America and England, directed by François Reichenbach. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 26.)

Miss Julie (1950)—Strindberg's passionate, relentless drama of sexual debasement, directed by Alf Sjöberg. Anita Björk is the fragile, capricious, feudal aristocrat who encourages her father's servile valet to seduce her; she sustains the demanding role with intensity and grace. As the valet, Ulf Palme matches her performance with a surly, sly arrogance that makes his conquest of her a true degradation. The expansion of the play over considerable lyric acreage and preceding generations is ill-advised; it tends to dissipate the confined, harrowing drama. But the performances make this a powerful version, nevertheless, and it took the Grand Prix at Cannes in 1951. In Swedish. (Thalia; Dec. 22-25.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 27.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carroll, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French, and in its full form. (Elgin; through Dec. 21.)

Necromancy—With Orson Welles and Pamela Franklin, directed by Bert I. Gordon. (Quad Cinema 4 and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Dec. 26.)

Oliver! (1968)—Dickens provided a good story, and the director, Carol Reed, supplies a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship. (72nd St. Playhouse, Playboy, and Loews 83rd St.; through Dec. 26.)

Pather Panchali (1954)—The first film by Satyajit Ray—beautiful, sometimes funny, and full of love; an extraordinary beginning in the career of a modern master. This reverie about the life of an impoverished Brahman family in a Bengali village brought a new vision of India to the screen. In Bengali. (Elgin; Dec. 22-25.)

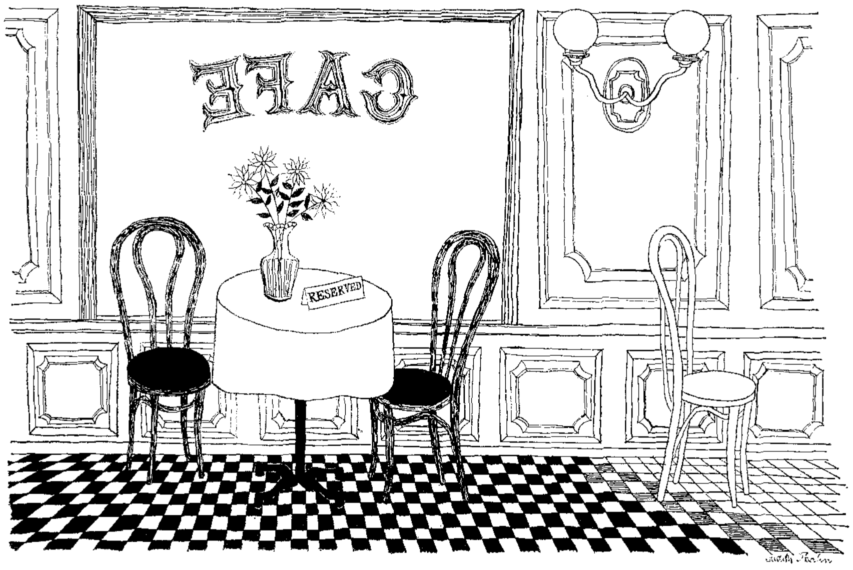
Pete 'n' Tillie—With Walter Matthau and Carol Burnett, directed by Martin Ritt. (Baronet.)

The Poseidon Adventure—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (Beekman.)

Prince Igor—Performed by the Kirov opera and ballet of Leningrad. In Russian. (Regency; starting Dec. 21.)

A Report on the Party and the Guests (1966)—Jan Němec's Czech fable about totalitarianism, starting with an ordinary picnic eerily intruded on by benign-looking strangers who behave as though they were fellow-guests and turn the day into a forced banquet. (Thalia; Dec. 26-27.)

The Ruling Class—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of



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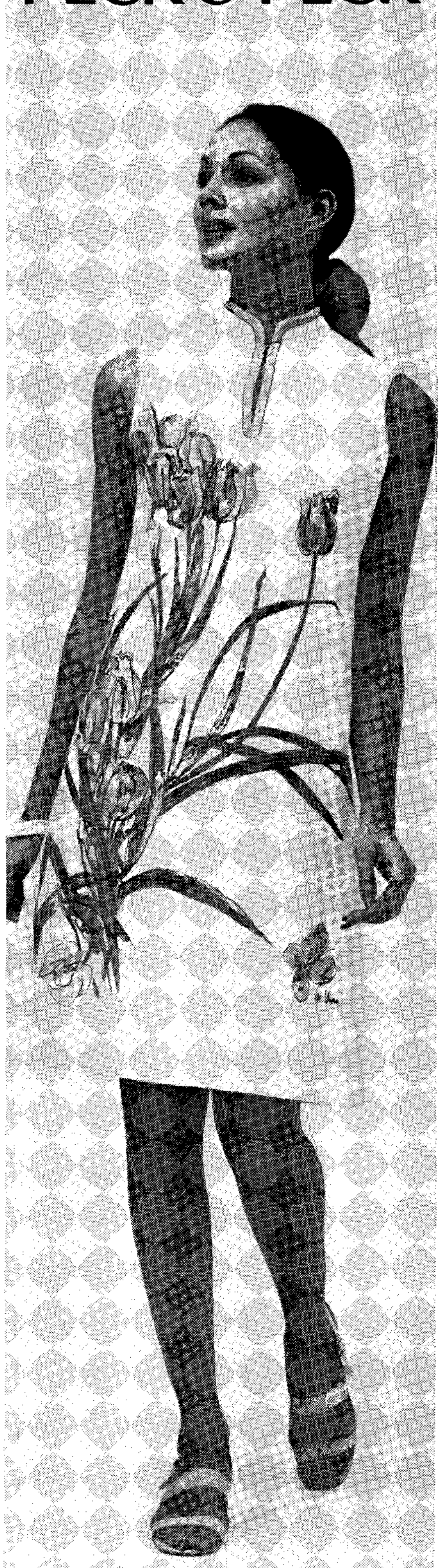

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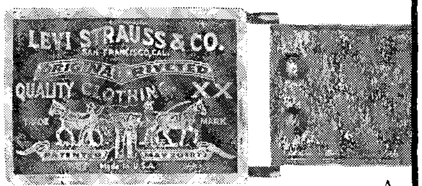

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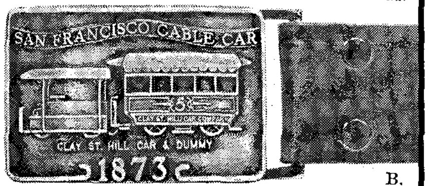

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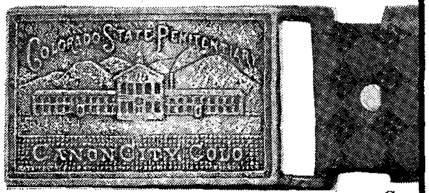

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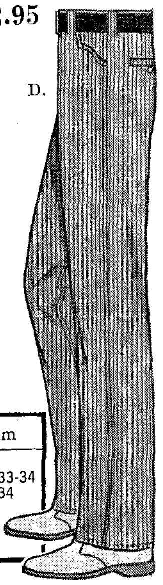

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ideological points. (Cinema I; Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 22.)

A Separate Peace—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (8th St. Playhouse.)

1776—A Broadway folk operetta featuring those lovable old codgers, the Founding Fathers, and double-entendres and the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The whole damned thing has the emasculated, giggly tone that passes for clean family entertainment. (Music Hall.)

The Shop on Main Street (1964)—An exceptionally fine film from Czechoslovakia. The stars are Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska, and the setting is a village during the Second World War. (Thalia; Dec. 26-27.)

Sleuth—Based on Anthony Shaffer's play, with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine. Directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. (Ziegfeld.)

Snoopy, Come Home—Lila, a little girl who turns out to have been Snoopy's original owner, writes to him from the hospital for help, and Snoopy decides that she needs him more than Charlie Brown does. The farewell set-piece scenes with Charlie Brown are rather upsetting to children. The best thing in the picture is a small yellow bird called Woodstock, who flies upside down and bumps into things. (Guild.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Gramercy and Riviera.)

A Star Is Born (1954)—Grandiose, emotionally charged musical version of the 1937 tear-jerker about Hollywood that had featured Janet Gaynor as the fresh young star and Fredric March as the washed-up star she marries. This time, Judy Garland and James Mason are the leads (although she looks tired and worn, and he gives such a remarkable performance as the decaying actor that he brings a bloom to the movie). This updated version is a terrible, fascinating orgy of self-pity and cynicism and myth-making. Garland's performance is nakedly intense; her musical numbers include the capering "Born in a Trunk" and the dark, heavy torch song "The Man That Got Away." With Charles Bickford and Jack Carson. George Cukor directed, from Moss Hart's acerbic rewrite of the original (which Dorothy Parker had worked on). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Dec. 26.)

Such Good Friends (1971)—Otto Preminger is not a director who bothers much with interior emotional states, and without that, this movie is not about anything. One detects that it is meant to deal with the self-abasement of the mistreated heroine (Dyan Cannon), but Preminger plays for cheap laughs—and fails to get most of them at that. It's a sour, crude movie, with an atrocious performance by James Coco. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Beacon; starting Dec. 27, evening performances only.)

Sweet Charity (1969)—Based on what is possibly Fellini's finest film, "Nights of Cabiria," about a gullible, soft-hearted prostitute, this big musical, starring Shirley MacLaine, was possibly just too ambitious a project for Bob Fosse's début as a movie director. The tricky camera effects that Fosse later brought off in "Cabaret" and in the TV special "Liza with a Z" are too jangling here, and although Shirley MacLaine tries hard, it's obvious that her dancing isn't up to the demands of the role. But zoom-happy Fosse's choreographic conceptions are new and intensely dramatic, and the movie has some of the best dancing in American musicals of the period. With Sammy Davis, Jr., Paula Kelly, Chita Rivera, Ricardo Montalban, Barbara Bouchet, Stubby Kaye, and John McMartin. Peter Stone did the screenplay, based on the version Neil Simon did for Broadway. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 21.)

The Sword in the Stone (1963)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Juliet 1 and Quad Cinema 1; starting Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Beacon; Dec. 22-26.)

Torment (1947)—Alf Sjöberg directed this famous study of adolescent despair and mean-spirited, authoritarian education. It was written by the twenty-five-year-old Ingmar Bergman, who worked on it as Sjöberg's assistant. (The following year, Bergman became a director.) Stig Järrel plays the sadist schoolmaster; the student and the shopgirl whom he victimizes are played by Alf Kjellin and Mai Zetterling (who have also become directors). Gunnar Björnstrand and others of Bergman's troupe may be glimpsed in small roles, looking very young. In Swedish. (Thalia; Dec. 22-25.)

Traffic—Mr. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's new, and rather precious, film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Travels with My Aunt—With Maggie Smith, directed by George Cukor. (Plaza.)

The Trojan Women (1971)—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Greenwich; through Dec. 26.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Beacon; through Dec. 21.)

Up the Sandbox—With Barbra Streisand, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Coronet; starting Dec. 21.)

What Do You Say to a Naked Lady? (1970)—An Allen Funt film. (Symphony.)

The World of Apu (1959)—Satyajit Ray's protagonist, Apu, whose consciousness developed from the village life of "Pather Panchali" and the university in "Aparajito," marries the exquisite Sharmila Tagore and grows beyond self-consciousness. Rich and contemplative, and a great, convincing affirmation. In Bengali. (Elgin; Dec. 22-25.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 27.)

You'll Like My Mother—With Patty Duke, Richard Thomas, and Rosemary Murphy, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 21.)

Young Winston—Enjoyable junk: a few parts pop psychiatry, a few parts adventure, a few parts politics, and a dash of family scandal. Simon Ward is fine-boned and beautiful, and his intelligent impersonation of Churchill from ages seventeen to twenty-six is fun to watch; Anne Bancroft's eye-popping, haughty Jennie Jerome is the stuff of parody. Richard Attenborough directed, from Carl Foreman's adaptation of Churchill's "My Early Life." (Columbia II. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 20-23, at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30, and Sunday through Thursday, Dec. 24-28, at 2, 5, and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Zachariah (1971)—A rock Western, and, as if that weren't mixture enough, it also tries to be both spoof and morality play. Nothing quite works, yet it's a relaxed and generally inoffensive movie; the hero (John Rubinstein) has an open, smiling manner, and the menace (Elvin Jones) does a smashing drum solo—the high point of the film. Directed by George Englund. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 26.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Elgin; Dec. 26-28.)

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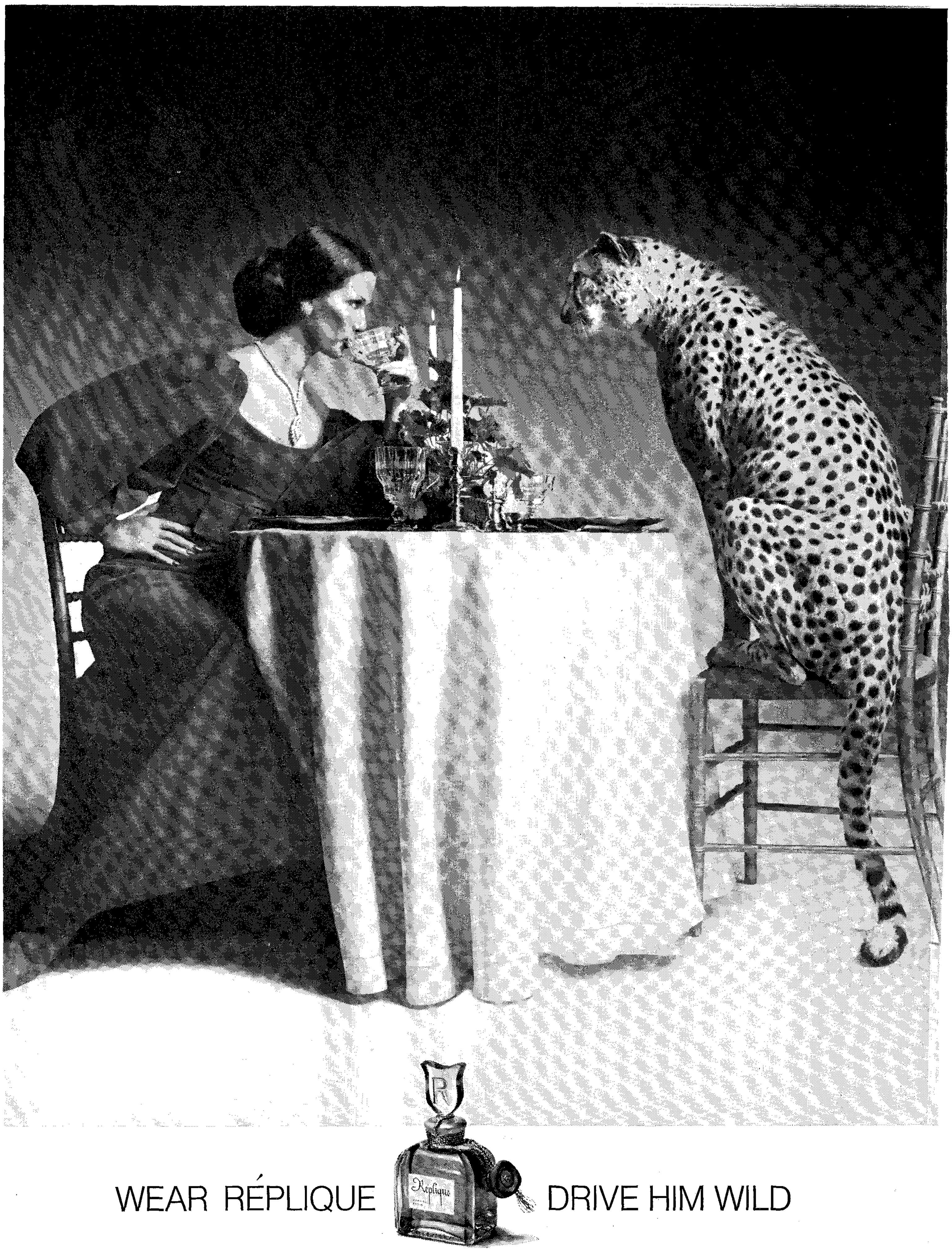
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

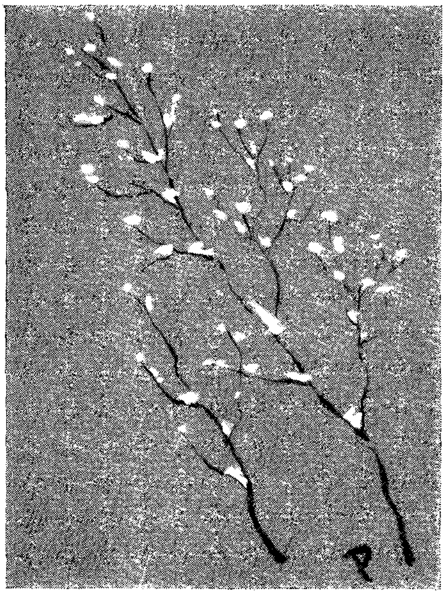
Notes and Comment

WATCHING men on the moon on our television set during the last few years has been a disorienting experience. It is as though the elated, bouncing figures on our screen had gone someplace our imagination couldn't as yet follow. We look out of our window at the moon. Then we look at the landscape on our television screen, and that is the moon, too. But it's impossible to put the two things together. We may try to imagine where the astronauts are. Since we look *up* to see the moon, imagination tries to follow them *upward* to their landing site. But then we look at our television screen and see that the moon camera turns upward to catch the earth in its lens. The astronauts are above us, but at the same time we are above them, it seems. Meanwhile, the astronauts report that they are heading "north" or "south" in their moon vehicle. This north and this south, however, have almost as little to do with our north and south as the astronauts' up and down have to do with our up and down. But there has been one thing that all of us watching have been able to grasp, and that is the view of earth from space. The view of earth from space turns out to be the right view of earth for this particular moment in our history, when, for the first time, all life on the planet is in jeopardy. Several astronauts have reported that as they looked at the earth they were able by moving a thumb across the line of vision to blot out the earth entirely. From space, we can most vividly see the things we must keep in mind on the earth's surface: that the earth is frail, that the earth is beautiful, that the earth is one.

Hardware Store

NEW HIPPODROME HARDWARE, at 70 West Forty-fifth Street, doesn't sell electrical household appliances, pots and pans, glassware, or any of the other department-store items that seem to have taken over most of the hardware stores in the country. "Hardware is very local," says the president of the company that owns the Hippodrome—Aaron Landsman, who was born in Brooklyn fifty-one years ago. "A hardware store in the suburbs or in a residential neighborhood like the East Eighties would go broke if it didn't carry coffeepots and toasters, but that's not my business. Sixty per cent of my customers are the commercial enterprises in midtown—stores, restaurants, hotels, the construction companies putting up buildings in the Forties and Fifties, the jewelry trade—so I specialize in maintenance equipment."

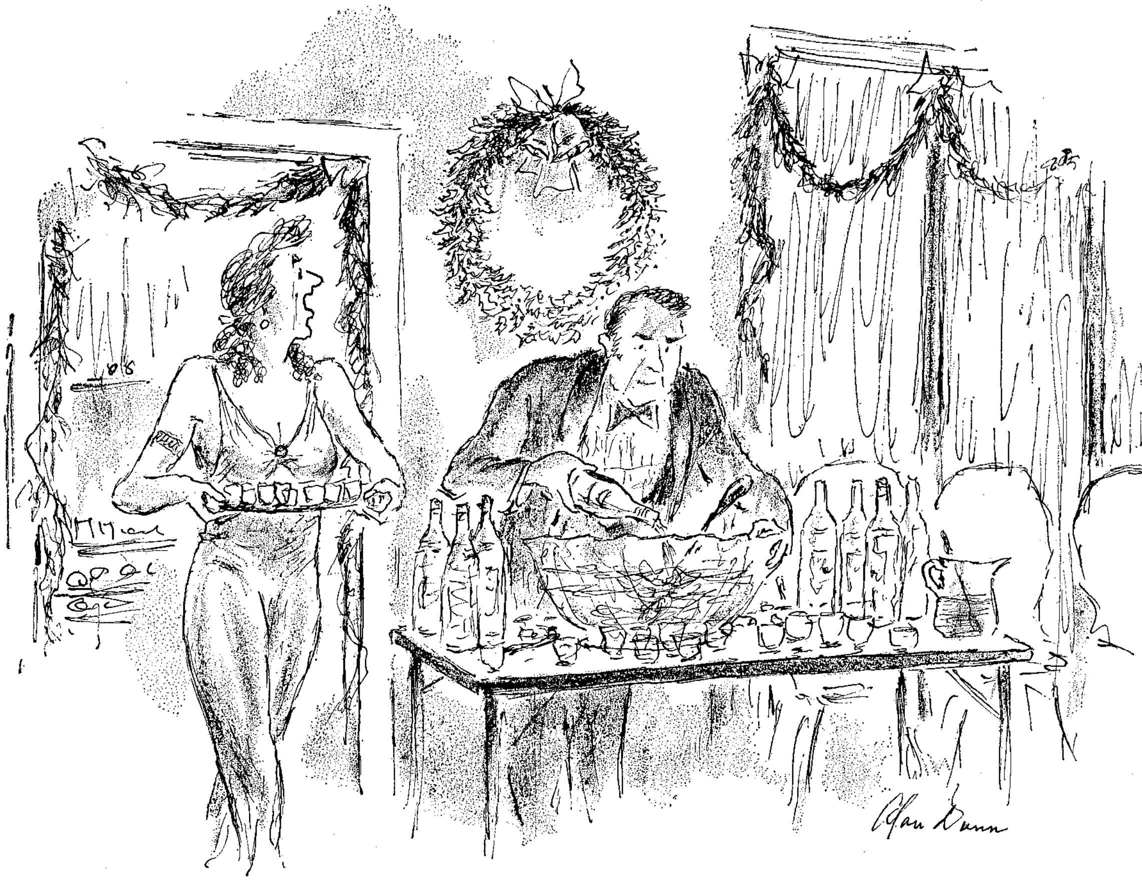
The floor, ceiling, shelves, bins, and pegboards of the New Hippodrome are, accordingly, cluttered with nails (screw-type flooring nails, dry-wall nails, panel nails in various shades, masonry nails, upholstery nails, cut nails, head nails, and dozens of others), bolts (carriage bolts, lag bolts, machine bolts, toggle bolts, molly bolts), and plumbing fittings (plugs, caps, bushings, elbows, unions, clamps), and with a prodigious assortment of light bulbs, tools, electrical fixtures, locks, cleansers, brooms, ladders, valves, cements, and paints and solvents; the last give the store a pleasant painty aroma. Nothing could be more prosaic than the New Hippodrome's merchandise, but the multiplicity of metal pieces and liquid-filled and powder-filled containers suggests the splendid possibility of constructing, repairing, and cleaning absolutely anything.



Abercrombie & Fitch, the Algonquin Hotel, and Nathan's Famous place orders with the New Hippodrome over the telephone and have them delivered. Mr. Landsman's delivery truck doubles as his second car; he drives it to work every day from his home, in Hartsdale. On a rainy, gloomy fall Thursday, Steelmaster phones to request some light bulbs, and Brooks Brothers phones in an order for two dozen packing knives and six work aprons. "Those aprons are for the workshop," Mr. Landsman explains. "They're not about to supply the workmen with Brooks Brothers suits."

Half the customers who venture into New Hippodrome Hardware between noon and three o'clock on this wet Thursday are construction workers or maintenance men. They wear jeans or drab-colored work pants and drab shirts, boots or well-worn sturdy shoes (always unpolished and often paint-splattered), and jackets or windbreakers, but no rain gear. Some have tool pouches on their belts; others have hammers or wooden rulers in their back pockets; still others have pencils behind their ears. They are young and middle-aged, black and white, and say "don't" for "doesn't" and "ain't" for "isn't." They stand silent and motionless at the counter until it is their turn to be waited on by Mr. Landsman or one of three salesmen he employs. Then they simply order the vise grip, the sledgehammer, the four radiator air valves, the needle-nose pliers, the pressure hose, or the two gallons of oil they need.

The other customers in New Hippodrome Hardware this afternoon are men who hold white-collar jobs in the



"Don't you think four quarts of rum would be Christmas enough?"

vicinity; they shop during their lunch hours, and account for the remaining forty per cent of Mr. Landsman's business. Most of them are now wearing dark suits, raincoats, and rain hats, and many of them are carrying shopping lists, attaché cases, and umbrellas, which drip and make puddles on the grubby, cigarette-butt-strewn floor. Less certain of what they want than the construction workers and maintenance men, these amateurs prowl around the store picking up things and studying package labels. When it is their turn to be served, they ask many questions. "Excuse me," says a man in a raincoat, holding up a bulb affixed to a card that reads "15-Watt Sewing Machine Bulb." "Can this be used in a dryer?"

"Yes," a salesman answers.

The salesmen are helpful, but not too helpful. "We don't try to oversell anyone," Mr. Landsman says. "We don't have the time, and I don't like to be pushed when I go shopping."

Between 1 P.M. and 1:10 P.M., four businessmen or office workers are waited on. A young man spends a total of eleven dollars and ten cents on a faucet aerator ("to fix a sink"), a plumbing first-aid kit ("to have on hand in case the other faucets go"), a roll of masking tape ("to paint over corners"), a plasterboard cutter and some plasterboard nails ("I'm building a closet"), a copy of "The Practical Handbook of Electrical Repairs" and a copy of "The Practical Handbook of Carpentry" ("Who can afford to hire electricians and carpenters these days? They earn more an hour than I do"), and a roll of electrical tape ("Maybe I'll put up a chandelier in the dinette"). Another young man hands a salesman a key and asks to have two copies of it made. A middle-aged man with the initials A.K.G. stamped in gold on his briefcase buys a sixteen-dollar device called a Krooklok to lock his car's steering wheel and thereby discourage car thieves. There is nothing remarkable about any of these purchases, but the trends and concerns they represent repeat themselves every few minutes: Fear of Crime (the buyer of the anti-theft car device is soon followed by buyers of bicycle locks, chain door locks, and window bars); Mobility (the key-making machine whirs six or eight times an hour, briefly drowning out the golden oldies being played on a radio); and Do-It-Yourselfism (within a twenty-minute period the New Hippodrome sells a can of walnut stain, a can of red spray paint, a two-speed Skil Jig Saw Kit, an electric plug, a quart bottle of Elmer's glue, sixty feet of curtain-rod cord, and copies of "The Practical Handbook of TV Repairs," "The Practical Handbook of Concrete and Masonry," and "The Practical Handbook of Car Care and Repair" to other young men employed in midtown offices who are presumably outearned by TV repairmen, masons, and auto mechanics).

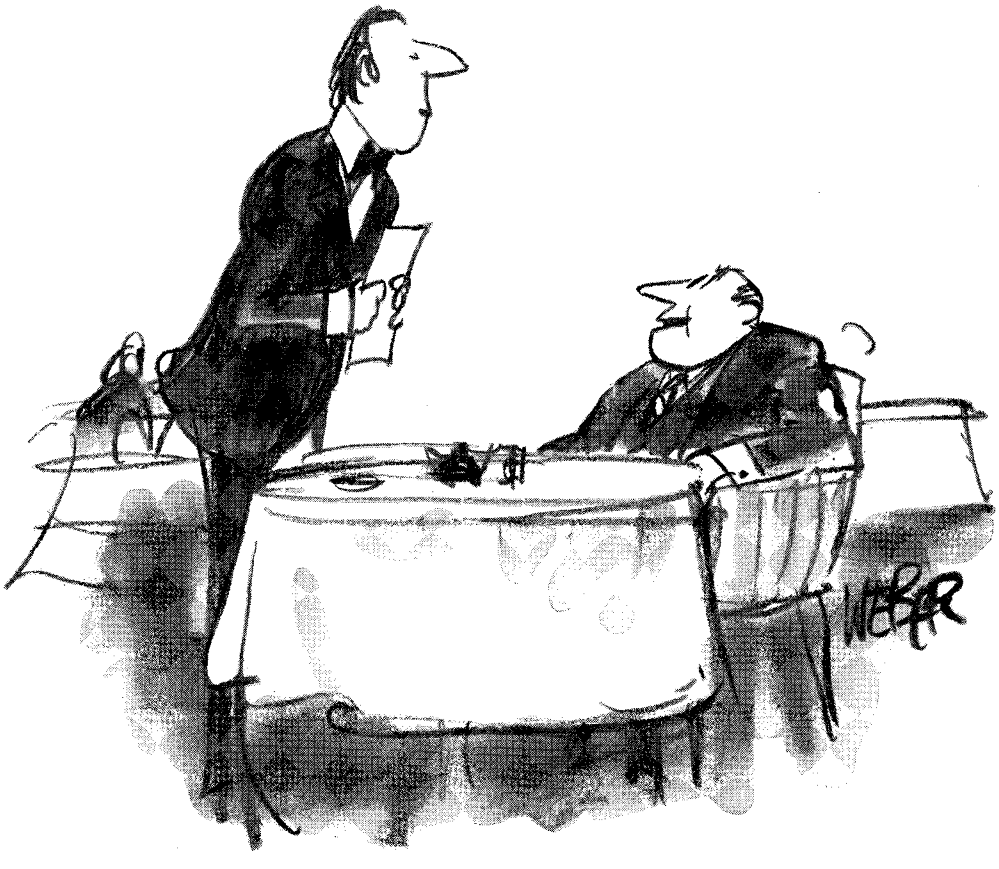
At three o'clock, the lunch-hour rush subsides, and Mr. Landsman, a soft-spoken man with wavy hair, who is dressed in a long-sleeved polo shirt with a zigzag pattern and a brown plaid sports jacket, has a few minutes to chat. He says that he has a daughter doing graduate work in sociology at Berkeley and a daughter studying the French horn at Juilliard, that his wife dabbles in antiques, and that he himself has been in the hardware business since the age of about twelve, when he worked in a brother-in-law's hardware store on weekends. He has had the New Hippodrome for eighteen years. "When I first started here, there were six hardware stores of this type in the area," he says. "Now there are only two left besides myself. Two of my competitors disappeared just during the past two years, when the buildings they were in were torn down. But I'm not worried. I have more customers, and more products to sell, than ever before. Eighteen years ago, there were only three kinds of popular cement. Now there must be a thousand types of glues and cements. Once, we stocked two or three types of pliers. Today, we have over two dozen. More people own their homes than ever before, and the do-it-yourself mania increases geometrically as labor costs rise. I've never felt the recession. Business has been better every year."

A Very Visible Sheen

AT 9:20 P.M. on a recent Tuesday evening, a twenty-one-thousand-ton British ship called the Vitta ran aground in the East River. The Vitta, which is now in a drydock in Hoboken, is an oil tanker, and she was carrying a hundred and seventy-three thousand barrels of No. 6 fuel oil—heavy brown stuff used for heating industrial plants—to a terminal in Astoria. Her misfortune caused one of the larger cases of pollution in New York Harbor recently, but, with the help of some luck, it was cleaned up in just a few days. The first news of the spill was relayed by a dispatcher for the Moran Towing & Transportation Company, two of whose tugs were escorting the ship, to the Coast Guard headquarters on Governors Island. The Coast Guard has always been concerned with safety and maritime accidents, and for the last few years it has also been responsible for preventing waterway pollution if that is possible, and, if it's not possible, for having it cleaned up. After the spill, we went over to Governors Island, to the office of the Captain of the Port, which handles such matters in the Harbor, to learn how the oil got into and out of the Harbor, and later we saw some of the dregs of it.

That Tuesday night had been damp, foggy, and disagreeable. There had been patches of thick fog around the Harbor, and in one of them the Vitta had missed the turn into Hell Gate around the north end of Welfare Island and had run onto some rocks south of Wards Island. The river is too narrow, and the tides sweeping up and down it are too fierce, for large ships, once in it, to do anything but go on to the end of it or onto the rocks. The tides made it impossible for the escaping oil—which could not be seen in the dark anyway—to be contained near the ship; in less frenzied waters, an oil boom, which looks like a chain of large yellow plastic sausages, would have been placed around the ship to dam the oil. There are only estimates of how much oil escaped—perhaps six thousand barrels—but a great deal had to be removed from the Harbor. The ship's crew began to pump oil from the tanks at her bow (which was on the rocks) toward the stern; enough oil was removed for water to come into the three tanks that had holes, so no more oil could go out. The Captain of the Port sent up two Coast Guard tugs to close the channel to other vessels as two Moran boats tried to keep the Vitta where she was while the tides pulled at her, but the current nevertheless swung the ship about, perhaps further opening her wounds. The current also swept most of the oil downriver. (Some, though, ended up on beaches near Whitestone.) The spill was a mixture of the ship's cargo and her own fuel oil, and the Coast Guard's pollution men felt afterward that the No. 6 oil had made the mixture less sticky than the Vitta's own fuel oil alone. At any rate—perhaps also because of the swiftness of the current—the oil did not stick on the rocks on the way downriver (if it had, the Coast Guard would have ordered them steam-cleaned) but collected in several elbows of the shore: Wallabout Bay, in Brooklyn, and the bend south of Twenty-third Street, in Manhattan. It also piled up on Governors Island, which obstructs the river's mouth. "You couldn't see any water at all," a man we met on the island remarked.

The Captain of the Port's office is in a low building near the ferry slip on Governors Island. The detection and removal of oil pollution in the New York Harbor area are overseen by four men who occupy the back half of a small office. When we called there, we were greeted by Lieutenant (j.g.) Richard Hobbie, who is in charge of the group—a tall, thin young man with a sandy mustache. "The morning after the grounding, we sent out all our road teams to look for oil," he said. "It was unquestionably here on the island. By eight o'clock, we also knew the other places that it had pocketed. If we consider pollution worth cleaning up—for our purposes, oil pollution is defined as anything that makes a visible sheen on the water; every visible sheen must be reported to us, and it is entered in our log and investigated—the polluter has to pay for the cleanup, if we can find him. If we can't, the government does. There are contractors who specialize in the work, and we check to see that it's adequately done. All self-propelled vessels over three hundred gross tons have to carry insurance or post a bond, which can be used to pay for a cleanup. We got hold of the Vitta's underwriters, and they took our word that the oil came from the Vitta—they can sue the government if it turns out otherwise—and hired three of the largest contractors in the area. The contractors came with about sixty men, a vacuum barge, work boats, and about fifteen vacuum trucks, and we put out every boat we had to carry oil booms and set them. Some of the oil companies lent us oil booms, and we had almost a mile of boom in all, and set out most of it at least twice. We had about eighteen hundred feet around the oil here on Governors Island. When we were through here, we took some of the boom up to Brooklyn and set it out there. There were three trucks here on the island until the cleanup was finished. The trucks are small tank trucks, like the ones that pump out septic tanks. They have a big hose and a thing called a skimmer, which floats in the water just under the oil. They fill the tank and then drain a lot of water off the bottom and fill it some more. This



"I've just been made an executive vice-president. What should I eat?"

office worked all night Wednesday, and the crews worked until Friday—sometimes at night, too. The Vitta floated off the rocks Wednesday morning—there was a layer of water under the oil in her tanks by then—and two tugs assisted her down to Brooklyn to a safe mooring, where some of her cargo was lightered off. We put a boom around her eventually, but the tide must have been running eight knots, and we had trouble at first. There was heavy rain and wind that day, and a chop on the Harbor, and some of the oil dispersed naturally. But there was plenty for the cleanup crews, and it will add up to a big bill. It costs just about a thousand dollars for every barrel of oil you pick up. They're still cleaning up out near Whitestone, and just this morning we heard about some small pockets—a few barrels—at the Military Ocean Terminal in Bayonne and at a nearby refinery. The refinery people put a boom around their pocket, but it's not their oil, it's the Vitta's. It must have leaked when she went across to Hoboken to the shipyard.

"Most of our reports are not as dramatic as a shipwreck," Lieutenant Hobbie continued. "Sixty-seven million tons of oil are transported in this harbor each year. Big ships bring it in, and hundreds of smaller ones take it up to Albany or just across the Harbor to a lightering plant, or to fuel a ship. The Vitta, like most other tankers that come here, had already offloaded about a fourth of her cargo into barges before she went up the river, because she was too deep for the channels here. We get one case of pollution a day, on the average, and investigate every one; we also investigate some reports that don't become cases. We're interested in any kind of oil—even peanut oil. This week, we're getting five reports a day; people are stocking up on heating oil. About half the reports develop into cases; many are quite trivial. Yesterday, one of the power companies reported that a dockman had kicked over a fruit-juice can full of carburetor drippings, but that there was no longer a visible sheen. It's a criminal offense not to report pollution, so they do, though we can fine them for polluting. Reports also come from our daily-inspection teams and a daily helicopter flight over the Harbor. I think more of the pollution that occurs is getting reported to us, and Captain William Kesler, the Captain of the Port, feels that the Harbor is getting cleaner. In 1970, before I was here, when the Coast Guard got this job, there were twice as many reports."

At Lieutenant Hobbie's invitation, we returned the following morning for a visit to Bayonne, where several small pockets of oil had been reported. With Petty Officer Anthony Cartella, Jr., from Lieutenant Hobbie's office, we boarded a launch and were soon headed for Bayonne, amid a great deal of spray. Petty Officer Cartella wore a white coverall and hardhat, and carried an attaché case. "The oil was supposed to be removed, but we got a call this morning that no one had come and the oil had escaped," he said. "If so, we're going to find out why." The morning was warm and damp, and heavy clouds drifted over the sun. The Harbor looked murky but clean, and didn't smell. There were some ships about, and some barges, including one belonging to the Army Corps of Engineers, which was looking for floating debris. We saw one piece of driftwood. In a few minutes, we slowed down beside a Navy destroyer at the end of a long pier about halfway between the Statue of Liberty and Staten Island. "See that brown slop?" said Petty Officer Cartella, pointing to something between the ship and the pier. "That was all over the place yesterday. I'm going to go along the pier and see what's left. This is pretty thin." As the launch went slowly along the bulkhead, we passed several streaks of the same stuff, each about the length of a small boat, and one about a hundred feet long. "This isn't like anything you'd ordinarily see," Petty Officer Cartella said. "There must be some solvent in it that they used to clean their tanks. It is very much like a sample I took on the Vitta. There's probably at most a barrel left. The rest washed away somewhere, and that's not good. The wind changed during the night. It's offshore now. We'll probably find the same thing over at the refinery, on that next finger of land."

We did. As the boat approached the refinery, there were streaks of oil in the water pointing with the wind. The refinery's oil boom was still in the water, but there was less oil behind it than outside it. There was a bitter smell of raw oil in the air. Soon we were headed back to Governors Island.

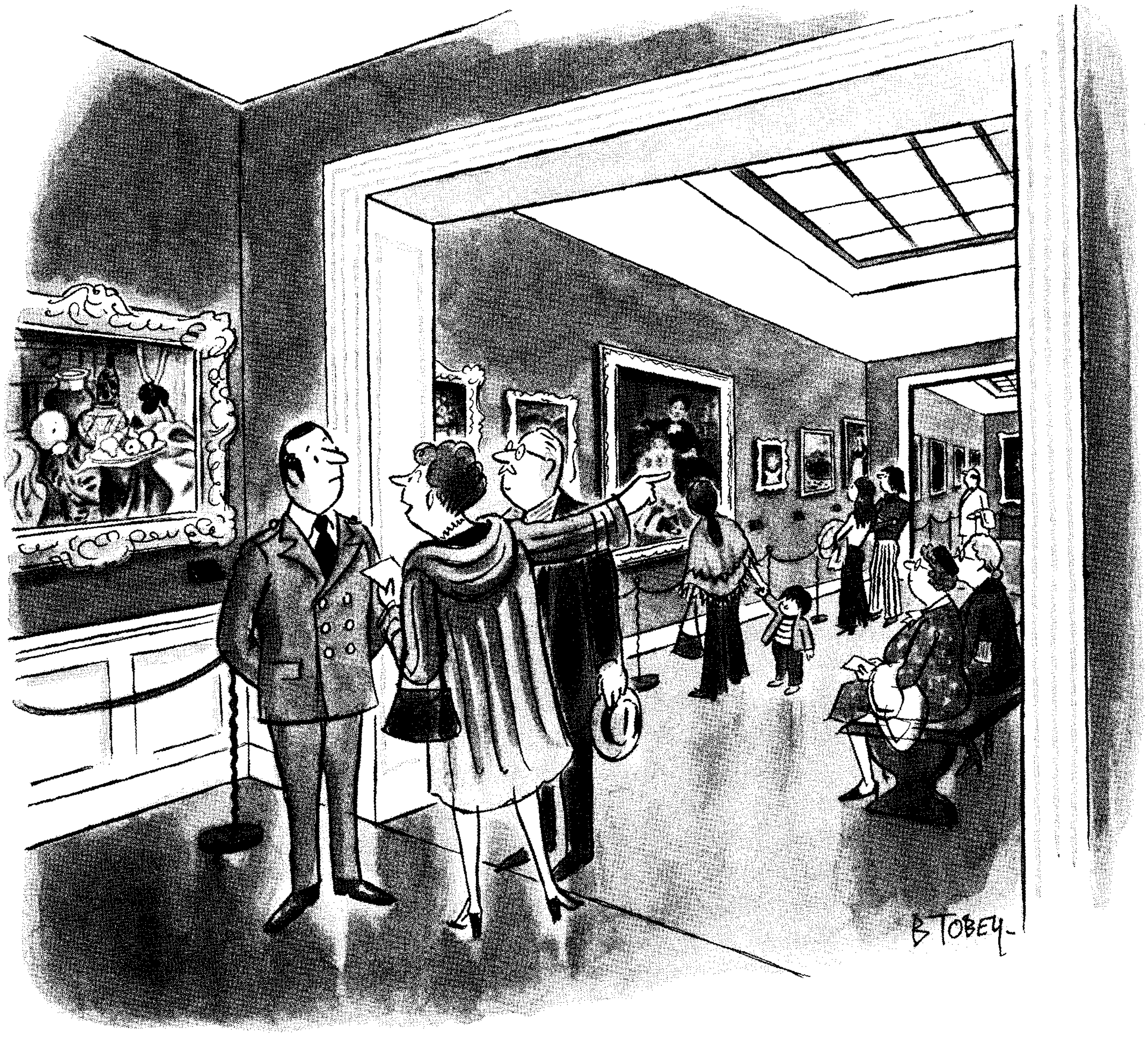
1780
REAL ESTATE

Opening

DICK GIDRON, a thirty-four-year-old black man from Chicago, gave a party the other day to celebrate the official opening of the business he now owns and operates here. Dick Gidron's business is Dick Gidron Cadillac, Inc. It is on East Fordham Road, in the Bronx, in a large building that seems to be mostly glass, and it is the first black-owned Cadillac dealership in New York. We knew about Mr. Gidron's celebration because Betty Granger Reid mentioned it a couple of weeks ago in her column, "Conversation Piece," in the *Amsterdam News*. Betty Granger Reid said it was going to be an important party to go to, and we were pleased when Mr. Gidron said we could come.

Dick Gidron's Cadillac showroom is large, but his party filled it up. There was a four-piece band playing dance music with a quiet beat, there was a bar on one side of the room and a small fountain dispensing champagne on the other, and there were, of course, some Cadillacs standing around. There were people standing around, too, but not so many that we failed to notice Betty Granger Reid. She was dressed in white boots, a white suit with leopard trim, and a leopard hat. When we said hello, she introduced us to the people she was talking to and then took us around the party to introduce us to more people. "I want you to meet the man who took Jackie Robinson's place on the State Athletic Commission," Mrs. Reid said. "He is Kenneth N. Sherwood, and he is quite a man. He runs the Kenwood Corporation, which has extensive real-estate holdings." Mrs. Reid introduced us to Mr. Sherwood, a tall, well-dressed man, and Mr. Sherwood introduced us to his companion, Joseph Booker. "Booker is an assistant vice-president of the Chemical Bank uptown," Mr. Sherwood said. "He lent me a million dollars." Mr. Sherwood smiled. "And I paid it back."

We talked with Joseph Grayman III, who is a young salesman for Dick Gidron. He was wearing a velvet suit and a brown-and-blue print shirt. "I've been with General Motors for nine years," he said. "I was the first black man in their treasurer's office in New



"How much is Mr. Hoving asking for the little Renoir?"

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York, but I decided that sales was my thing. I went with Chevy. I was the top salesman. I was in the Hall of Fame. Now I'm with Dick Gidron, but I plan to have my own agency by the time I'm thirty. I'm just twenty-five now. Yeah, I come from the ghetto, in Brownsville. I was the *star* in basketball at Jefferson High. And I'm a *star* salesman. I *kill* 'em. If I wanted, I could sell a car for eight thousand dollars even if the sticker said sixty-nine hundred. I am *bad*, man—*bad*."

We went into Dick Gidron's office. Mr. Gidron was sitting behind his desk talking to some friends from Chicago. One friend was Al Johnson, the president of Al Johnson Cadillac, in Chicago, which was the first black-owned Cadillac dealership in the country. Another was State Senator Charles Chew, Jr., of Illinois.

Senator Chew invited us to sit down beside him. The Senator was sleekly dressed and handled himself elegantly. "I know you don't know me in New York, but let me bring you up to date," he said. "It is commonly thought that I'm rich, but I'm not. I can pay my bills, and I do a lot of travelling, domestically and internationally, but I'm not a millionaire. I drive a Rolls-Royce, not because I can afford it but because I want to have the experience." He was wearing alligator shoes. "I bought thirty-six pairs of these shoes while I was in Spain," he said.

We talked to Al Johnson. "If New York is anything like Chicago, black people buy twelve per cent of the Cadillacs sold," he said. "And this has been a vicious business. I had the first black Cadillac dealership. Sure, I was happy, but the *sad* part is that, as long as they've been making automobiles, the first black dealer had to come seventy-five years later. I hope no one is so naïve that he thinks a black man just says 'I want to go into business' and it happens. I *begged* for an agency for years. Hell, my money wasn't green enough. Black people have been consumers. Until recently, we didn't own anything, we didn't manufacture anything, we didn't *sell* anything—we were simply consumers. That was part of slavery."

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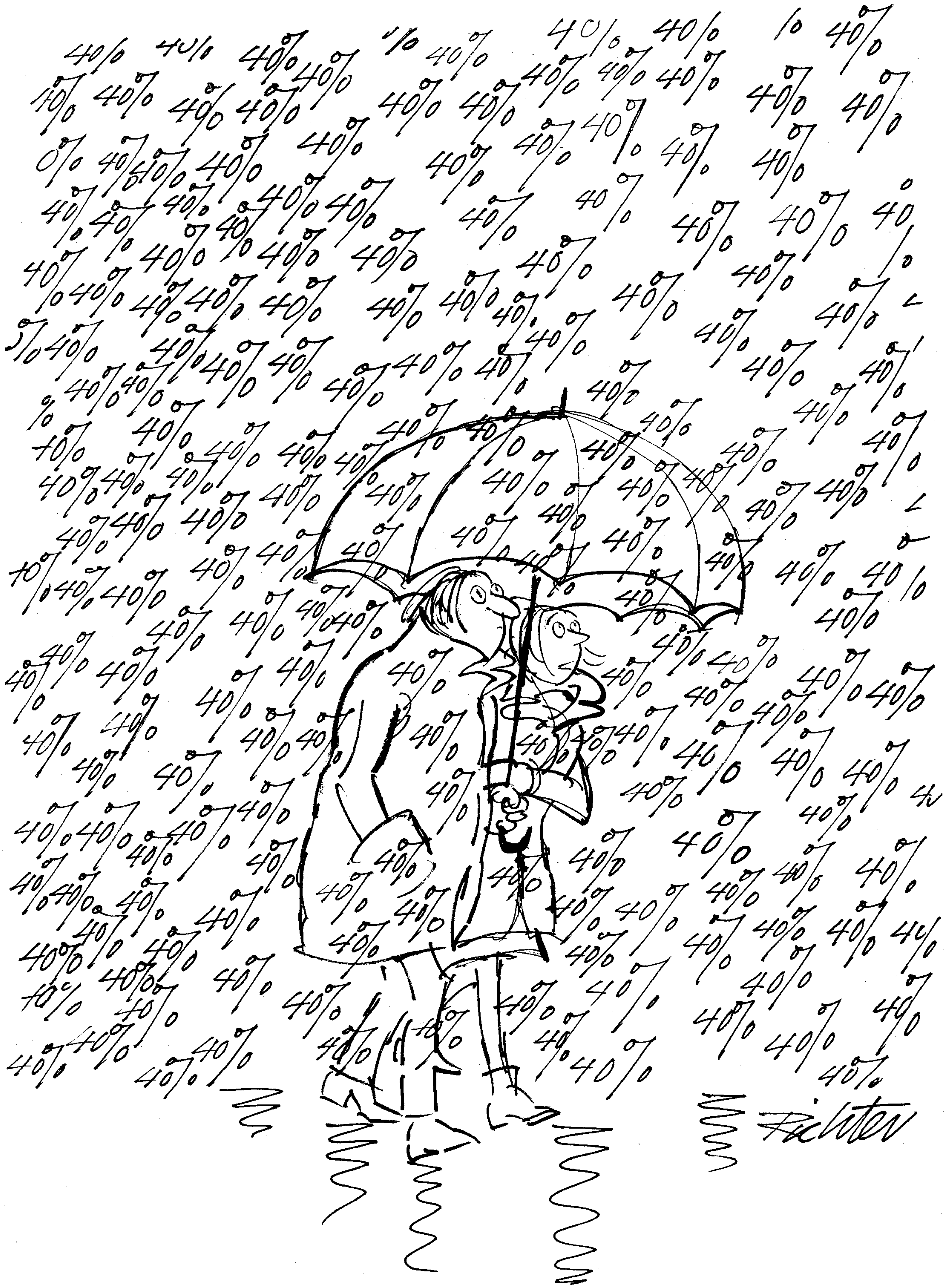
A SKEPTICAL friend reports that he approaches the New Year with unmistakable confidence as a result of coming across a Chinese fortune cookie that carried the message "Very soon, and in pleasant company."



"Dr. Frank Field sure hit it on the nose."

CHRISTMAS EVE

THE fireplace in the children's bedroom had to be swept out and dusted so that Father Christmas would have a place to put his feet when he came down the chimney. Lily and Margaret Bagot watched their mother, who knelt close in to the grate, brushing the last few flecks of ash out of the corners. Lily was eight and Margaret was six, and the long white nightgowns they wore fell in a rumpled line to their ankles. They wore no dressing gowns although the room was cold—they would be getting into bed in a minute. It was a square room, the back bedroom, with faded garlanded wallpaper in blue and pink and green, and it was lighted by a single bulb that hung from the middle of the ceiling. One large window looked out onto the garden and the adjoining gardens. Mrs. Bagot had pulled the blind down all the way to the sill. She wanted the children to have their privacy and, beyond that, she wanted them to be safe. She didn't really know what she meant by safe—respectable, maybe, or successful in some way that she had no vision of. She wanted the world for them, or else she wanted them to have the kind of place that was represented to her by lawyers and doctors and people like that. She wanted them to go on believing in Father Christmas and, more than that, she wanted to go on believing in Father Christmas herself. She would have liked to think there was someone big and kind outside the house who knew about the children, someone who knew their names and their ages, and that Lily might go out into the world and make something of herself, because she was always reading, but that Margaret was very defenseless and unsure of herself. Lily was maybe a bit too sure of herself, but at the same time she was very soft, very nice to people who maybe wouldn't understand that it was her nature and that she wasn't the fool she seemed to be. Father Christmas knew that Lily was clever, always getting good marks at school. No matter where the presents came from, Father Christmas came down the chimney, Mrs. Bagot was sure of that. He was probably hovering over Dublin now, seeing how the city had changed since last year. The children were all older, that was the great change. It was always the great change, every day, not just once a year. She placed her dusting brush across the paper in the scuttle and stood up.

"Now Father Christmas will have a place to put his feet," Lily said.

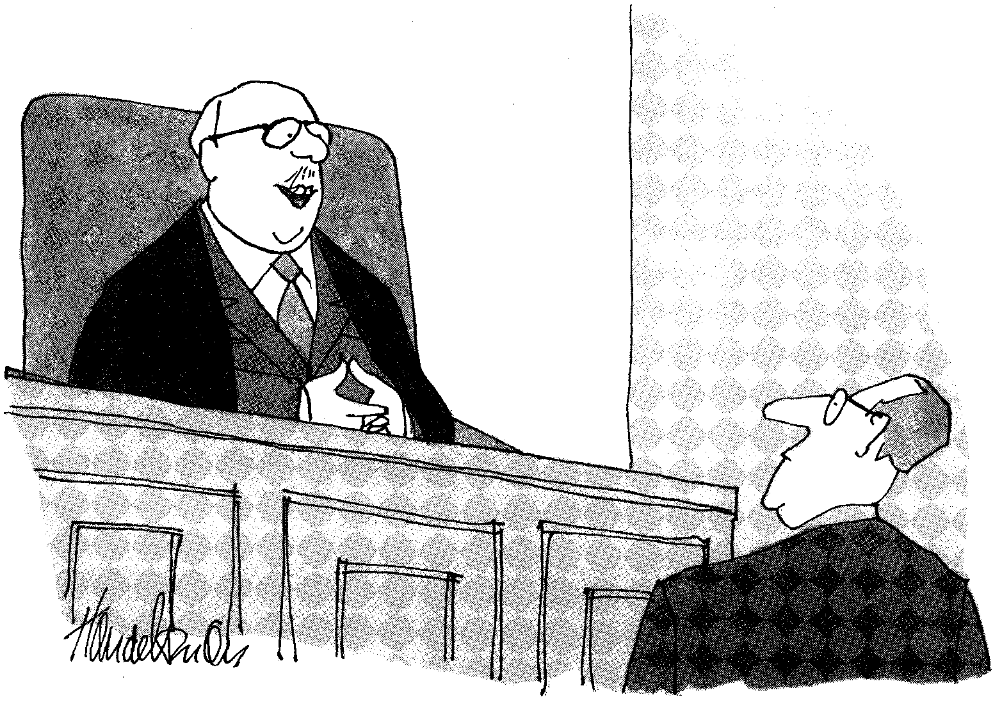
"He wears big red boots," Margaret whispered.

"Time to go to bed now," Mrs. Bagot said. "Come on now, into bed, both of you. Margaret is nearly asleep as it is." She had left them up long past their usual bedtime and Margaret was drooping. Lily was as wide awake as ever; she'd be awake all night if this kept up. But it was Christmas Eve, and Martin was home early from work. He was downstairs now, reading the paper and waiting to come up and say good night to them. Because Martin was home, the two cats and Bennie, the dog, were all shut up in the kitchen. He hated to see the animals around the house, and the animals seemed to know it—they had all settled themselves very comfortably around the stove the minute she told them to stay. They were all stray animals that had found their way to the house at one time or another, and they had never lost their watchfulness. They knew where their welcome was. Bennie was Mrs. Bagot's special pet. He was a rough-haired white terrier with bits of black here and there. Mrs. Bagot had rescued him years before from a gang of small boys who were tormenting him, and since then she had seldom been out of his sight. He slept on her bed at night. Martin Bagot didn't know that. Martin had his own room at the back of the house. He generally got home from work very late, after Mrs. Bagot and the children and Bennie and the cats were all asleep. He didn't like to have Mrs. Bagot wait up for him, she had to get up so early in the morning to get the children off to school. He thought the animals all slept in the little woodshed behind the house.

Daisy, the thin black cat, belonged to Lily, but Rupert was Margaret's. Rupert was a fat orange cat who was so good-natured that he purred even the time his tail was caught in the kitchen door. Martin knew the names of the animals and sometimes he asked the children, "How is Daisy?" or "How is Rupert?" but he liked them kept out of the house. He half believed the animals carried disease and that the children would suffer from having them around.

Downstairs in the front sitting room Martin was watching the flames in the grate. He had thrown the evening paper aside. There was nothing in it. He was thinking it was nice to be home at the time other men got home at night. Nice for once, anyway. He wouldn't want to have to get home on time every night the way other men did, walking into a squalling household, with the children trying to do their homework on the same table where their mother was trying to set the tea. But, of course, he was different from other men. He wasn't the least bit domesticated. Nobody could call him a domestic animal. How many other men in Dublin had their own room with their own books in it, and their own routine going in the house—an *unbreakable*, independent routine that was perfectly justified because it depended on his job and his job depended on it. Delia had her house and the children and he had his own life and yet they were all together. They were a united family all right. Nobody could deny that. Delia was a very good mother. He had nothing to worry about on that score. Ordinary men might want to be lord and master in the house, always throwing their weight around, but not Martin. A bit more money would have come in handy, but you couldn't have everything.

The room was decorated for Christmas. He and the children had worked all afternoon on it, with Delia running up and down from the kitchen to see how they were getting along. They had all had a great time. Even Margaret had come out of herself and made suggestions. There were swags of red and green paper chain across the ceiling and he had put a sprig of holly behind every picture. The mistletoe was over the door going out into the hall. At one point Delia had come hurrying up to say they must save a bit of holly to stick in the Christmas pudding and he had caught her under the mistletoe and given her a kiss. Her skin was very soft. She looked like her old self as she put her hand up against his chest and pretended to push him away. Then the children came running over and wanted to be kissed too. First he kissed them and then Delia kissed them. They were all bundled



"The Court finds itself on the horns of a dilemma. On the one hand, wiretap evidence is inadmissible, and on the other hand I'm dying to hear it."

• •

together for a minute and then the children began screaming, "Daddy, kiss Mummy again! Daddy, kiss Mummy again!" and Delia said, "Oh, I have to get back to the kitchen. All this playacting isn't going to get my work done." Lily said, "Women's work is never done." Lily was always coming out with something like that. You never knew what she'd say next. Margaret said, "I want to kiss little Jesus," and she went over to the window where the crèche was all set up, with imitation snow around it and on its roof.

The window was quite big, a bow window that bulged out into the street. Delia had filled it with her fern collection. They were mostly maidenhair ferns, some of them very tall, and she had them arranged on small tables of varying heights. Sometimes Martin felt the ferns were a bit overpowering and that they darkened the room, but tonight they made a wonderful background for the crèche, making it seem that the stable and the Holy Family and the shepherds and their animals were all enclosed and protected by a benign forest where they would always be safe and where snow could fall without making them cold. The Three Wise Men stood outside the stable as though they were just arriving. Lily had carefully sprinkled snow on their shoulders. Some of the snow had sifted down onto the carpet, where it lay glittering in the firelight.

On his way home today, Martin had bought two small gold-colored pencils for the children. Each pencil was in its own box, and the girl in the shop had wrapped the boxes in white tissue paper and tied them with red ribbon. They were out in his coat pocket in the hall now, together with a special present he had bought for Delia in the same shop, and he wanted to get them and put them on the kitchen table so that they wouldn't be forgotten. He knew Delia had the rest of the children's presents hidden in the kitchen. He'd better do it now, while he was thinking about it. He went out into the hall, shutting the door quickly after him to keep the heat in the sitting room, and as he fumbled in his pocket for the pencils he heard Delia talking to the children in the room upstairs. Her voice was low, but it was very calm and definite, as though she was explaining something to them, or even laying down the law about something. He had the pencils now and he stood very still. He couldn't hear what she was saying, only her voice, and once or twice he thought he heard the children whispering to her. It was very peaceful standing there in the hall, very peaceful and comfortable, although the hall was a bit cold after the warmth of the sitting room. But he felt very comfortable, very content. All of a sudden he felt at peace with the world and with the future. It was as though the weight of the world had fallen from his shoulders, and he hadn't known the weight of the world was on his shoulders, or even that he was worried. In a few years he would be making a bit more money, and then things would be easier. He had no desire to know what Delia was saying, or to go up there and join in. That was all between her and the children. He would only upset her if he went up there now—he would wait till she called him. It was dark in the hall except for the faint light filtering through the glass panels in the front door from the street lamp outside. He listened to Delia's voice, so quiet and authoritative, and he had the feeling he was spying on them. Well, what if he was. He didn't often have the chance to watch them like this, in the gloaming, as it were. How big this little house was, that it could contain them all separately. He might have been a thousand miles away, for all they knew of him. They thought he was in there in the room reading the evening paper, when in fact he was a thousand miles above them, watching them and watching over them. Where would they all be if it wasn't for him. Ah, but they held him to earth. He had to laugh when he thought of the might-have-been. He might have travelled. There was very little chance now that he would see the capitals of the world. He never knew for sure whether Delia and the children were his anchor or his burden and at the moment he didn't much care. He had seldom felt as much at peace with himself as he did now. It would be nice to fall asleep like this, happy like this, and then wake up in the morning to find that the world was easy. He had often thought the house cramped, and imagined it held him down, but tonight he knew that he could stretch his arms up through this hall ceiling and on up through the roof and do no damage and that no one would reproach him. There was plenty of room. He was as free as any man, or at least as free as anybody could be in this day and age. Now he would run down to the kitchen with the pencils. Delia would be calling him any minute. But the light was switched on on the landing above, and Delia appeared at the head of the stairs and saw him.

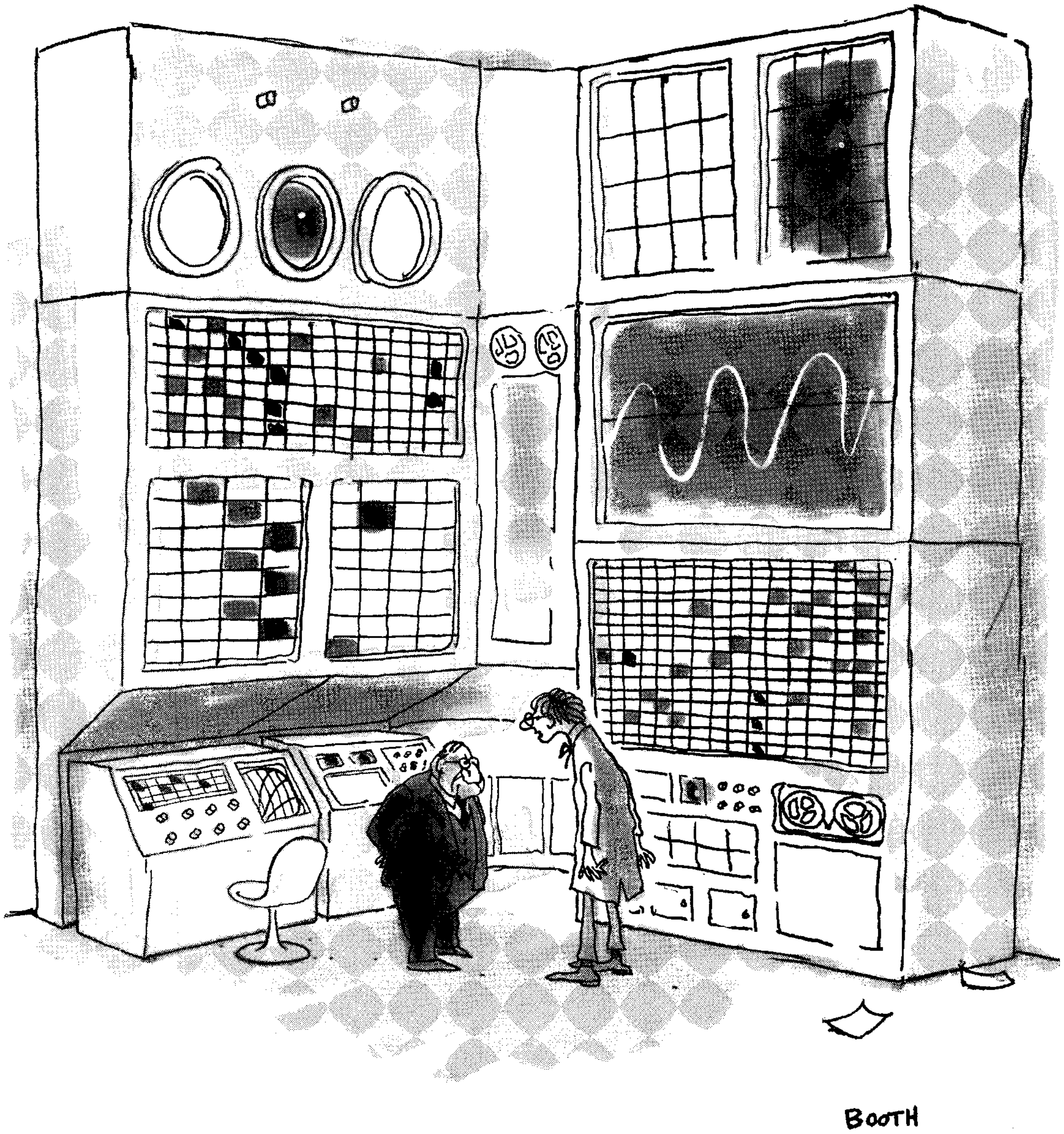
"Oh, Martin, I was just coming down to get you," she said.

"I was just coming up," he said,

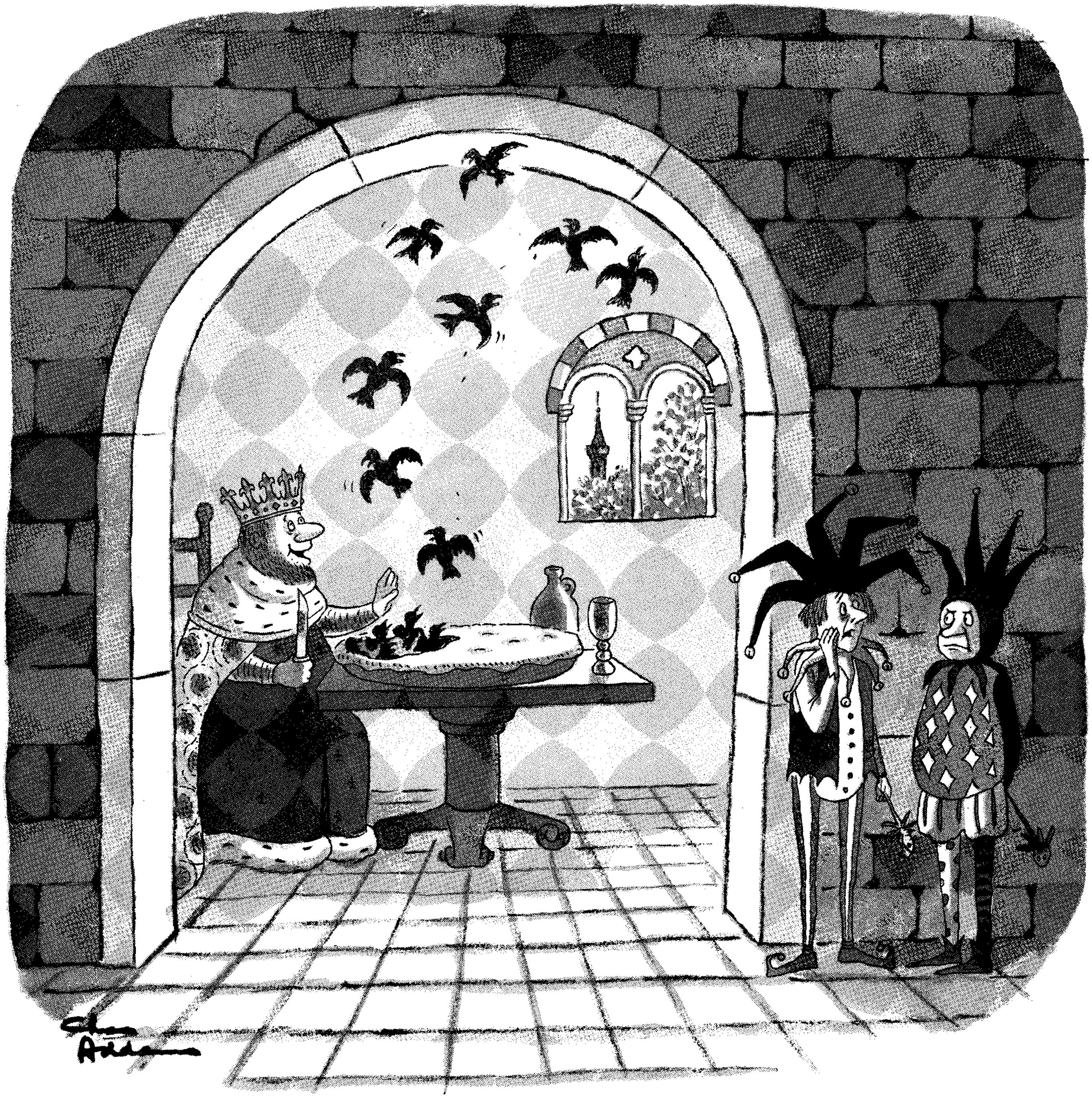
and he started up the stairs, two steps at a time.

THE closer it came to their bedtime the more excited the children were, although they stayed very quiet. Delia was afraid they wouldn't sleep, or that if they did sleep they'd wake up in time to find herself and Martin creeping into their room with their presents. She stood by their bed, talking to them to calm them down, and she found that the sleepier they became the more apprehensive she herself was. She was getting what she called "nervous" and she couldn't understand it, because she had been looking forward to Christmas. She didn't know what was the matter with her. She was as fearful tonight as she used to be long ago at home when she lay in bed listening to the wind blowing around and around the house. The fear was the same in this house, exactly the same, except that this house was attached on both sides to other houses and so the wind couldn't blow around it but only across it. But the fear was the same. She hated the wind. In the daytime she was able to keep busy, but at night as she lay alone in the dark her mind went back, and instead of going back into dreaming, like daydreaming, it went back into conjecture and from there into confusion. Instead of rebuilding the past to her own design and making things happen as they should have happened, she was blown by the noise of the wind against bitter obstacles that she was able to avoid when the weather was steady. Words like "why" and "when" and "how" rose up against the dreaming that rested her, and she was forced back on herself, so that instead of rearranging things she had to face them. The past led to the present—that was the trouble. She couldn't see any connection at all between herself as she used to be and herself as she was now, and she couldn't understand how with a husband and two children in the house she was lonely and afraid. She stood there talking to the children about what a lovely day they were all going to have tomorrow, and she was well aware that she was falling into a morbid frame of mind. And there was no excuse for her. She had nothing to worry about, not tonight anyway. There wasn't even any wind, although it had rained earlier and would probably rain again before morning. There was really nothing to worry about at the moment, except, of course, how to get Bennie up out of the kitchen and into her room without Martin knowing about it. It would be terrible, awful, if Martin found out that Bennie slept every night on her bed, but she couldn't leave him out in the shed in the cold. The cats always slept on the children's bed, but they'd be all right in the shed for the one night. She had a basket out there for them. They could curl up together. But Bennie couldn't go out there—she'd miss him too much. She wished she could talk to Martin and explain to him that Bennie was important, but she knew there was no use hoping for that. It was time now to go down and call him to come up and say good night to Lily and Margaret, but when she walked out on the landing she saw him standing in the hall below.

The hall was quite narrow, and was covered with linoleum, and it served its purpose very well, both as an entrance to the house and as a vantage point from which the house could be viewed and seen for what it was—a small, plain, family place that had a compartmented look now in winter because of all the doors being closed to keep whatever heat there was inside the rooms. In the hall there was a rack with hooks on it for coats, and there was an umbrella stand, and a chair nobody ever sat on. Nobody ever sat on the chair and nobody ever stood long in the hall. It was a passageway—not to fame and not to fortune but only to the common practices of family life, those practices, habits, and ordinary customs that are the only true



"Our computerized telecommunications system is higgledy-piggledy."



"It's going to be tough to top that."

• •

realities most of us ever know, and that in some of us form a memory strong enough to give us something to hold on to to the end of our days. It is a matter of love, and whether the love finds daily, hourly expression in warm embraces and in the instinctive kind of attentiveness animals give to their young or whether it is largely unexpressed, as it was among the Bagots, does not really matter very much in the very long run. It is the solid existence of love that gives life and strength to memory, and if, in some cases, childhood memories lack the soft and tender colors given by demonstrativeness, the child grown old and in the dark knows only that what is under his hand is a rock that will never give way.

IN the big bed in the back room upstairs, Lily Bagot lay sleeping beside her sister, and if they dreamed nobody knew about it, because they never remembered their dreams in the morning. On the morning of Christmas Day they woke very early, much earlier than usual, and it was as though the parcels piled beside their bed sent out a magic breath to bring them out of their sleep while the world was still dark. They moved very slowly at first, putting their hands down beside the bed and down at the end of the bed to feel what was there, to feel what had been left for them. They went over each parcel with their hands, getting the outline and trying to make out from the shape what was inside. Then they couldn't wait any longer, and Lily got out of bed and put on the light so that they could see what they had been given.

—MAEVE BRENNAN

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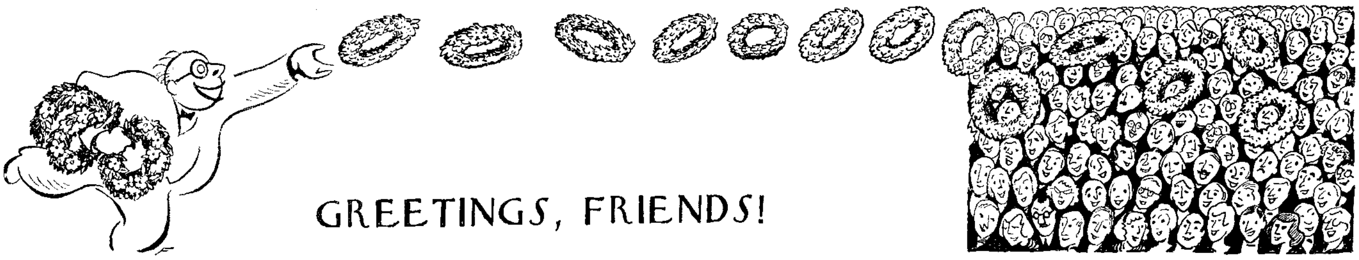
Currently a member of the Hudson Valley Philharmonic, Miss Tigai also plays trumpet in the Wappingers Faculty String Quartet.—*Poughkeepsie Journal.*

Does she use a derby?



GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

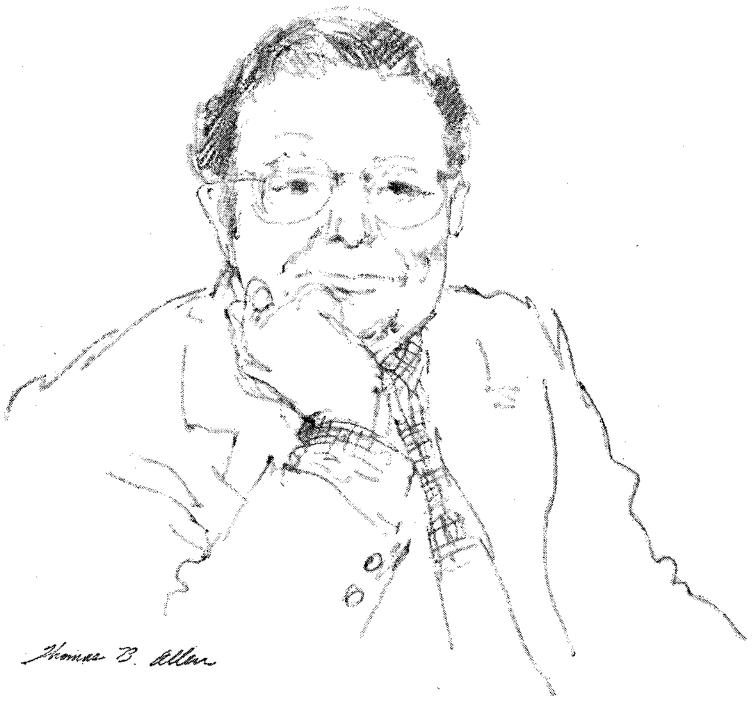
If his Muse is not depleted,
Your somewhat ancient bardic meathead
Will now extoll, in reckless rhyme,
The pleasures of the Christmas time.
Peace to Richard, peace to Pat;
Peace to each downcast Democrat,
And let the hope of this dithyramb
Be peace at last in all Vietnam.
Flouting care, let's now make merry
With Bill Cosby and Gaylord Perry;
Let's fill the air with a glad Noël
For Cassie Mackin and Keith Michell,
And join in a jocund holiday bat
With John Betjeman, the Laureate,
And Schuyler Chapin, Peter Bridge,
Key to the Mint, and Riva Ridge.
Hark to that music! It's the choir
Giving its all for Paul O'Dwyer,
With a chorus apiece for George Blanda,
Burt Reynolds, and Dominique Sanda,
The while we warble festive cries
To celebrate Patricia Wise,
Marjoe Gortner, Alistair Cooke,
Marcel Ophuls, and Senator Brooke.
Will Judith Raskin carol a solo
For Henry Kissinger, our Marco Polo,
And trill a winter madrigal
For Maggie Ruddock, of Belvedere, Cal.?
Sound the rebec and twang the harp
For Elizabeth Holtzman and Ivan Karp,
And see that the dulcimer is played on
For Jacques d'Amboise and Melissa Hayden.
We sing in praise of Peggy Cass,
Heinrich Böll, and Baba Ram Dass,
And we ask the Wise Men to bestow myrrh
On Beatrice Arthur, Eric Rohmer,
Evel Knievel, Ben Vereen,
And Nobelist Dr. John Bardeen!
Come, fill a stocking for Shelby Lyman,
Cicely Tyson, and Sidney Simon,
And send a magnum of vintage nectar
To Stephen Schwartz and Midge Decter.
Join our revels, Geraldo Rivera,
Max Roach, and Yogi Berra!
Sing hey for Alexandra Mayes!
Sing ho, ho, ho for the Oakland A's!
On Christmas Day, we'll wine and dine
With Brad Park and Al Kaline;
We'll clink a glass with Warren Casey,
Max Frankel, and Ilie Nastase,
And carve a goose for Sally Struthers,
Quentin Bell, and the Alou Brothers.
God rest ye merry, Peter Maag!
God rest ye, too, Jens Otto Krag,
Frederick Forsyth, Bobby Van,
And Premier Tanaka of Japan!
Now let us mount a proper blitz
Of Yule regard for Mark Spitz,
Alice Guinzburg, Melina Mercouri,
And Senator Eagleton of Missouri;
We wish to felicit Joan Blondell,
Howard Teichmann, and Claiborne Pell.
Now, Julia Child, please bake a cake
For Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake,
For Boris Spassky and Bobby Fischer—
And tell Ruth Buzzi that we wish her
Loads of fun 'neath the mistletoe
With gallants like Pierre Trudeau,
Raul Julia, Webster Schott,
Michael McGuire, and Stewart Mott.
Fiddlers, make a joyful din
As we haul the Yule log in
With willing help from George F. Kennan,
Shane Gould, and Justice Brennan.
We must contrive some special boon
To titillate A. J. Antoon,
And bear in mind, by hook or crook,
We must get a gift to Roderick Cook.
A benison on Israel Shenker!
Give him a costly *Hausgeschenk* or
Anything you think he'd like,
From a game of Authors to a motorbike.
On New Year's Eve, we'll give a bash
For Bess Myerson and Joseph Lash;
On New Year's Day, in a one-horse sleigh,
We'll ride through the snow with Gisela May,
Patricia Collinge, Elick Moll,
Kareem Jabbar, and Claude Chabrol.
Hurrah for William vanden Heuvel!
And here's a hope that Catherine Deneuve'll
Have a splendid '73
(That also goes for Patrick Macnee).
The top of the morn, Sam Peckinpah!
The nog of the egg to Robert Shaw!
And a cheerful peal of bells to honor
Vinnette Carroll and Carroll O'Connor!
Would Ogden Reid think it infra dig
To join us in a holiday jig?
Perchance would Eunice Shriver let
Us squire her in a minuet?
Or might we manage a quadrille
With friends like actor Arthur Hill,
Paula Fox, Peter Link,
And Congresswoman Patsy Mink?
Join hands, good friends one and all,
Waltz together round the hall,
And celebrate with cheerful rite
The end of Christmas, on Twelfth Night.

Farewell to this year of discontent
That seemed at times like a twelve-month Lent,
And here's the hope that a time of reason
Will have its start in this gentle season—
No more strife! An end to war!
May this be the dawn it was darkest before!

—Frank Sullivan

PROFILES

MONEY MUSIC



Kal Rudman

THE popular-music business, for the last several years the most potent entertainment business in America, encompasses a number of styles. There is, for instance, a basic rock-star style (street-wise musicians tripping out in limousines), there is a hip managerial style (executives in shaped suits passing around a joint), there are soul styles and country styles. And underlying these styles there is the style of the men who promote records and hustle records and distribute records and sell records and play records on the air. Kal Rudman inhabits this style. He writes "Money Music," a column that appears in *Record World* magazine, and he edits the *Friday Morning Quarterback*, a tip sheet that is important in the music business. Kal Rudman promotes records and picks hits. "That's the beautiful thing," Kal will say, speaking, usually, so fast that he is forced to interrupt himself. "Everything is based on hits. There are hit records. There are hit restaurants. There are hit neckties, there are hit hairdos, hit shirts, hit magazines, there are hit— Everything is a hit. The whole country is based— Is it a hit? Does it connect?"

Kal is an important figure in the music business because of the number of people who will accept his telephone calls and the even greater number who will take the time to call him and give him the information he wants. On Wednesdays, Kal talks to the program directors (sometimes called music directors) of the most important Top Forty AM radio stations in America. They tell him which are their most popular records, what new records they are playing, what records look to be hits, and what records look to be "stiffing out" (a record that is not a hit is a "stiff"), and Kal tells them about records other people are playing and about records he has an interest in. These conversations result in two things: the appearance within forty-eight hours of the *Friday Morning Quarterback*, which will be mailed to a thousand broadcast and music-business people who pay a hundred and fifty dollars a year for the privilege of receiving it weekly, and, less surely, more air play for the records that Kal is paid to promote. To an outsider, Kal's reportorial and promotional roles seem somewhat confused, but Kal sometimes maintains that they are entirely separate. Because of his wide experience, Kal will say, music-business people ask him for advice, and when they do he finds it natural to charge them a fee for the counselling he gives them. This counselling, Kal will say, has nothing to do with the *Quarterback*. However, most music-business people know that Kal's relationship with some record companies is perennially close, and that a number of the "super-confirmed monster hits" he tells them about are records put out by companies he is "counselling." But this does not seem to diminish his considerable influence. Music-business people also know that Kal will not try to push a real stiff, and they accept his promotional efforts as a normal part of the business. "Music-business people dig Kal," says a music-business press agent. "They know he takes money to promote records, but they can dig that. They know that Bill Gavin, who writes another influential tip sheet, won't take money to promote records, but that seems—well, a little *strange*. It puts some people off." Other people in the business, especially those with an interest in putting a good corporate face on things, have a less sympathetic view of Kal's brash style.

IT is Wednesday, and Kal is at work in the study of his split-level house, in Cherry Hill, New Jersey, where he lives with his wife, Lucille, and his son, Mitchell. Everything in the house is new, and almost everything is carpeted. Green carpeting on the entrance level gives way to orange shag carpeting on the lower level. In the study, on the lower level, there is textured black-and-gold velvet covering the walls, and there is a desk, a typewriter table, a black vinyl couch, and a telephone with a number of lines. Kal spends a great deal of every day and all of every Wednesday on the telephone. This Wednesday, Kal is, as usual, trying to find out which records are about to "break" (become hits) in the popular market, which regional hits are about to become national hits, which black records and country records are about to "cross over" to the mass pop market. He is also trying to promote two records he has an interest in—"My Boy," a maudlin song sung by Richard Harris, about a man who decides to stick out his failed marriage for the sake of his infant son, and "Don't Say You Don't Remember," a sentimental ballad sung by a young girl named Beverly Bremers. As it turns out, Kal's efforts will make the Bremers record (which failed to reach the charts in the first nine months of its release) into a Top Ten hit, while the Harris record will die, as Kal would put it, like a dog.

Kal is sitting in front of a green electric typewriter, at a black typing table. His desk is orange and has a marbleized top. He is wearing a red velours shirt that is zippered at the neck and at the sleeves. Kal is not a tall man, and he is a little plump. He is forty-two years old. He has an animated round face and active hands. He is talking to the program director of WOKY, in Milwaukee. He is talking very fast about "My Boy," occasionally letting the program director get a word in, frequently interrupting himself. In person, Kal seems affectionate and vulnerable, and is fun to be with. On the phone, when he is worked up about a record, his energy, ambition, hard-mindedness, and self-interest are evident, but they don't quite seem cynical, because they are related to his obsessive belief in the importance of the *hit* and in the brotherhood (Kal likes to compare the record business to pro football) of people who make hits.

Kal says, "If that record's not a hit— I mean, anybody divorced that's got a kid, like it's all over. In fact, Rosalie Trombley, she cannot listen to the record. You know her divorce is final next week. And, man, when she puts the record on the turntable she goes completely to pieces— I mean, this record, I've got to put it at the top of my front page."

Kal takes pleasure in hearing himself say "Rosalie Trombley" in a confident way. Rosalie Trombley is Bigger Than Wheaties. Rosalie Trombley is a Confirmed Super-Monster. Rosalie Trombley is a Religion with the music directors of America. Rosalie is music director of CKLW, in Windsor, Ontario, just across the Detroit River from Detroit, and she breaks a lot of records. Kal hasn't actually said that Rosalie is going to play "My Boy" (in fact, Rosalie is *not* going to play "My Boy"), but he has nevertheless made a point—to the program director and to himself. Since Kal's enthusiasm and his pleasure have been genuine—in his own terms, at least—one is tempted to go along with him. He has become excited. His voice rises, and his body half rises from his chair. He nearly fumbles the phone. He composes himself. In moments of near apoplexy, Kal has a certain charm. Kal goes on, "Now, what kind of phone requests are you getting on it? . . . What? . . . Good phones. All right, now let me write this up. I'm telling you, this has got to be a smash, because it's the story of everybody's life, you know. The guy singing to his kid. He did it on Carson. I mean, my wife and I fell on the floor. We got crazy. I was— The tears were flowing out of my face. I didn't know what the hell to do." Kal has become excited again. He composes himself again. "The whole album is a concept album on Dunhill. In other words, instead of just doing twelve different songs, twelve different tracks, what they decided to do at Dunhill was, they take a guy and in the first song he meets the girl, and, you know, in the next song there's the courtship, and they get married, and they get divorced, and the key song is the 'My Boy' to his kid laying in the crib, or whatever, and he's singing this song to his kid how he'll stay for his sake because this kid is his life. I mean, man, if this song don't make a *rock* cry—" Kal has become excited again. He composes himself again, and then he gets down to business. "Besides good phones, what are you playing it—are you playing it just daytime? . . . What the hell is wrong? What is the demographics of the people calling? . . . Yeah, what kind of people are calling, do you know? . . . What age? . . . Housewives? . . . I think you're onto a monster with this record, I really do. Maybe you'll increase the rotation of play. See, you're too young, man, you don't understand. When you get married and divorced— I'll tell you, better yet, ask your mother. Like paying dues, dig?"

Wm Hamilton

"Don't you love it? The Kingsleys are engraved this year!"

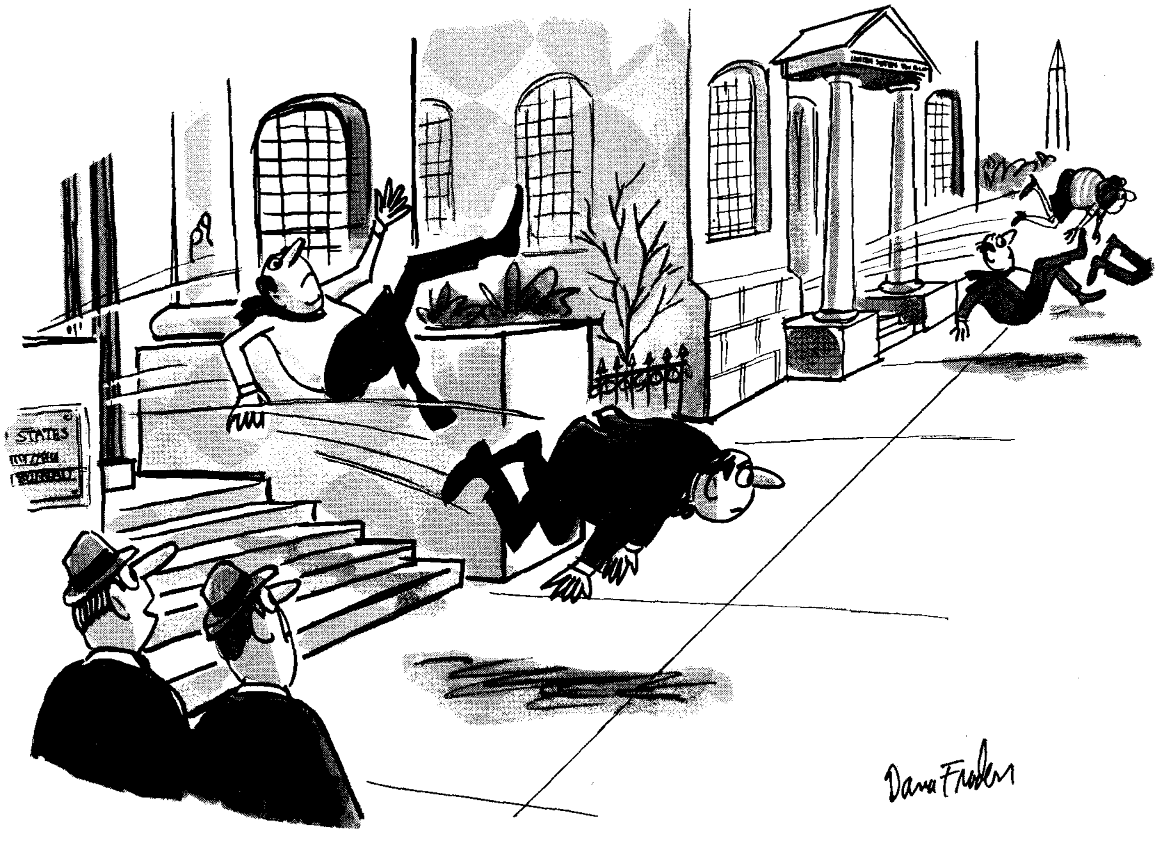
ON the telephone in his split-level house in Cherry Hill, Kal is standing watch over an important strategic position in a business that has quickly become very big. In 1955, when rock and roll was just beginning to be important financially, the total sales for popular records came to about $238,000,000. Last year's figure (including tape sales) was about $1,674,000,000, which represented growth of more than six hundred per cent since 1955. The popular-record business is now the financial rival of the other giant entertainment businesses—television and movies. Valid comparisons among the three are difficult to make, because of the lack of reliable, equivalent statistics. However, it's estimated that in 1971 Columbia Records and Warner Brothers Communications' record companies, taken together, had profits of $47,000,000 after taxes, compared with profits of $53,700,000 *before* taxes for the three major television networks. And Columbia's estimated profit for 1971—$28,000,000—was larger than that of any single movie company. A recent story in *Variety*, written by a Wall Street analyst, carried the headline "Wall St. View of Disk Biz—Bigger Than Film Industry." The music-business view of the disk biz is that it's bigger than *anything.*

Lots of people want to make records, and, thanks to the economics of the record business (one super-hit can pay for a score of failures), lots of people *do* make records. More than forty-two hundred albums and more than fifty-three hundred singles were released last year. But very few of these people get their records bought, because very few can get their records heard—heard, that is, on the radio. Kal and a few others occupy important positions in the funny little bottleneck where vast numbers of records—representing vast amounts of talent, energy, and money—jam up waiting to get played on the radio. Although rock-oriented FM stations with adventurous play lists are skimming off an important part of the young-adult radio audience, and although some say that FM is the wave of the future, the radio that matters here is AM Top Forty radio. Top Forty stations (which used to play the forty best-selling singles but now may play only the top twenty or thirty) give the record companies advertising that is effective as well as free. Top Forty stations (especially the fifty-thousand-watt clear-channel stations, of which WABC, in New York, is one) cover a far greater geographic area than any FM station, and their audience includes at least three important groups—children, mature women, and people riding in automobiles—who do not, typically, listen to FM stations. Just as important, Top Forty programming is repetitive and insistent, and the AM Top Forty tone of voice ("It's hit-bound!") is ideally suited to the job of establishing a new song in the mind of the public. When a single record wins a place on an important Top Forty station's play list, the company that released it has won a free three-minute advertisement for one of its products—an advertisement that will be repeated as many as fifteen times a day. The product the record company is advertising is not the single record itself. Except for black-oriented companies, no important record company counts on making real money from its singles business. The product being advertised is the *album* from which the single has been taken. The record business is really the record-album business, but there is only one way to sell an album by a new artist (and often only one way to insure the success of one by an established artist), and that is to have a single from the album reach a respectable position on the sales charts of the various show-business trade publications and then to win a place on the more important radio play lists. (While the play lists have gotten shorter, the sales charts have gotten longer. *Billboard*, the most important music-business trade magazine, lists on its charts the "Hot 100" singles and the top two hundred albums.) Ultimately, of course, sales are the measure of a record's success, and a record that reaches the Top Ten on the charts will be heard on the radio no matter what the programmers think of it. Initially, however, chart position and sales figures are not ends in themselves so much as they are means to convince radio people that the record is a hit and ought to be played. Sometimes radio stations will begin to play a record as soon as it is released. In such cases, no elaborate footwork is necessary on the part of the record-company people. In other cases, a company must work very hard to achieve impressive sales and a decent chart position—by touring its act, or by less straightforward means. No matter what, it is important for a record company to have a skillful promotion man, and it is very nice to have the help of Kal Rudman.

It isn't as easy to get on Top Forty AM radio as it used to be. In the fifties, Top Forty stations had enormous play lists; in the course of a day they would play sixty or eighty records. Fifteen years ago, it was possible to make a record locally, distribute it locally through an independent distributor, and get it played on local stations. It was possible to establish a record in a small regional market and "spread" it nationally. In the fifties, each disc jockey decided for himself what records he would play. And in the fifties there was payola. Payola enabled a producer to buy play for his record. If he went about it correctly (if, for instance, he could get the record on Dick Clark's "American Bandstand" television program), he could break the record in a week. In the world of black (rhythm-and-blues, or R&B) records, all this—independent companies, important disc jockeys, and payola—exists still. In the mass white market, everything has changed. The play list of a Top Forty station now is controlled not by the disc jockeys, whose status has been reduced in every area since the payola scandals, but by one, mostly honest program director. The play list he supervises is kept small (usually about thirty records, and fewer in the case of the ultimate Top Forty station, WABC), on the theory that the audience wants to hear only the superhits. There are very few small, independent record companies in the pop field, the independ-

ALL VISITORS MUST BE ANNOUNCED
James Arms Apartments
Modell

ent distributor is on the way out, and there are very few small local record stores ("Mama and Papa stores," they were called); the production, distribution, and retailing of records is done on a national scale. So it is *only barely* possible to break a hit regionally and spread it nationally. And the only way to persuade a program director to put a record on his tight play list of super-hits is to convince him that it is already a Confirmed Super-Monster. This is Kal's job.



"Well, it looks as if Nixon's reorganization is moving along as promised."

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THE program director at WOKY is telling Kal about his "débuts," and Kal is typing up a list of them. A record's first appearance on a station's chart is, in Kal's parlance, its "début." "A word is a hit," Kal says, "an *expression*, and this is a talent I have, of coining things that catch on." Coining words is part of Kal's ceaseless sociopsychological-literary frontal attack on the minds of America's dozen important program directors. "When a record comes on the charts," says Kal, "it's going to come on at some number like twenty-seven, right? Now, 'No. 27' doesn't do anything to the *mind*. *I* say it's a 'début' at twenty-seven, and that makes them sit up and snap *to*."

One of WOKY's débuts is a record by Melanie. "You know that's a dirty record, don't you?" Kal asks. "Are you hip to the connotations of what's going on? . . . How old are you, man? . . .'I've got a brand-new pair of roller skates, you've got a brand-new key.' We're talking about the sexual apparatus of the male and female. Now you understand why the phones don't stop? . . . Oh, the light bulb went off in your head, huh? . . . You're shocked now, aren't you? Now think of some of the lines. What's that one line she says—'I go pretty far'? *Now* you listen to it. You got a whole new thing. Your face will blush. All right, so it came on your chart at seventeen. What other débuts have you got?"

After Kal finishes typing WOKY's débuts, he gets the station's top thirty records. He stops at the mention of the current Cat Stevens record. "It's unbelievable," he says. "It's going bigger than Wheaties. Cat Stevens is the new religion in the United States. I went to the Main Point, that coffeehouse outside of Philly, you know—bright kids there. When Cat Stevens does 'Fathers and Sons,' they start to cry. And you listen to it, and play it for your old man. 'Cause that's where it's at. How fathers don't listen and they don't understand, and the generation gap. Cat Stevens is King Kong, King Kong with the bright kids of America." Kal speaks of the "bright kids of America" with some affection. Kal was one of the bright kids of America. And now Kal's emotions have been touched by his own evocation of Cat Stevens. Kal knows where his emotions are, and he touches them all the time. "My Boy" probably *did* make tears run down Kal's face, if only because he wanted so much to make it a hit.

Kal listens to the WOKY list. "Sonny and Cher," Kal says. "A monster. Remember Louis Prima and his wife? Sonny and Cher are the Louis Prima and whatever. . . . O.K., Neil Diamond's moved from twenty-five to eighteen on your chart. That's a monster. I think he's the biggest male star in the U.S. What do you think? . . . Go ahead. . . . Jonathan Edwards is a smash. You know the story of that record? I'm printing it in my sheet. People are going to go crazy. Jonathan Edwards comes from Virginia. He was a folk singer in coffeehouses. He gets to Boston, right? He's starving. Gets a job in a gelatine factory throwing pigskins in. He has a boss— Forget it. Unbelievable. Now listen to the lyric. He won't take any crap and the whole thing. That's the story of that record. The story of his life, autobiographical. I'm serious. Tell your jocks, and they can tell the story on the air. Remember the James Taylor thing—how 'Fire and Rain' broke when the story came out that he'd been in a booby hatch and he fell in love with this chick who was really gone with dementia praecox and she dies and the whole thing? Taylor didn't even want to *sing* 'Fire and Rain,' because it reminded him. When the jocks started telling it on the air, people went berserk. You've got to communicate with that audience, man, and when you get these stories, you lay them on your jocks, you know, and their tongues will hang out of their heads like Elsie the cow, because, you know, they got nothing to say on the air but time and temperature anyway."

The program director does not buy the story about Jonathan Edwards right away. It confuses him a little, and Kal has to explain it again. "He got a job," Kal says. "I think it was a gelatine factory, hard work, like throwing the pigskins or something. . . . No, into the vats, you know, to make gelatine. . . . What do I know? I don't know how to make gelatine. I never worked in that place. Call up Atlantic Records, get the whole story, and then you have a jock meeting and lay it on them, so they'll have their ad lib for the day."

Kal ends his talk with the man at WOKY and begins to talk on two lines simultaneously. On one line, he talks to the promotion director of Scepter Records, which is one of the very few independent pop labels left. Scepter has lost its major artist, Dionne Warwicke, to Warner Brothers Records, and the company, according to Kal, has "one foot on a banana peel and the other on a cake of ice." Scepter is depending heavily on Kal to make a hit out of its nine-month-old Beverly Bremers record. On the other line, Kal talks to a young girl involved in local promotion for Warner Brothers, which is interested in pushing "Truckin'," a classic album-cut by the Grateful Dead, as a single. Kal's principal conversation is with the Scepter man, but the young girl from Warners gets some encouraging words from Kal, although she spends quite a while on hold. In talking to her, Kal touches on one of his favorite themes—the unreliability and irrelevance of the charts printed in *Billboard* and the other music-business trade magazines. " 'Truckin' ' is bigger than Wheaties," Kal says. "Why are the trades ignoring it? You know, they're old men, a bunch of old men. They have no idea what's happening. Every kid is walking around 'Keep On Truckin'.' And the Grateful Dead are as big as the Beatles. There's nothin' bigger than the Grateful Dead. All right, Susie, I knew you when you were poor." (A week later, Kal takes note of "Truckin' " in the *Quarterback:* "It's beginning to smell like THIS one WON'T make it. The big promo thing may just be hyping it and us.")

AFTER talking to the promotion man at Scepter, Kal turns to a visitor in his study and explains his feelings about the Beverly Bremers record. "What we're doing with the Beverly Bremers is like unprecedented. It came out nine months ago, and it went Top Ten in small markets, which is hard, because you can't get the records into the racks in small markets. In other words, if it doesn't go on in L.A. you can forget Bakersfield, San Bernardino. So, in spite of that, the record went Top Ten in Pittsburgh, Hartford. 'Don't Say You Don't Remember.' In the fifties, these kind of records—and the early sixties—would make it right away. It's what we call a Paddy record, like Lesley Gore. In other words, it's that fourteen-year-old teen-girl sound. Dick Clark. Crew cut. There is a monstrous market, and I don't know what happened to it. In the old days, these things would be almost automatic. Lesley Gore would have one hit after another. 'It's My Party and I'll Cry If I Want To.' "

Kal is surrounded by trophies. From Stax Records he has a clock with silver numerals and a little plaque announcing that the silver numerals have been made from the last silver coins put into circulation. From other record companies he has "gold" records. Gold records are singles that have sold a million copies, or albums that have piled up sales of a million dollars. When people want to express their gratitude to Kal for making their records into hits, they often send him, among other things, gold copies of the records. Kal deals in every sort of popular music, but, as it happens, the gold records on his wall, taken together, define a genre. There is an Elton John album and a Carole King album, but for the most part the music that flowers on Kal's wall is the singsong music popular with young adolescents. Kal has gold copies of "Love Grows Where My Rosemary Goes," "I Think I Love You," "One Two Three Red Light," and the quintessential "Yummy, Yummy, Yummy, I've Got Love in My Tummy." Just at the moment when the heavy groups freaking out in rented limos seemed to have wiped everybody out, this singsong music—dead since "Itsy Bitsy Teeny-Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini"—began to flower on Kal's wall. Now the bland ballad à la Beverly Bremers seems about to bloom there as well.

In the last twenty years, popular music has twice interrupted itself, and twice altered the way American adolescents educate themselves. In the fifties, a rough, frequently unprofessional urban music unexpectedly broke through and displaced a tradition of popular music that celebrated the bland and the slick. The new music was influenced by white country music, but what it principally offered—to a bored generation of middle-class white adolescents—was the vitality of black urban experience at a safe distance. The roots of rock and roll were in black rhythm-and-blues music, and for a brief period during the early and middle fifties—before white record companies decided to deal flat out with the fact of this music—a decent number of rhythm-and-blues singers recording for independent companies had popular hits. Soon enough, however, some record companies discovered that money could be made in the popular market by "covering" the rhythm-and-blues songs of black singers with versions by white singers, and others found that they could profitably water the music down—make it, in fact, bland and slick—without losing their market. The vitality left the music, the threat disappeared, and Elvis Presley was taught to sing ballads. All this went to show two things: first, that white adolescents could be moved by the excitement of a music derived from black experience; second, that they were not particularly interested in black experience itself and were perfectly willing to buy records that used the new musical idiom, however bastardized, to discuss their own situation. Their situation amounted to semi-privileged petulance, and by the early sixties Lesley Gore *was* a big star, and "It's My Party and I'll Cry If I Want To" was a very big hit.

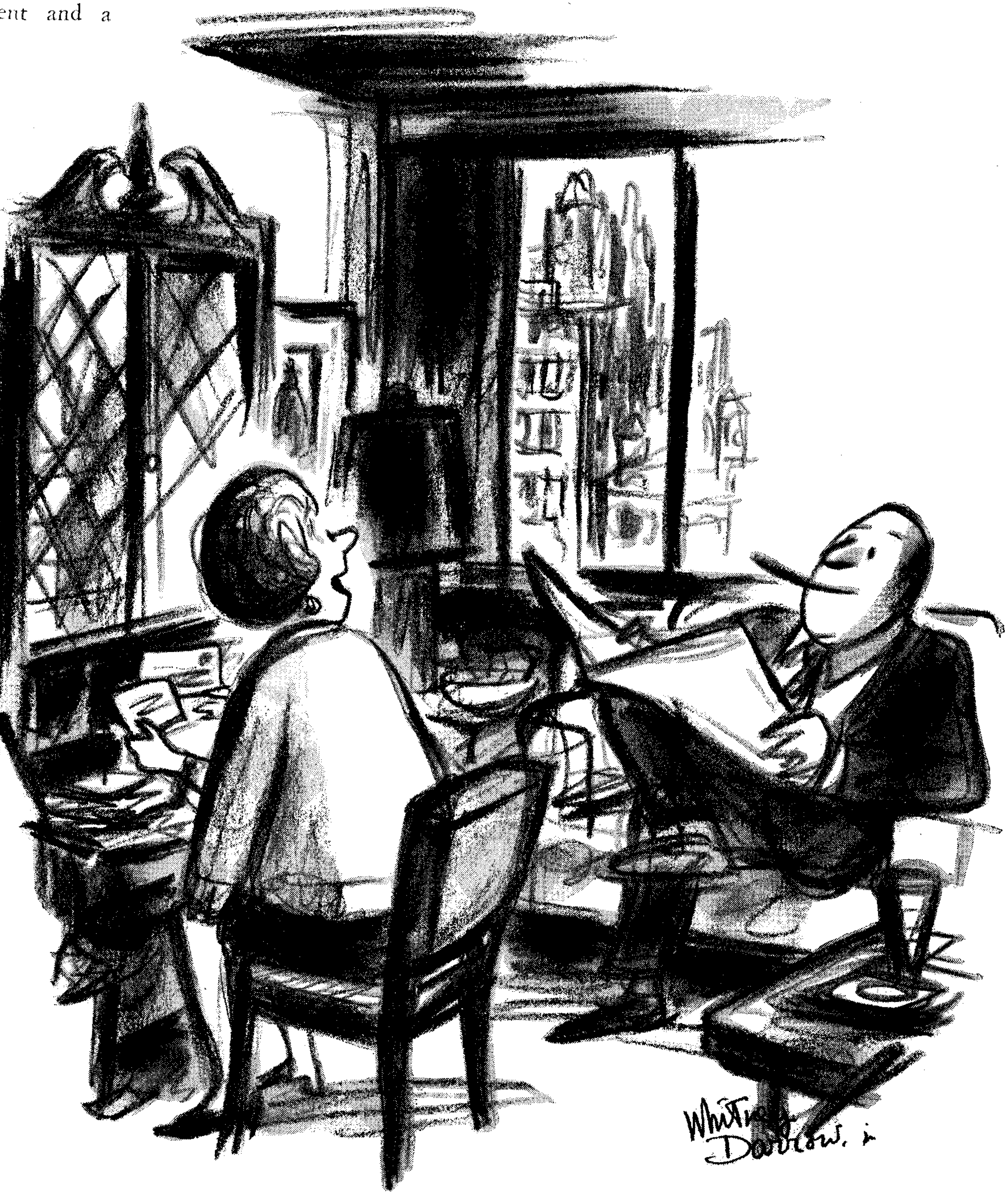
The second interruption followed the first by a decade, and has not quite come to an end. The rock and roll of the fifties introduced emotional idioms from the streets into popular music. The rock music of ten years later, the music of groups like the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, introduced irony and social comment and mystery and drugs; it amounted to a self-conscious critique of white middle-class experience, from which earlier rock and roll had been a momentary escape. The music of the Rolling Stones, especially, was derived from the same rhythm-and-blues songs that the best early rock and roll had come from, and it sounded fresh and vital, because no one had heard anything like it in ten years. The emergence of English groups and drug groups bewildered music-business people, and they watched in despair as a lot of perfectly serviceable careers (including Lesley Gore's) came to an abrupt end. Music-business people, like other people, enjoy thinking that what they do is important, and what they enjoy most is contriving a profitable relationship between talent they control and an audience they know. They like to control and they like to know, and they like to feel that even if they haven't made the music they *have* made the *hit*. The new music of the sixties was out of control, and it found an audience that music-business people didn't know at all. The new music and the new audience made a lot of music people rich, but it made them uneasy, too, because they suddenly found that they had very little importance in their own business. This was an intolerable situation, and it didn't last long. Music-business people learned to insert themselves into the new style, and if their interest in mystery and irony and social comment was largely feigned, their interest in drugs was, after a while, quite genuine.

By now, the smarter music-business types have learned how to control even the wildest new talent, and they have come to know the quirks and foibles of the hip new audience, so it is again possible for them to contrive a relationship between a controlled talent and a known audience, this time using an idiom based on drugs and mystery and all that. Warner Brothers is the company with the clearest understanding of how to promote a record in the hip marketplace. The people at Warners use irony, mystery, and street feeling in their act the way Carmen Miranda used bananas in hers, and in their successful promotion of Alice Cooper, the transvestite rock star who likes snakes, they have set up a useful symbol for the current, excessively uninteresting state of hard rock. Looking at Alice Cooper on the one hand and, on the other, at Carole King—the most important soft-rock star, who sings in a sophisticated tone about unsophisticated emotional states—it is hard to believe that only a few years ago rock music was thought to be an important social force, shaping a "revolutionary consciousness" among young people. The me-and-my-peer-group-against-Them tone has vanished from rock, to be replaced by theatrical decadence on the one hand and "personal statements" on the other. Social comment in rock music now tends to be explicit and hackneyed and reformist.

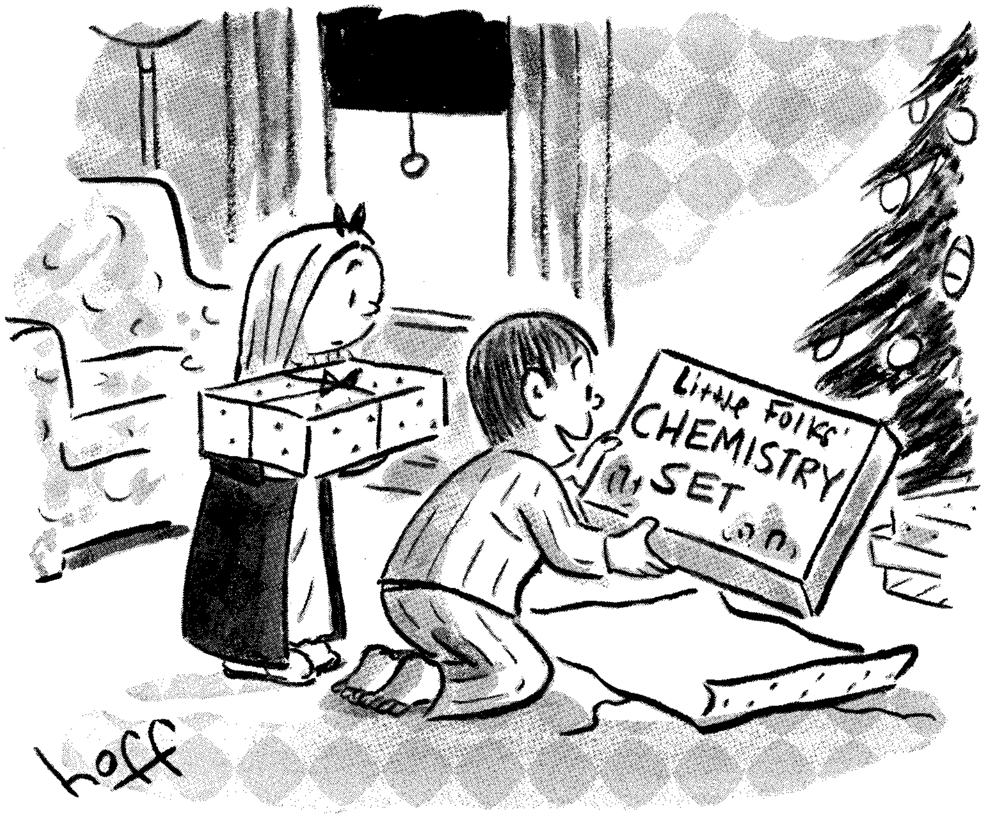
Now that music-business people have learned to control the new styles, they have regained their confidence in the old styles, and they don't regard the hip marketplace as the whole marketplace anymore. Kal Rudman warns his radio programmers not to pay too much attention to the hip young guys and to pay more attention to housewives. "Eighteen-to-twenty-five males are very nice with L.P. cuts if you want to sell a car once in a while or something for the body like after-shave lotion," Kal has written in the *Quarterback*. ". . . I'll take a female audience . . . any age . . . any day! ! ! And remember, girls and women love to SHAKE THEIR ASSES . . . and any record that makes a broad shake her ass . . . is a record I recommend to be played . . . because it will be BOUGHT and phone-requested! ! !"

Déjà vu is climbing the charts: Cher is back, sometimes with Sonny. Rick Nelson is back. Bobby Vinton is back. Dion and Paul Anka and the Four Seasons and Lesley Gore are waiting in the wings. "There are eight smash singles in this album," the *Quarterback* says of a new Four Seasons release, "and don't you forget it . . . or where you read it."

KAL gets a call from Herb Gordon, the national promotion director for Paramount Records—an important client of Kal's. Gordon reports a con-


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Oh dear! One of my nice flowered checks bounced."



"*Wow! Now I can decide whether to destroy the world or save mankind!*"

• •

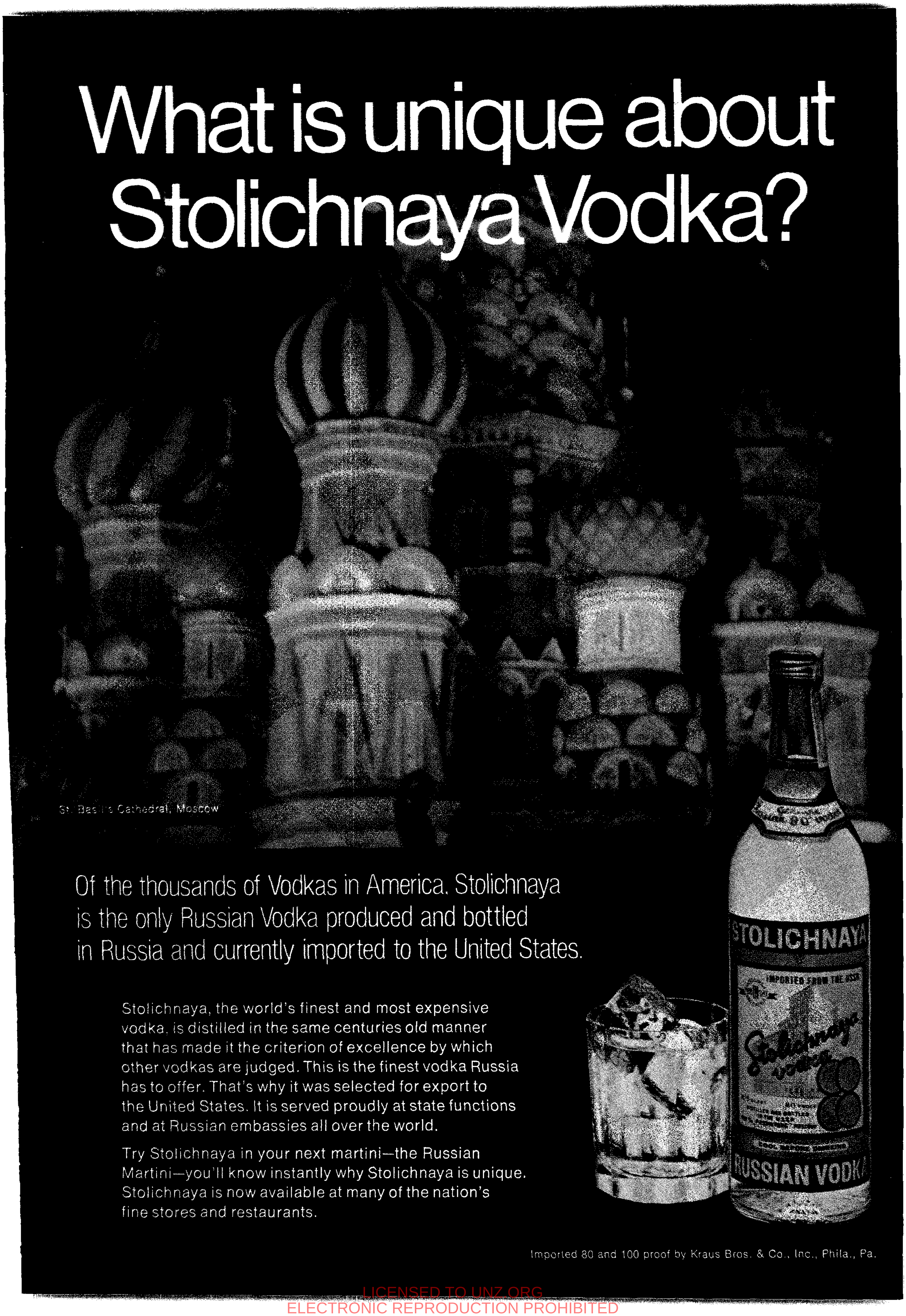
versation in which Kal's name has been mentioned. Kal gets very excited. Approval is very important to Kal. Hit records move Kal, because they represent the approval of millions of people. Phone calls move Kal. Gordon is reporting approving remarks by important people, and Kal is very happy. "Was George Albert, publisher of *Cash Box*, really there? . . . Well, what did Albert say? . . . No kidding! Had his ears wide open, huh? . . . So what did Drew say? . . . If Drew gave me an accolade, it's all over, because— Hey, Drew's the No. 1 man in the country. What else is there?" Kal's excitement subsides somewhat and is replaced by a different, more mature voice, an octave lower than the one he usually uses. "Hey, Herbie, hey, Herbie," Kal says, speaking more slowly than usual. "I want to tell you something. I've come to terms with myself. And there's nothing left in this world. The only thing that counts—forget bread, forget the whole thing—is people and love for each other and being there when you need it, and this is it, because in this business we learn— They got the knives and the stilettos, and—" Kal's voice changes octaves and resumes its normal frantic speed. "There's too much money in this business. That's what it is. It makes people crazy, you know. It makes people insane. They kill for less in other things. There's no money like in this business. I mean, they kill in pro football— The money in this business makes pro football look like poverty row. . . . All right, babe. You going to call me again?"

Kal brushes off a call from a promotion man he doesn't like ("That guy's gone too far in this town," Kal says) and then talks to his visitor about Paul Drew. "Paul Drew was the top program director," he says. "I gave him the name Rommel. Let me tell you about him. He was at KFRC, San Francisco. Crucial. Brilliant. You'd go out with him to dinner, he's got a plug in his ear, a radio. I don't care where he was at—at a show—he was monitoring that station twenty-four hours a day. He's incredible. Brilliant. Mind—sharp. He says he would have made a good general of the S.S. I call him Rommel. Cold. You know guys like that in New York. I mean, they urinate ice water. He is a very skeptical person. He really kept records on me. If he gave me an accolade, it's all over."

Some of the excitement of the music business arises from its hierarchical aspect. There is an established royalty (Ahmet Ertegun, president, and Jerry Wexler, executive vice-president, of Atlantic), there is ex-officio royalty (Clive Davis, president of Columbia), there are petty princes, there are courtiers. Everyone knows just where everyone else stands, and there is a certain excitement as one approaches the more important thrones. Kal participates in this general excitement—there is a breathlessness in his voice when he refers to "Ertegun, Wexler, and those guys"—but he is involved in a more *particular hierarchy* as well. Paul Drew is in this hierarchy, and Bill Drake, who is a vice-president of programming for the R.K.O. General stations, is at the top of it. Starting at a small station in Fresno, KYNO, Drake developed the programming format that dominates radio now. The phrase he used to describe his format was "much more music." Drake eliminated superfluous disc-jockey patter, reduced the load of commercials, and cut the play list to the super-hits and the hitbounds, so that listeners could count on hearing their favorite records over and over, with few distractions. This policy increased the audience of the stations Drake programmed, and the increase enabled them to raise their advertising rates more than enough to make up for the reduced number of commercials. Drake has also, from time to time, been adventurous in his programming; he has at times included in his play list a number of album-cuts not yet released as singles. Much to Kal's chagrin, Drake has been reluctant to program sing-song, adolescent, "bubble gum" music. "He keeps putting that tag 'bubble gum' on music that is really mainstream," says Kal. "Hey, he was the one who said 'Yummy, Yummy, Yummy, I Got Love in My Tummy' was strictly for kids, and yet you went to any houseparty and the wives, your neighbors next door, were going berserk! 'Yummy, Yummy, Yummy'!" Drake operates at some remove from other programmers and from Kal. Closer to Kal, and more important to him, is Rosalie Trombley.

"You're down right now to under fifteen important program directors," Kal says. "These program directors control the whole country. Everybody watches them. No. 1 is Rosalie Trombley, at CKLW. CKLW controls Detroit. Fifty-thousand-watt clear channel. CKLW goes everywhere. Philadelphia. Pittsburgh. It comes into Cleveland like a local station. It breaks records in Akron. Now, in addition, Detroit is a salt-and-pepper situation. A great mix of black and white. A record breaks on a black station. Once it starts breaking, when it gets to a certain point on its way up, Rosalie goes on it. Like football—when you get the momentum going, you can do no wrong."

On the East Coast, Kal pays a lot



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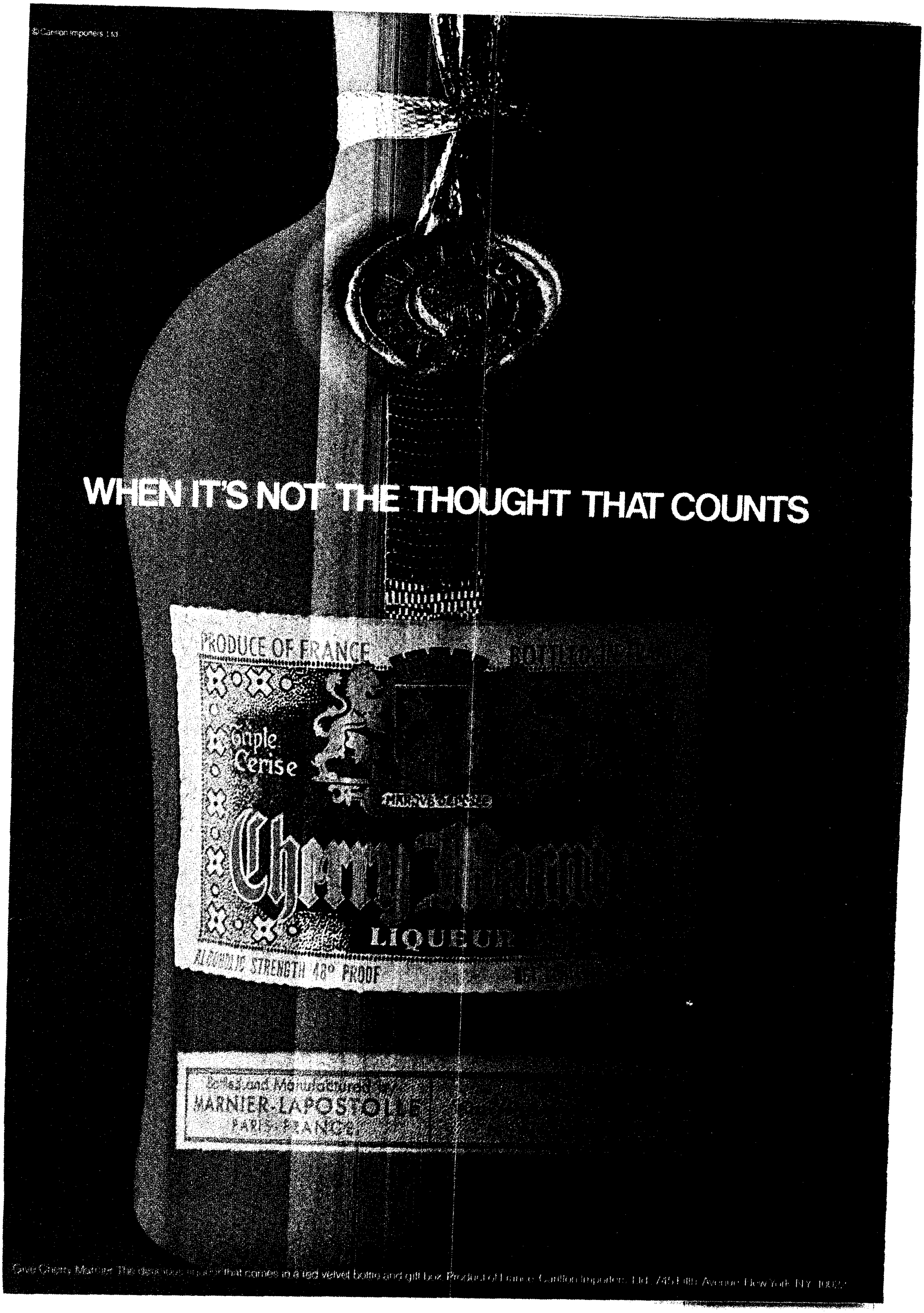
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of attention to WFIL, in Philadelphia, and to stations in Boston and in Washington. But no one, according to Kal, *ever* breaks a record in New York. "WABC controls New York," Kal says. "WABC is the No. 1 station in the country." What WABC does, Kal says, is make up a *very* tight play list of super-hits—hits that have already been well established in other cities—and then play them back to back, over and over again. This repetitive programming of established super-hits (an entirely commercial and unadventurous interpretation of the Drake formula) drives people crazy quite quickly, and they tune out. But since other people tune in, there is an enormous audience listening to the station at any given moment. It does not matter that this enormous audience is a different audience from the enormous audience that was listening fifteen minutes before. "WABC is only interested in how many people are listening in any fifteen-minute block, because that's how the rating services measure the audience, and that's how they sell on Madison Avenue," Kal says.

The play list of an important radio station is a function of a tense little battle in the mind of the programmer. On one side is the love of novelty, on the other the fear of risk. The workings of the mass marketplace are such that in major urban areas the fear of risk nearly always wins. Kal looks hard at the few places where, for one quirky reason or another, the love of novelty (or, much, much more rarely, the love of music) holds its own. Often, the stations that Kal looks at are in areas where the play list must reflect regional musical tastes as well as the elusive national pattern, or in areas where the play list must please both a black and a white audience. From these stations Kal hopes to learn which country and which R&B records have a chance to make it in the mass pop market.

"All right," says Kal. "Let's talk about country. You've got KLIF, in Dallas, who will call me in a little while; KILT, in Houston; and WOKY, in Milwaukee. I look to them for country records that will cross over pop. You got nothing coming out of Miami, nothing much out of Atlanta anymore. I look at WBBQ, in Augusta, Georgia. Not too many people know about them. They're right on the South Carolina border. They have an incredible signal. An immense geography with a high-density population. Georgia is very black-oriented, but since WBBQ is also a Carolina station, they break a lot of pop records, too. It's that black-white *mix*. And Mike Randell at BBQ is a beautiful guy. Mike Randell is Pro Football.

"In the Midwest, I use WCOL, Columbus, Ohio. Columbus, Ohio, is critical. Most of your manufacturers—soap powder or whatever—will use Columbus as a marketing test center. The reason is that demographically you have such a spread, ethnically and every other which way. It is just a model city of the United States. WCFL, Chicago, is incredible. They start many records. Jesus! You know, CFL didn't call me!" Kal moves at top speed to get CFL on the phone. He is not quite upset, but he is determined to *get back in touch*, and there are signs of a tiny anxiety in his manner. "Fifty-thousand-watt signal," Kal says. "Chicago is crucial."

Kal gets through to CFL.

"Chicago is like a hundred Wichitas," Kal says while he types up his report. "There are certain small-town records. Paddy-white-American-type records. In Chicago, when no other market will sell them, they will move eighty thousand.

"Now," says Kal, having finished his call to Chicago. "You have the Pacific Northwest, and the Pacific Northwest is controlled by KJR, in Seattle. KJR has one of the few big play lists, and they will try many new records. You got Rosalie at CKLW, very important; you've got WCFL, Chicago; KJR, Seattle; WIXY, Cleveland; WTIX, in New Orleans; you got KHJ, Los Angeles; WRKO, Boston; WPGC, Washington; and WFIL, Philadelphia; you got Milwaukee and Houston and Dallas for country records; WBBQ and WCOL and a few others in the minor markets; and that's it."

Kal does not talk to any rhythm-and-blues stations. "I used to," Kal says. "I don't anymore. In fact, I'm writing a blazing editorial. I don't want any more to do with them. It's a whole different thing. There is a whole new breed of black young militants that have got some weird ideas. I started the whole R&B thing, and I want no part of it." Kal's blazing editorial in the *Quarterback* runs as follows:

> We want to make it clear that we have NO interest in collecting R&B information for our readers and have NO contact with R&B stations.... The only thing we do with R&B is attempt to help those R&B Super Sales Monsters that have pop appeal cross-over to the Top 40 stations.... We have no R&B section in this sheet, we never did an R&B sheet... we write no R&B for anyone....

OVER lunch, in the dining room, Kal traces his career in the music business. Lunch on Wednesdays is a quick meal. Kal's wife, Lucille, a pleasant, warm, intelligent woman, and Kal's son, Mitchell, a precocious twelve-year-old, try to get Kal to eat something between calls he takes at the table. It seems to be a ritual, this attempt by Lucille and Mitchell to get Kal to slow down. Certainly it doesn't work. Kal does not let his energy level (linked as it is to his Pro Football standing) falter.

In 1959, Kal was a part-time disc jockey at WCAM, in Camden, New Jersey. He has a merciless memory, and can repeat yards of his almost rhyming 1959 disc-jockey patter. "Uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh," Kal begins, "don't touch that radio dial, cats, it's your Uncle Kal, your big-beat pal, smokin' in from the blue-denim pad, like a dungaree den—deep, deep, deep, *deep* in the dingy dungeons of WCAM. We do-da-do-do play more riff rock and boss beltin' bebop than *any* rock jock on radio. Got a transmitter that's a red-hot spitter, located near the banks of the Delaware River. Bouncing rock music off the water like a rubber ball, guaranteed to cover all Delaware Valley. Got to do it 'cause we're used to it. So neat we've got to repeat. So nice we got to do it twice. Going to make you eat the grapes off the wallpaper. For everybody watching the submarine races along the Cooper River Parkway, for those who are alone and not in twos, here's Jerry Butler to chant those blues. Walk on, Jerry, walk on, and carry that torch with a blue, blue, blue-blue flame. Yes, we're going to play 'My Boy,' by Richard Harris. Is *this* the story of *your* life?" Mitchell smiles as the recital begins and then laughs affectionately. It is a safe bet that no other kid in Cherry Hill, New Jersey, has a father who can compose and recite this peculiar American poetry.

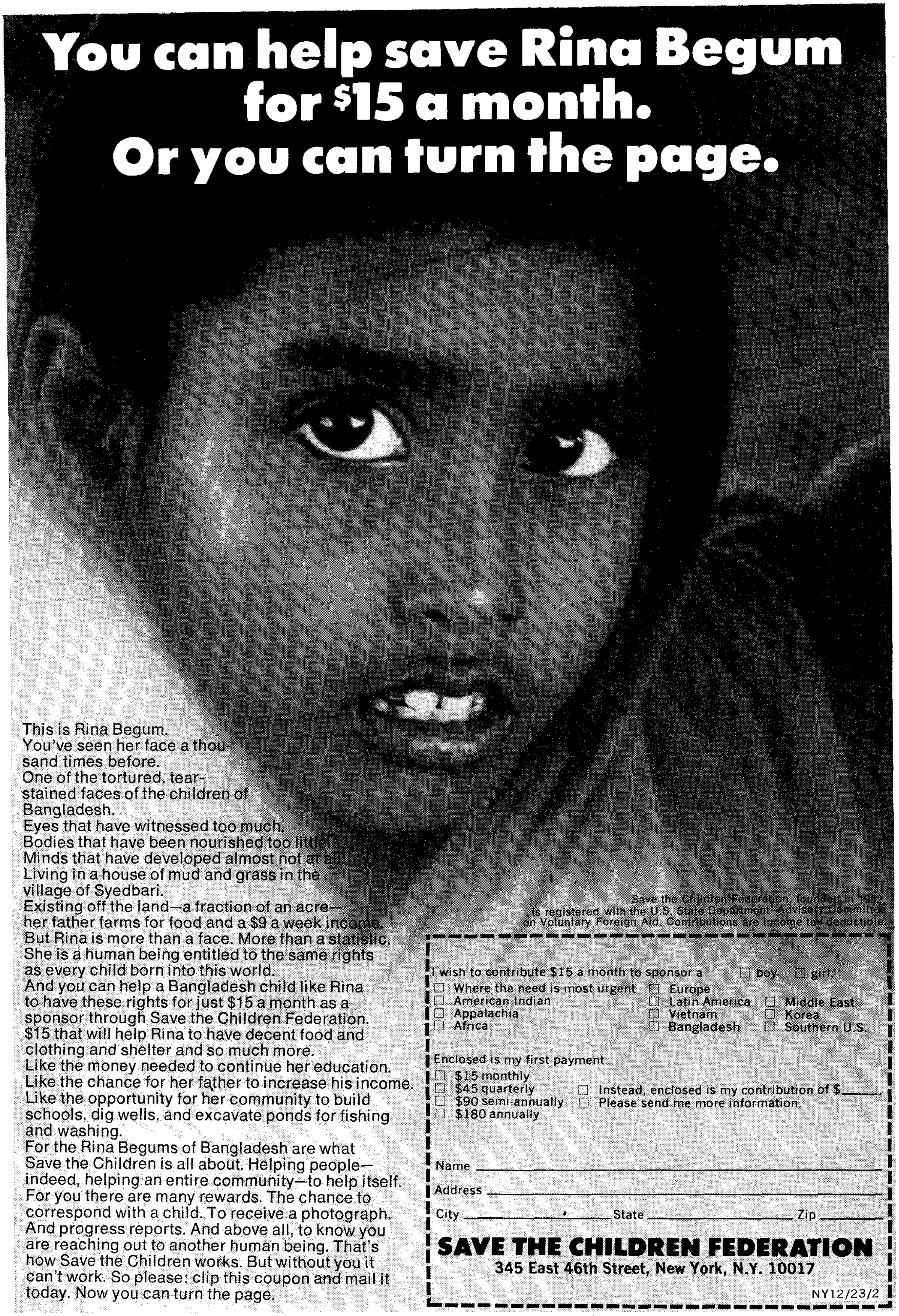
Kal now has a broad interest in all the means by which a man gets to be well known, but when he was growing up, in Philadelphia, all he cared about was getting on the radio. He was a radio freak. He practiced his diction by reading newspapers aloud, and he hung around a show called the "950 Club," on WPEN—not to dance, which was what his contemporaries were doing, but to be with the disc jockeys. Still, his route to the 1959 disc-jockey job was circuitous. After graduating from the University of Pennsylvania in 1951 with a B.S. in education, he spent the next eight years as first a salesman, then a graduate student, and then a high-school teacher. He was still a radio freak, though, and he often visited stations in the Philadelphia area, looking for a job on the air. He found one station that hired a disc jockey for ten weeks each summer—WCAM, in Camden. He auditioned for the job five summers in a row, and finally got it. "Some guy with a deep voice and connections would win every time," Kal says. "Finally, they said, 'Hey, Kal, you deserve a shot. You get it next year.' And I went on the air." Five minutes *before* Kal went on the air, the people at WCAM told him that his real name, which is Solomon Rudman, wouldn't do as a name for a disc jockey. In the past, he had thought of calling himself Geoffrey Van Arsdale, but he decided at the last moment on Kal, a name he had admired while listening to Kal Ross, who was an announcer at WPEN in the fifties. "At that time," Kal says, "WIBG was the biggest station in Philadelphia, and they signed off at midnight. I had WCAM all night. I was the only guy in town. The transmitter was right along the Delaware River, and the radio waves bounced off the water. You could hear my show all over. I didn't know anything about the music. I asked the wholesale record distributors if there were any records that were hits around the country that weren't being played on WIBG. I got 'Primrose Lane,' and then 'Sleep Walk,' by Santo and Johnny. I went on the air and played them ten times in a row. I broke records like anything. I became an instant personality. 'Kal Big Beat Rudman, the Round Mound of Sound. The big ace who says a taste from outer space, the wildest child on the radio dial.' "

A short time after he created Kal Big Beat Rudman, the Round Mound of Sound, he was offered a permanent place on the WCAM staff. He was then teaching retarded children in the Bristol Township school system, which includes Levittown, Pennsylvania, and he had been married for over a year. For the next three years, he went on the air every night from midnight to two and then got up and taught school. "I stayed on the air, hanging in the business, paying my dues, midnight to two, up in the morning," Kal says. "Brutal schedule. I stuck to it, and Lucille stuck with me through it. Then I went over to WAAT, Trenton, as a daytimer. And then I went over to WDAS-FM, in Philadelphia, and got to know Georgie Woods, who was on WDAS-AM; and when Georgie got married, I went to his wedding."

"No, no, it's Frank and Gloria who are married but not living together. George and Judy are living together but not married."

At the wedding of Georgie Woods, who is the most important rhythm-and-blues disc jockey in Philadelphia, Kal met a lot of people who were involved in rhythm-and-blues music, including Jerry Wexler, the most important white producer of black records in the country. At their suggestion, Kal began to compile, for no money, a rhythm-and-blues report for Bill Gavin, who was then the editor of the only programming tip sheet of any consequence, the *Gavin Report*, and is now Kal's chief competitor. By now, Kal and Bill Gavin are probably equally influential, but Bill Gavin, by virtue of his longevity and his refusal to promote records, has more prestige. "Hey, the man opened the door for me," Kal says. "I give him all the credit. He's ethical, he's wonderful, he's marvellous. And to this day I respect him, love him. Marvellous. He controlled the business for all those years. Nothing moved without what Bill Gavin said. What Bill Gavin said on the top of the front page—'Smash of the Week'—that was it. Eight or ten stations moved. Superpower. The greatest thing in the world today is when we confirm each other, or if I give a tip and maybe a week to two weeks later he has it. My R&B report to Gavin illuminated the dark side of the moon. I contacted the top rhythm-and-blues disc jockeys, got the reports, and collated them, and for the first time we could see where these hits were coming from. Then *Billboard* appointed me their first rhythm-and-blues columnist. That was just when the English groups exploded. The English groups waited at the airport to see what I said was happening in rhythm-and-blues. I was still teaching school, but what I said was influencing the great English groups. From *Billboard* I went to a magazine called *Music Business*, which was absorbed by *Record World*. At first, on *Record World*, I did a column called 'R&B Beat.' "

Kal's relationship to rhythm-and-blues music, and the black people who make it, is puzzling. Although he has long been involved with rhythm-and-blues, although he celebrates it, and although he predicts from time to time that black music will take over the popular charts, the music seems to have painful associations for him. It may pain Kal that rhythm-and-blues people are sometimes contemptuous of the Pro Football team. It may pain Kal that rhythm-and-blues people don't always play by the rules. (New music-business rules require an outward corporate respectability that many R&B operations, especially the small ones, can't yet af-



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ford. R&B operations tend to play by the *old* music-business rules, which were more flexible in regard to payola, bill paying, and royalties, for instance. But, ethics aside, what bothers white music-business people about R&B people is that they won't always *coöperate.*) It may especially pain Kal that black people, at the moment, are very slow to respect white people. But then the relationship of white people to black music is often strange and complicated. It involves an unacknowledged cultural dependency that seems to have to do with a white sense of loss. Whatever it is that some white Americans suspect they have lost, they seem to suspect, further, that they can find it in black music. Black people *think* they know what it is that white people think they have lost, and they call it "soul." In the recent past, articulate militant blacks have evolved a critique of the mythic soul quality, and this critique has influenced the music in a self-conscious way that is new. (Self-conscious soul mythmaking is, possibly, the other side of what is, after all, a mutual black-white fascination. If every reference to black soul is a gibe at the white man's lack of soul, then black celebration of black culture, far from being exclusively black, includes an over-the-shoulder look at the white world.) In any case, it happens that the situation upon which the enormous contemporary music structure has been built—a situation in which white people listen to black music and music derived from black music—is full of tension. And the situation in the marketplace, where white music-business people deal with black music, is indeed awkward and peculiar. Most white music-business people do not find it necessary to sort it all out, and get by with a few basic thoughts. First, they express a certain slightly hypocritical disdain for the way the rhythm-and-blues world conducts its business. Second, they recognize a need to identify the black music that will do well in the popular market. Third, they acknowledge (in certain moods) a debt to the music and feel the obligation to *dig* it, to *have* soul. There is no stranger sight in all nature than a group of music-business types Digging Soul Sounds.

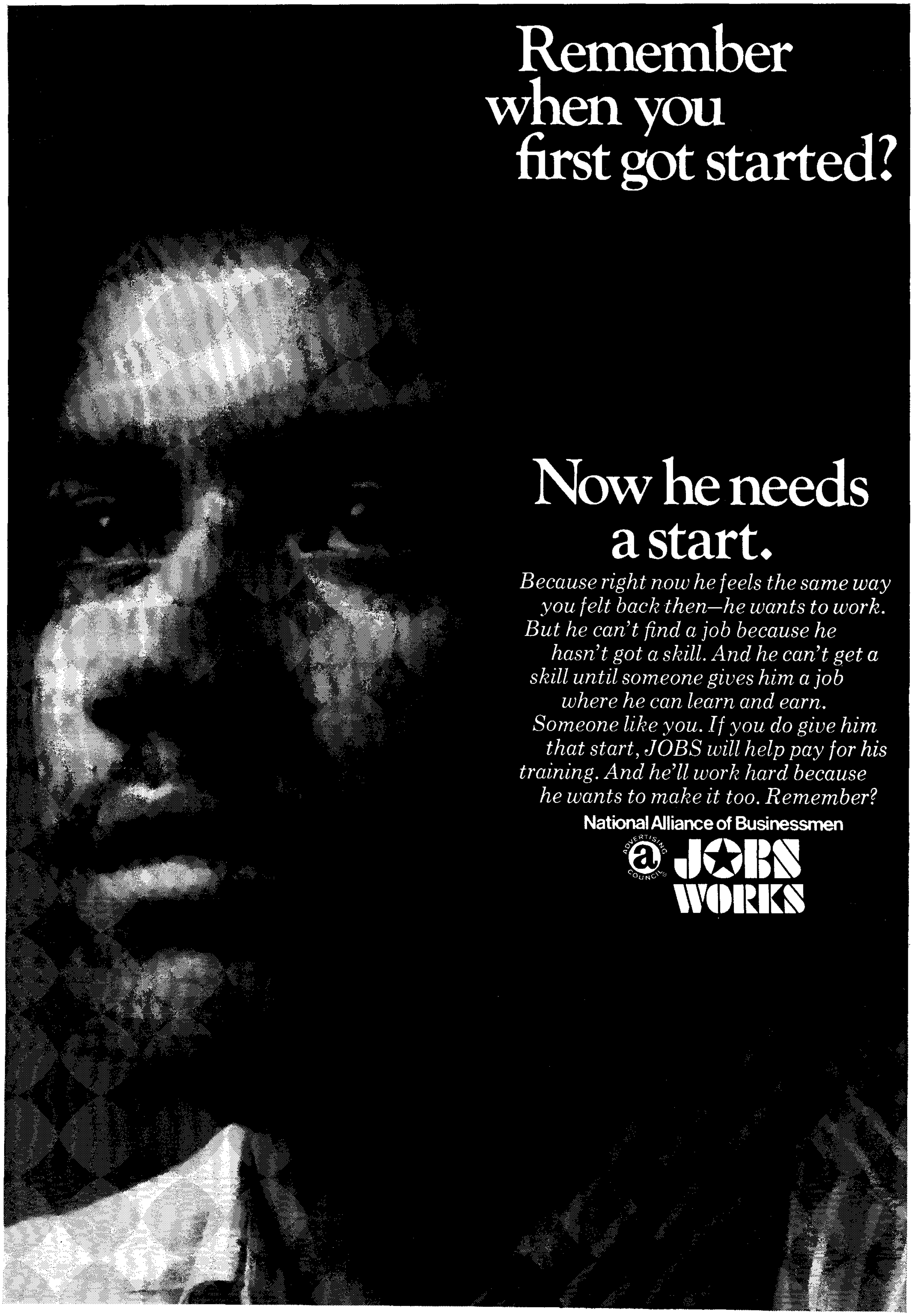
"I'm doing the R&B thing for *Record World*," says Kal, "and one day I'm riding to New York to visit my in-laws. I do my best thinking in the car, and I think, There is no pop-music column. There were charts. What the hell is a chart? What does the chart say? How can you make a song— A song is like a human being. It's as unique as a fingerprint." Kal began his "Money Music" column for *Record World*. Kal was, as he says, "a man with a plan," and with this column he ceased to be primarily concerned with rhythm-and-blues, and he began to cease to be obscure. The format he used in his column was arresting. He presented, in a useful shorthand, the movement of important pop records on the charts of important regional markets. He did not do the elaborate research required to get this information. Instead, he collated and recast information collected and printed by a man named Ted Randal, who was publishing a new newsletter called the *Tip Sheet*. "I studied what this guy was doing," says Kal. "And I must admit, I must confess, I will not lie—truth, sodium pentothal—the idea for doing the column was a derivative of what this man started to do. He had the charts. What I did was to refine his research so that when Mr. Music Man read my column he could see at a glance the profile of the records he was interested in." Kal's column was more successful than Randal's newsletter. "It's what you do with what you got," Kal says. "It's how you block, it's how you tackle, it's how you throw the ball, it's how you kick the ball."

After "Money Music" was established, Kal met Bill Drake. "Now, to meet Bill Drake," says Kal, "is saying you're going to meet J. Edgar Hoover, Charlie Chaplin, Bette Davis. Bill Drake sat me down at the table and picked my brain for six hours, cell by cell. Microscope. Going into my psyche, my morality, my integrity—everything. Feeding me drinks, right? And I'm getting bombed, because I don't drink. So he looked at me, he says, 'I like you.' Right out of a B movie. He tells me to call every week, Wednesday, and I will get the information of the Drake stations. At that time, they didn't supply that information to anybody. Bill Drake, the magic word, was going to be a part of my column!" As Kal speaks, there is a lot of gratitude in his voice. Drake's information meant a lot to Kal. Soon, at the top of "Money Music" there was a special section (marked off with a big black border) called "The Bill Drake Report." Through "Money Music," with its "Bill Drake Report," Kal became something more than a minor figure in the music business. In 1969, without giving up his column in *Record World*, Kal started the *Friday Morning Quarterback*, which used some elements of the format he developed in "Money Music" but depended from the start on research that Kal generated himself.

AFTER lunch, Kal is back on the telephone in his study. On Wednesdays, Kal is on the telephone continuously from early in the morning until midnight. He gets, and types up, reports from about sixty radio stations, and talks as well to promotion men, record-company executives, and people who want a free mention in his sheet. After midnight, the sheet (which runs, these days, to some nine legal-size pages typed single-spaced on both sides) is put together. The sheet depends on intricate collating and cross-referencing work done by Lucille throughout the day, as well as on the reports that Kal has typed out. Kal usually works until three or four o'clock Thursday morning. After a little sleep, he gets up and dictates his "Money Music" column to *Record World* over the telephone. The *Quarterback* is printed that night by photo-offset, at a shop nearby, and is mailed before noon on Friday.

Between calls, Kal talks about hit records and about people who want to have hit records. Kal has a philosophical aspect (he often prints homilies and epigrams in the *Friday Morning Quarterback*, and once ran a little paragraph on "The Moral Qualities of Man"), and he has a shrewd aspect. When he is excited, as he nearly always is, he mixes his aspects together. "This little piece of plastic," Kal says, "which has a salvage value of a penny or two— The mystic representation of this record to people all over the country, all over the world— This one piece of plastic— Here's what it's going to do." Kal is growing very excited. "For so many people, it is a dream to have a hit record—in their nervous system, in their cerebral hemispheres, in every fibre of their body. They want this one piece of plastic to accomplish for them the realization of everything they want, all their ego-trip needs, which is *so* basic. Status, emotional problems, financial problems, everything in their whole life will simply— This is the LAST OF THE GOLD-MINE BUSINESSES." Kal is close to shouting. "Rock started with ding-dong school, and all of a sudden this is an art form, this is a tapestry. The poets—Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Byron—they are there in England today. The law of averages, genetics, heredity— The genetic strain in England, both music and literary— What is the Byron of today doing? He's writing lyrics with Elton John, that's what he is doing."

Late in the afternoon, Kal takes a short break from his work and comes



Remember
when you
first got started?

Now he needs
a start.

Because right now he feels the same way you felt back then—he wants to work. But he can't find a job because he hasn't got a skill. And he can't get a skill until someone gives him a job where he can learn and earn. Someone like you. If you do give him that start, JOBS will help pay for his training. And he'll work hard because he wants to make it too. Remember?

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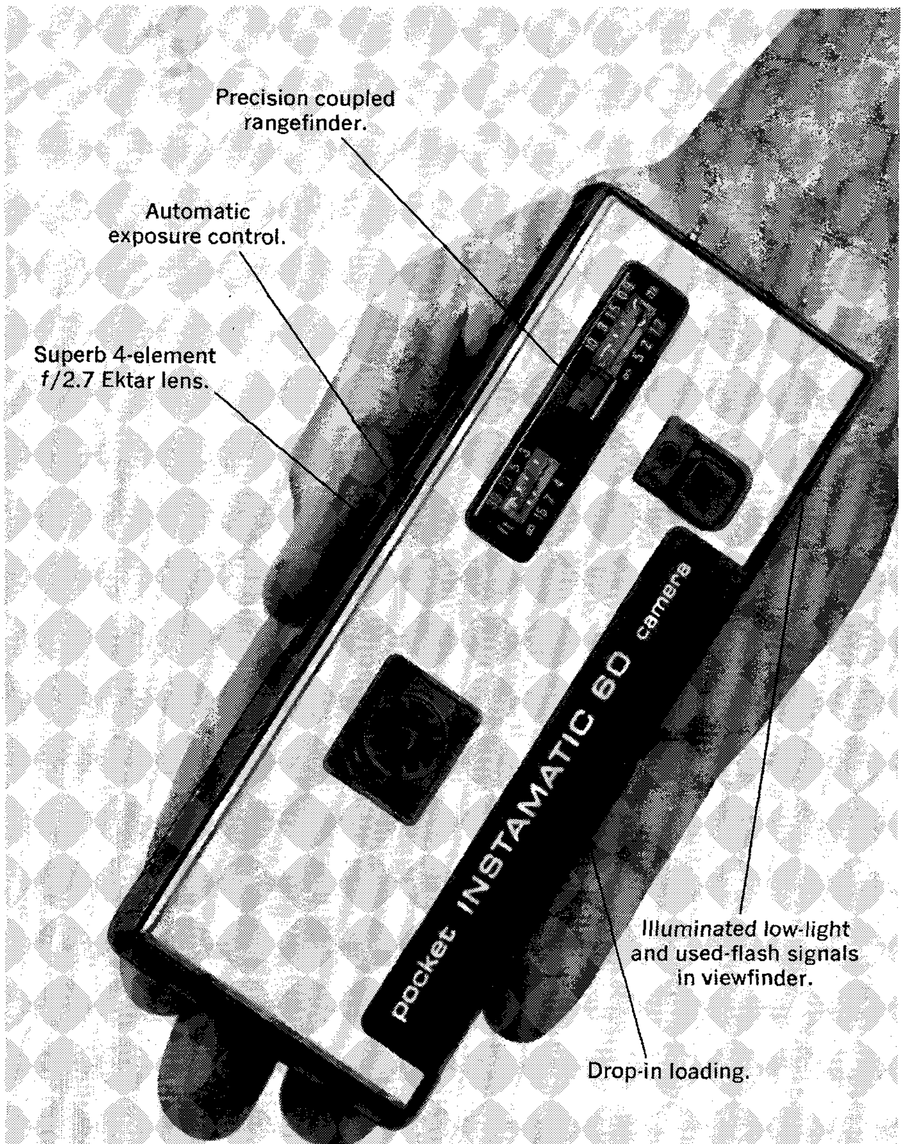
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out into a large room next to his study to relax for a few minutes with Mitchell. There is a sofa in this room, and a phonograph equipped with the Super-X earphones that Kal likes to use, and an elaborate set of drums belonging to Mitchell, and the wall-to-wall orange carpet. Kal puts on "Clean-Up Woman," a rhythm-and-blues record he has been helpful in promoting. He sings with the record and dances. Kal is more round than graceful, and certainly he is not black. Kal doesn't have the style, but his dancing commands some respect anyway: Kal does lay himself *out*. Mitchell, at Kal's suggestion, is accompanying the record on the drums. Mitchell plays with the Super-Xs on. They engulf his small head.

THE following day, at lunch, Kal goes over the edition of the *Friday Morning Quarterback* that has emerged from Wednesday's work, explaining it to a friend. "What we have here is a continuing story," Kal says. "This is important. The record-company promotion man is bringing a record in every week to the program director at the station, and the P.D. is saying no. Now, each P.D. is different. The guy at WFIL, in Philadelphia, requires about sixty-five per cent evidence that it's a hit before he'll go. Rick Sklar, the program director at WABC, requires ninety per cent evidence. The guy in Seattle might require no evidence, or ten per cent. So I write it as a continuing story, and profile each record. Now, let's get right down to it. Forget this statement here." Kal points to his blazing editorial about rhythm-and-blues reporting. "I put this statement in to clear the air. Now we have the tip of the week. 'My Boy,' by Richard Harris, on Dunhill. Everything I have on the record I throw into this paragraph. Hey, it's a state of intuition, the whole thing. I mean, I am painting a tapestry here. An experienced programmer knows, in fact, that ain't nobody playing the record yet. But wait a minute. Harris did it on Johnny Carson. And knocked everybody out. Scheduled for Merv Griffin.

"Then I go on the Beverly Bremers. Now I've got the new Jackson Five—you know it's automatic. I give the smash L.P.s, the Led Zeppelin, immediate monster. I give them the cuts. Then 'Next R&B Giant Crossing Pop.' I've been on this for weeks. 'Clean-Up Woman.' It's another 'Mr. Big Stuff.' Big R&B sales in Detroit.

"Now let me go fast. Paul Anka. I'd given up already. But son of a bitch, it just moved up from seventeen to eleven in Pittsburgh. Drake didn't go with it yet. See, that's where he really exerts the power. All right, now. Giant L.P.-cut tip from KLIF, Dallas, and KJRB, Spokane—John Denver, not from the current album but from the incredible 'Poems, Prayers and Promises' L.P. 'Sunshine on My Shoulders.' As P.D. Dan Walker says—Notice I use his name. I'm not talking. I learned that lesson. Walker is talking. He says—and I refined his language a little—'As your listeners tool down the road on their wheels, wearing some groovy threads, the sun is shining, hear the song with the line "Sunshine makes me high," and, with the sixteen-percent unemployment in the Northwest, it makes them feel gooood!!! And that's the name of the game!'

"And then I start my next section. Big air-play records, turntable burners. And I use this expression—'new believers.' Because that's what it is—a religion. Like you're converted to Jesus."

Kal is picking up speed as he comes to the bottom of his list. "O.K.," Kal says. "Grin. I think Clive Davis would give me his wife, you know, to break this group. Jefferson Airplane, that's not going to make it. Joan Baez, this one's not going. It just ain't Top Forty. Savoy Brown at Boston—see, certain things happen in Boston. It's the college crowd. The Street Christians, that's nothing. Joe South, this one's not making it. The Bill Withers. Chakachas, that's not important. The Earth, Wind & Fire, I mentioned it. Gary and Randy Scruggs, sons of Earl, getting a little attention. Emitt Rhodes, that's the guy his big problem is he sounds more like Paul McCartney than Paul McCartney. And that's it."

It pleases Kal to run through long lists of music-business names. Singing stars, corporate stars, promotion stars—he cares about them all. Hearing their names has excited him a little, but now he calms down. "You know, I've never felt that I was a star," Kal says. "And my basic philosophy is—Well, I'm never going to be a star, whatever the connotations are, but I always noticed that these super-winners needed an organization. I always thought I could hitch my wagon to a star, and if I could hitch my wagon to a number of stars, I could keep pretty busy."

—GEORGE W. S. TROW

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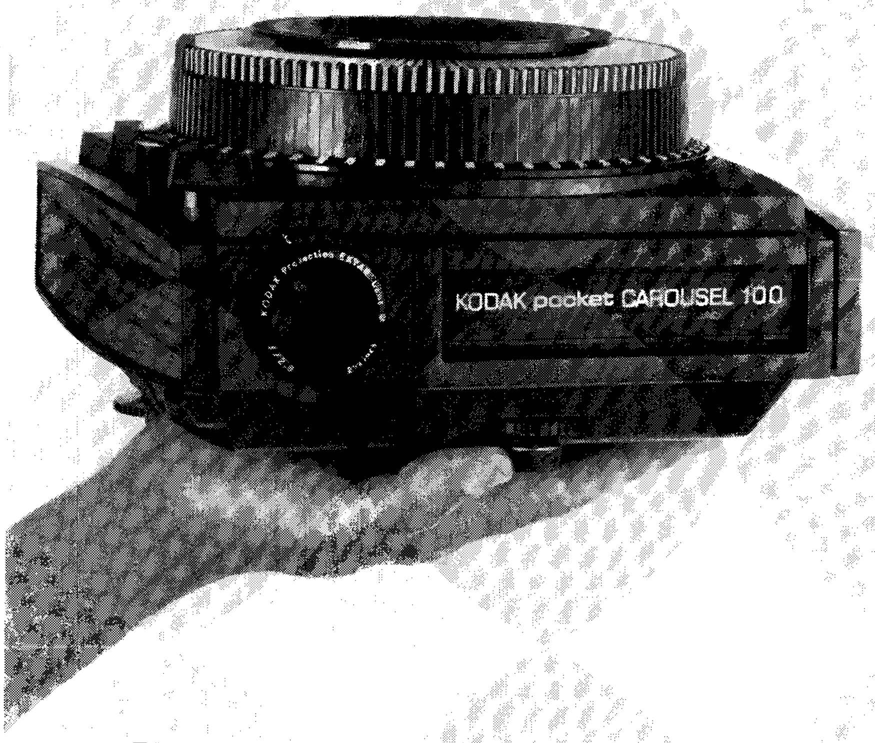

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THE THEATRE

SAD SOUTHERN BELLE

ONCE upon a time, it was a commonplace for actors to rummage about in search of plays that would serve them as vehicles—curious but exact word, for once such a play was found one could trundle comfortably along in it for years, and perhaps even for decades, keeping busy and getting rich. We think of James O'Neill and "Monte Cristo," in which he gave over six thousand performances, and of Maude Adams playing Peter Pan well into early middle age, and of Walter Hampden declaiming with grave unction the superlative fustian of "Cyrano de Bergerac." I remember how, when I was a child, Hampden would come season after season to Parsons Theatre in my native city of Hartford, and we would hear again his indirect wooing of the beautiful, obtuse Roxane and watch with tears as, in the last act, under the gnarled autumn tree in the garden of the old convent in Paris, the dying hero teased the mother superior with his litany of fictitious sins. Somewhere high in the flies, a prop man would slowly empty a bagful of red and yellow leaves, which would come sifting down onto the stage as Cyrano fought his last and greatest duel against the invisible enemy, Death; every year they were the same dusty and faded paper leaves, and every year we shed the same welcome tears. Well, in "The Last of Mrs. Lincoln," at the ANTA Theatre, Julie Harris has found a play that could easily prove a vehicle as durable for her as "Cyrano" was for Hampden. Heaven forbid that Miss Harris should consent to such a fate, but I seem to perceive it looming and glowering before her.

Written by James Prideaux, "The Last of Mrs. Lincoln" is a superior soap opera, based on the sad facts of the seventeen years by which the distracted Mrs. Lincoln survived her husband. Mr. Prideaux has no ear for nineteenth-century speech—surely Robert Todd Lincoln would not have been described in a newspaper article of the day as a "tycoon," a word popularized by *Time*, and young Tad Lincoln would not have exclaimed, of an apartment, "It's marvellous!" in a period when "marvellous" had not yet lost its mighty meaning—but he has arranged his scenes neatly and has taken care to give the actors an ample number of points to score. Robert Todd Lincoln becomes the villain of the piece, to the extent that one is needed, and David Rounds plays him with an admirable combination of lawyerly sternness and filial regret. Leora Dana is all bustling, down-to-earth energy as Mrs. Lincoln's sister, and Tobias Haller is affecting as Tad, taken so young by the then incurable consumption. "The Last of Mrs. Lincoln" has been given a handsome production, with solemn, chocolate-colored settings by William Ritman (an often repeated curve in the décor puts one in mind of the Lincoln bed in the White House, and thus continuously evokes the dead man's presence) and fetching costumes by Noel Taylor. But the play rests almost entirely upon the shoulders of Miss Harris, and they turn out to be sufficiently broad for the purpose. It cannot be easy to embody onstage a neurotic woman whose anguish, however lofty in its origins, is manifest in petty acts—querulous letters to newspapers, unpaid dressmakers' bills, and the like. Miss Harris wins our sympathy for Mrs. Lincoln's vexations by not exaggerating their scale. Poor thing, she *was* a vixen, but once she had been young and clever and full of promise, and under the direction of George Schaefer Miss Harris conveys with strength and delicacy the sense of loss and of wrong turns being taken that must have haunted Mrs. Lincoln from the moment she married her reluctant captive.
—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Oranges and Lemons

THERE is quite a lot doing these days at St. Clement's, on West Forty-sixth Street. This church, once the home of the American Place, which has moved to grander quarters, has been taken over by Kevin O'Connor, an actor and former star of the La Mama troupe (Tom Paine of "Tom Paine," among other leading roles), and now an actor-manager. Mr. O'Connor books shows into the theatre for a couple of weeks at a stretch, and sometimes appears in them. One of the recent ones was Jean Erdman's production of "Moon Mysteries: Three Visionary Plays by W. B. Yeats"—a blend, in each instance, of dance, speech, music, and acting. Miss Erdman used to be a leading dancer in Martha Graham's company. The first and last of the plays seemed to me a little too precious and special (as did the beginning of Miss Erdman's "The Coach with the Six Insides," ten years ago), but the middle play—"The Cat and the Moon," about a blind beggar and a lame beggar and a saint—was a piece of comic and heartfelt perfection. Perfection is a rarity On, Off, or Off Off Broadway. In all the plays, Yeats' beautiful words were beautifully spoken and sung—no nuance or flicker of wit was lost—and Teiji Ito's score was a delight. "Moon Mysteries" will return to St. Clement's for another brief stay on January 16th.

At the church now, running through December 22nd, is the remarkable Bread and Puppet Theatre in a play—pantomime, actually—with the tinkling title "That Simple Light May Rise Out of Complicated Darkness." Like other Bread and Puppet productions, this one is always imaginative, and often startlingly so. Among its more memorable elements are an undulating tarpaulin of dark-gray plastic that covers everybody onstage; dark-gray and black shrouded figures carrying stunning gigantic masks, sometimes in front of them and at other times on long poles; murky shadows; chubby little black-and-white doll figures of seated gentlemen, which are used to comic effect; ritualistic movement; and liturgical chanting and sad, sad cello music—and then, at the end, color and clown makeups and light and dancing to carrousel music. "That Simple Light" is done with spirit by this troupe from Vermont. Aesthetically, it is impressive, but it is not very interesting—no words, no faces. At any rate, my attention certainly waned as the evening wore on. Things being what they are Off Off Broadway, it is hard to find any information in the newspapers on the activities at St. Clement's. The telephone number is Circle 6-7277.
—EDITH OLIVER

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

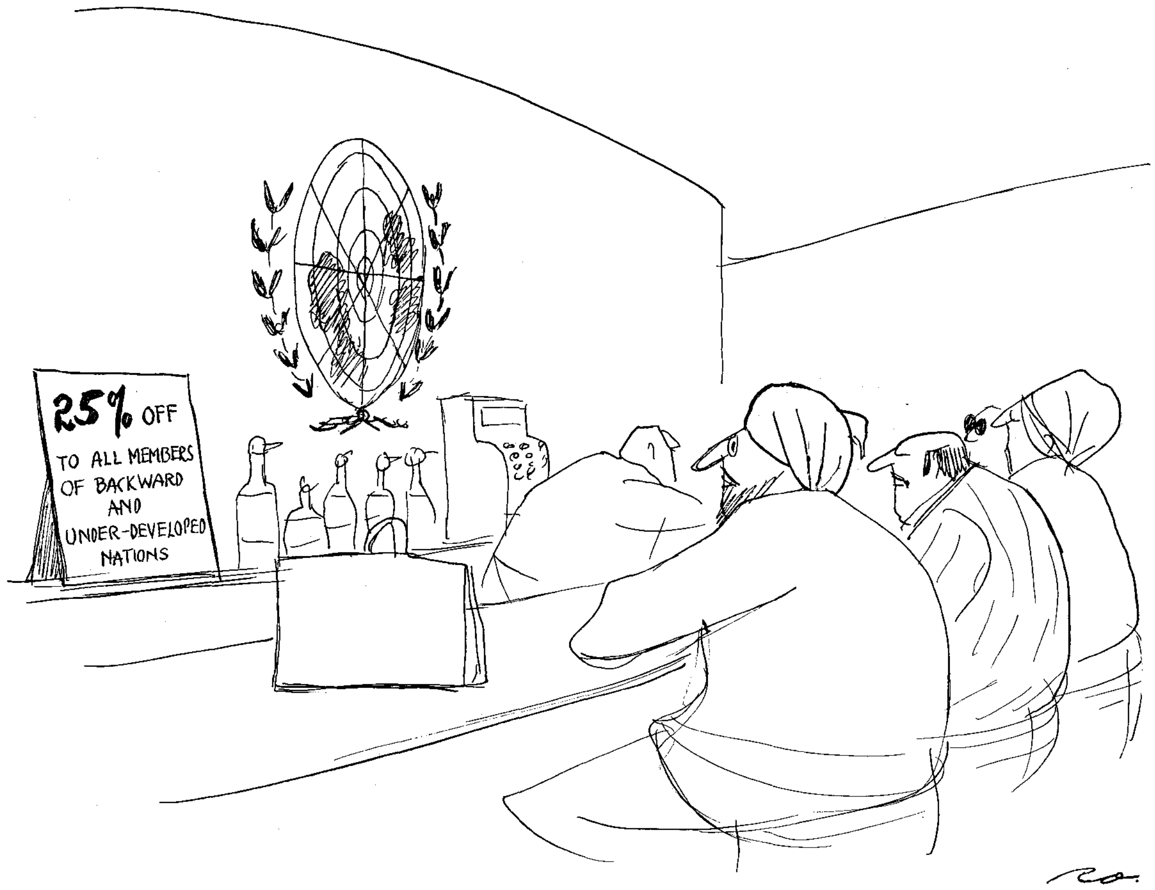
Round Up the Usual Suspects

PAUL NEWMAN has learned an immense amount about making movies since his directing début, with "Rachel, Rachel," in which the camera loitered while the actors acted and acted. In "The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds" he has blended Paul Zindel's play into a naturalistic setting, and he has shaped the film sensitively. Newman has done as well with this type of material as anyone has ever managed to do on the screen, and Robert Brustein, a critic not normally given to leniency, referred in the *Times* of December 10th to "Paul Newman's superior movie version which manages to disguise, through sensitive performances, all the inadequacies of Zindel's play." I wish that that were possible, but you can't disguise the inadequacies of the play, because they're absolutely central. Alvin Sargent's adaptation skillfully expands and peoples Zindel's sketchy theatre piece (the original has only five characters), but does so in a way that is true to Zindel's vision. There's no other way to retain what makes the material effective; you can't scrape the crud away or disguise it—or there's nothing there. The play works on its crud, and so does the movie.

Paul Zindel writes what are essentially camp versions of the matriarchal mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge; his specialty is sentimentality made piercing by cruelty. The major characters are gutsy, wisecracking broads—for actresses, the female equivalent of swashbuckling roles. Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is lost and doesn't know how to find a way out of frustration and poverty. Zindel wrings laughs out of her sour sarcasm and wrings pathos out of the misery she suffers and then inflicts on her two high-school-age daughters—Ruth, who is epileptic and destroyed (Roberta Wallach, the Eli Wallachs' daughter), and Matilda, who is intelligent and shyly, stubbornly unscathed (Nell Potts, the Newmans' daughter). Ruth's fits bring out Beatrice's maternal tenderness, but Matilda's need to learn fills her mother with jealous resentment. This bitchy comic Gorgon—mother as a drag queen—is exploited for a series of vaudeville turns. She's Auntie Mame as a failure—a sick Mame. Beatrice humiliates her daughters while raucously cracking jokes; she even (God help the American theatre, and the Pulitzer Prize committee) threatens to kill Matilda's rabbit and, inevitably, carries out the threat on the night the child wins a prize at school—for the science experiment that gives the play its metaphoric title. Yes, the material gets to you: how could you help being affected when children are heartlessly shamed by their own mother in front of their teachers and classmates? And the movie fills out what's implicit in the play. Stella Dallas herself didn't lay on the makeup and the crazy-lady clothes any heavier than bellowing Beatrice. The scene of her showing up at the school for the award ceremony is the gaudiest of its kind since James Mason slapped Judy Garland when she was on the stage getting her Academy Award in "A Star Is Born." The final mood is of horror and hope, a sort of upbeat resignation: Beatrice and the blighted Ruth will sink lower, but Matilda, the young scientist, will bloom. This muted optimism is the neatest Broadway heart-clutcher imaginable. Manipulative realism—that's what the mood-memory play has come to.

Full of echoes of old plays and movies as Zindel's devices are, they have some theatrical vitality; he has talent, I suppose. But his plays are worthlessly "moving"—lyricized sudsers with stand-up-comic numbers, and synthetic to the core. I've watched Julie Harris and Maureen Stapleton trying to go the full distance with his showcase roles, and all I could see up there was the actress working to get laughs. In a theatre that's starved, "Marigolds" (the best of his works) can get by, because it "plays," but Beatrice, the good-bad witch, terrible when you're under her spell, funny and pathetic when you escape and can look back on her, is a mawkish travesty of Amanda in "The Glass Menagerie." She is mother the destroyer, the twisted belle—the ogress in the psychosexual fantasy that pervades theatrical Americana.

There's a likable "trouper" quality about Joanne Woodward. She's a briny



actress, with her feet on the ground, and with great audience rapport: she has a wide streak of humor about herself that you sense and respond to. Unlike the fabled goddess-stars, she's very "real" in her presence, and she makes far more direct contact with the audience. And she's Southern, which gives her the right quality for a role that is fifties-TV out of Southern gothic—the slatternly mother in her faded cotton bathrobe trying to sell dance lessons on the phone while dreaming (of her father, of course). "Splendor in the Grass" comes to mind; Beatrice is like one of those Inge fifties people who were washed up as soon as they got out of high school—victims of baroque circumstance. Joanne Woodward had the right forlorn gallantry for "The Stripper" (from Inge's "A Loss of Roses"), and she gives this Zindel role the sashaying toughness it requires, but it's a strident, unconvincing performance. Her solidity—just what we respond to—works against her here. There are said to be actresses who can carry off this tender-tough stunt in the theatre by bringing a "magic" of their own to it, but I've never seen it done. (It may depend on your threshold level for slobbiness.) I did not see Sada Thompson in the role, but Woodward achieves what the other actresses who play Zindel's women on the stage achieve: you admire her for what she can do, but you don't believe a minute of it. To bring conviction to Beatrice's vengeful meanness and all that self-hate and the stomping on frightened kids and the rabbit slaughter, she'd have to be the kind of actress (fortunately, there are fewer of them now) who goes in for knee-jerk heartbreak—and I doubt if anybody could get by with running this old gamut on the contemporary screen.

Paul Newman can't turn camp Americana into naturalistic Americana, but he gives it some sensibility—a tasteful version of fifties-TV "depth." He's an unobtrusive director, keeping the camera on what you'd look for in the theatre; his work is serene, sane, and balanced. The movie is touchingly well made—touchingly because the treatment the material gets is much better than it deserves.

AT first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a starring role, after the merely tantalizing glimpses of him in recent films, is sufficient to give "Sleuth"—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play—a high spirit. Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting high old time in this show-off confection about an ec-

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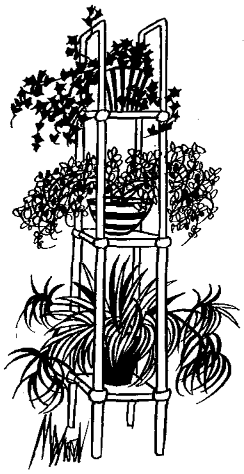
centric author of detective novels and his prey (Michael Caine), and he calls up memories of the giggly, boyish Olivier with the pencil mustache who used to dodge pursuing ladies in the thirties. But when the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down and the stupid tricks the two men play on each other keep grinding on, with each in turn being humiliated, and Olivier is sweating anxiously while hunting for clues, one begins to feel very uncomfortable that the greatest actor of our day—the man who must surely be the wittiest actor who has ever lived—is chasing around in the kind of third-rate material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. A friend in the theatre muttered, "It's Laurence Olivier playing a role that would have been perfect for George Sanders."

The waste wouldn't be so apparent if Shaffer's situations and dialogue were genuinely clever. But he's far from a master of triviality. He tries to give the detective games additional weight by making the Olivier character an upper-class snob, sneakily prejudiced, and suffering the punishment that the triumvirate of God and Freud and Marx mete out to snobs: impotence. This little edge of righteousness to a movie that doesn't succeed on its own arch and frivolous terms may have deceived Shaffer and Mankiewicz into believing that our interest could be maintained for over two and a quarter hours. The ornateness of the conceits becomes heavy, and "Sleuth" stops being fun at the end of the first round, long before the end; it stops being fun when Michael Caine stops walking around in his clown shoes. And the fact is Olivier *has* outgrown this and he's not really right for it; he tries to give it too much—his intensity and bravura are too frantic for this pseudo-civilized little nothing of a play. We may think that we could watch Olivier in anything and be ecstatically happy, but when the director is filling the void with repeated shots of mechanical toys grinning ominously we have plenty of time to experience the shame of being part of a culture that can finance Laurence Olivier only in a gentleman-bitch George Sanders role.



ONE of the people who didn't see "Man of La Mancha" on the stage even once (those lyrics, which sounded as if they were translated from Esperanto, weren't much of a come-on; besides, I like Cervantes), I went to the movie, directed by Arthur Hiller, with some curiosity about the nature of the work's appeal. The first hour, with Cervantes (Peter O'Toole) being arrested by the Inquisition and staging "Don Quixote" in a dungeon with his fellow-prisoners as the supporting cast, didn't tell me, but then—maybe I had simply got used to the unvarying rhythm of the storytelling and to the tears flowing around me in the theatre, the way they did at "The Song of Bernadette"—I think I began to understand it. The picture improved during Don Quixote's victorious battle at the inn, and the whole thing began to make a little sense. At the beginning, O'Toole spits out his lines rhythmically, garbling the meanings, but then he starts to get his effects physically. His face quirky, he is like an elongated Alec Guinness, and he is brittle-boned and horsy enough to play Rosinante, too. He has the staring, unseeing eyes of a harmless madman, and a facial tic—a rattled shake of disbelief. His woefulness is so deeply silly that he turns into a holy fool, and, with the barber's basin on his head, a Christ figure—yet funny. "Don Quixote" has become a primitive Christian myth in this version: Aldonza/Dulcinea is Don Quixote's one true achievement—Mary Magdalene redeemed. Once this emotion began to take hold, and it was clear that "The Impossible Dream" meant purity in the carnal sense, the movie became more compelling. This happens mostly because Sophia Loren, with her great sorrowing green-brown eyes, is magnificently sensual and spiritual. She is always on the verge of being gang-raped, or recovering, but the men tearing at her tattered bodice are just flies tormenting her. Loren is in herself the soul of Italian opera, and that's what she brings to this scrambled, bastardized version of the novel, which comes to us via Dale Wasserman's TV play, Broadway show, and movie script. Loren does not get to use her comedy talents, but there has never been a woman on the screen more beautiful in her full maturity than Loren is now, and she brings "Man of La Mancha" a substance of her own. She seems to incarnate the sinful, suffering humanity that Peter O'Toole, the cardboard dreamer, loves without being flesh enough to understand it.

Comedy seems to bring out something weak and helpless and unmanly in O'Toole, yet he is able to use this weakness as part of the Knight's ridiculous, infirm courage. O'Toole is a dotty, saintly scarecrow, wafer-thin and stylized; Loren is full-bodied and realistic. And, at some primitive emotional level, the contrast works. Nothing else in the movie is worth mention, except, perhaps, that Gino Conforti, giving a straightforward Broadway-style performance as the comic barber, is effective, while James Coco's Buster Brown-style Sancho Panza, though not as dreadful as one might fear, is a blob, of no clear purpose, Aldonza having displaced him.

Sam Peckinpah is such a gifted moviemaker that he gives even a sausage like "The Getaway" the benefit of expert craftsmanship. Lucien Ballard's near-abstract cinematography is so clean and muscular it deserves a subject—not just Steve McQueen looking trim in his whites in a Texas jail. There's no reason for this picture—*another* bank heist—to have been made, and there's no energy in the tossed-together script. McQueen and Ali MacGraw are given the cute names Doc and Carol McCoy; when McCoy is released after four years in prison, he waits outside for his loving and devoted wife to pick him up. After a considerable interval, Miss MacGraw arrives and casually explains that she was having her hair done "and the girl was slow." What this cracked scene is doing in the movie I guess we'll never know.

This is the most completely commercial film Peckinpah has made, and his self-parasitism gives one forebodings of emptiness. When a director repeats his successful effects, it can mean that he is getting locked in and has stopped responding to new experience. (Hitchcock is the most glaring example.) "The Getaway" is long and dull and has no reverberations except of other movies, mostly by Peckinpah. And there's something else that's a bad omen: the most effective sequence—spareribs being thrown back and forth in an erotic eating scene in a car, involving a gangster (Al Lettieri) and a couple he has kidnapped (Sally Struthers and Jack Dodson)—is so vicious, and the whole relationship between the gangster and the woman, involving lewd pleasure in sex play with him while her husband watches helplessly, is gross. It's frightening to see how this viciousness can be used to embellish a mechanical job like "The Getaway;" it just may have been the director's only chance for self-expression in this film—and this type of artistic frustration only feeds misanthropy.

The picture meticulously avoids nudity, and gets its reward: a PG rating from the M.P.A.A. Its real cunning, however, is in the way it allows its robber hero and heroine to kill practically everybody in the movie and get clean away with their loot and remain America's sweethearts: those they kill are always shown to be sons of bitches first; they earn their deaths, so to speak. With the utmost caution, the killing couple manage to avoid shooting any cops. There is no code anymore (or yet) that requires this sort of fastidiousness about whom you kill, but movies are already preparing for the new morality and the new Supreme Court. The picture's bewildering con is that it makes the pair such lovely, decent gangsters that they can stroll off into the sunset with their satchel stuffed with money as if they'd just met over a malted at the corner drugstore. As for McQueen and MacGraw, they strike no sparks on the screen. (They don't even look right together; her head is bigger than his.) His low-key professionalism is turning into minimal acting and is indistinguishable from the blahs, while she is certainly the primmest, smuggest gangster's moll of all time. The audience, which had a good time hooting at her, loved it when he smacked her face—her haughty nostrils and schoolgirl smirk seemed to ask for it. Miss MacGraw communicates thought by frowning and opening her mouth, and, having exhausted her meagre vocal resources in two pictures, she reads each line as an echo of Brenda or Jennifer. Last time I saw Candice Bergen, I thought she was a worse actress than MacGraw; now I think that I slandered Bergen. It must be that whichever you're seeing is worse.

Robert Altman is almost frighteningly nonrepetitive. He goes out in a new direction each time, and he scores an astonishing fifty per cent—one on, one off. "M*A*S*H" was followed by "Brewster McCloud," and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" has now been followed by "Images." I can hardly wait for his next movie.

"Images," made in Ireland, is a modern variant of the old "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" ploy—the world as seen through a mad person's eyes. A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). Miss York's madness has no roots, no nourishment; it is a matter of tinkling wind

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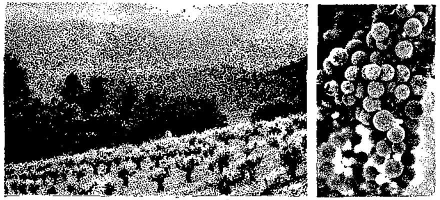

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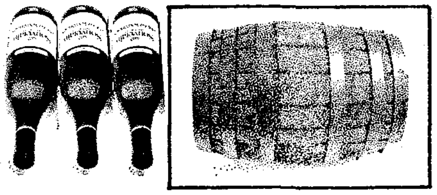

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chimes, slivers of glass, windows, lenses, mirrors—"images." To be effective, the movie needs to draw us in to identify with Susannah York's hallucinations, but the cold shine of the surfaces doesn't do it. The imagery itself fails to stir the imagination, though Vilmos Zsigmond shot some unusual landscapes, inhumanly clear and visible at a great distance, and there are a few ravishing pastoral scenes (with sheep and miniature horses) that seem *about* to tell us something. This is a psychological thriller with no psychological content, so there's no suspense and the climax has no power. We know from the heroine's dashingly casual clothes and the exquisitries of the super-modern décor that this film is concerned not with why she is going mad but with the coquetry of madness; that is, with suggestive objects (eyeglasses, camera, binoculars), with fragmentation, and with the bizarre situations a rich, sexy schizo can get into. A young girl (Cathryn Harrison) who looks like Susannah York at an earlier age enters into the situation, and the idea of seeing yourself as the adolescent you once were is so resonant (mightn't she hate this child she once was?) that we wait, though in vain, for the potentialities to be explored; it's just another fragment. But Altman is a fantastic technician; the rhythms of the cutting are seductive, and there are inventive moments (the creepy use of the telephone in the early scenes; Millais caught by death while he is pulling his sweater over his head; later, the blood thickly oozing from his chest onto the carpet). Altman could probably turn, say, a Daphne du Maurier novel into stylish screen terror, but he himself doesn't seem to have the gothic sensibility to make the scare effects matter. You stop being frightened as soon as you know that he takes it all seriously, and that it will be a hollow puzzle, a moviemaker's show-business view of schizophrenia, a prismatic "Repulsion."

When he has a dramatic framework, Altman can do so much to affect us emotionally by his virtuosity with visual images that he may at times think that words don't matter, that images do it all, and "Images" seems to have been made in that conviction. But this movie (from an original screenplay by Altman, plus improvisations) is not conceived to work without words; rather, it is indifferent to them. It is full of words, and they're runty words or they're the stupefyingly high-flown literary language we hear in Miss York's narration of the story for children, "In Search of Unicorns," that her character is composing (and that Miss York has actually written). In this ornamental visual setting, with so much care given to twirling glassy baubles, the occasional flat improvised lines are like peanut shells stuck in jewelry. The movie appears to represent something Altman had wanted to do for a long time—perhaps for too long. He said in interviews at the 1972 Cannes Festival, at which Miss York won the Best Actress Award, that he'd written the script five years before and hadn't changed a word until the day he started shooting. The actors seem cut adrift. Susannah York doesn't have the histrionic presence of a star; she's satiny smooth in her small-scale proficiency, especially in comedy. (Even miscast, as in "Happy Birthday, Wanda June," she had more style than anybody else in the picture.) This role, however, is serious and emotional, yet it supplies her with no character, leaving her to rely on just what she shouldn't—her pallid, wearying luminosity. You don't feast on Susannah York the way you can on some stars, even when their material is thin, because she's thin, and lacking in a strong sexual presence. A little too contained, and not an empathic actress, she doesn't provide a true focus of attention; you don't care enough about her.

The style of this film is different from anything of Altman's I've seen before, and it's not like any other director's. It's an empty, trashy chic film, but, scene by scene, Altman doesn't do anything ordinary; "Images" is not remotely an example of hack work—it's an example of a conceptual failure. Altman often trusts a very bad instinct, the kind of instinct that some people may expect an artist of his stature to have outgrown. But artists, particularly in show business, often retain gaping areas of naïveté and of flossiness, and though sometimes they pull something out of those areas that seems miraculously right, other times we may wish to avert our eyes. It's possible that this formidably complicated man has as many facets as this gadgety movie's tiresome prisms, and that in reaching out instinctively and restlessly he's learning techniques that he hasn't yet found a use for. My bet is that he *will;* when he's bad he's very bad, but when he's good he's extraordinary.

—PAULINE KAEL

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3 FIREHOUSES
TO BE CLOSED
FOR EFFICIENCY
—*Headline in the News.*

That'll learn 'em!

THE RACE TRACK

Adieu to Aqueduct

THE season on Long Island ended its disappointing-to-the-management course at Aqueduct last Saturday. Somehow, though, it wasn't a day of unrelieved gloom. The sun shone, the crowd of 29,712 was 4,332 larger than the one on closing day last year, and the Display Handicap, won by Paraje, was as enthralling to watch as you could have wished. The weather was so freezing cold and windy that a parka would have been as welcome as a winning Exacta ticket, but nobody seemed to mind. Eight ran for the Display, and Sunny and Mild took the lead quickly and held it for nearly two miles. On the stretch turn, however, Paraje and Rule by Reason passed him, and Paraje won by five and a half lengths. It was his second victory in the Display (he turned the trick last year) and the third in a row for Sigmund Sommer, his owner, whose Hitchcock scored in 1970. Sunny and Mild, who was claimed for $15,000 by trainer Preston King for Harry Rogosin last July, and who developed into a stakes winner, deserves full marks, even if he didn't win. Few horses around here can give weight—he spotted Paraje three years and four pounds—and go two miles on the head end the way he did. King, incidentally, wound up as the leading trainer in New York, with ninety-five wins, beating Johnny Campo by five.

If you care for the statistics of 1972, attendance was 5,070,672 and betting $640,032,361, which was 1,283,108 fewer on the gate and $101,607,392 less in the tote than in 1971. I daresay everybody knows why. By the way, the 1973 season will open on March 1st, as it did this year. Wrong Horse Harry says, "Probably in a snowstorm." If you want action, and can't wait, the OTB shops are taking bets on the races at Laurel. And if you want to see horses run, Philadelphia's Liberty Bell isn't far away.

KEY TO THE MINT leads the seventy-two four-year-olds entered for the Charles H. Strub Stakes, at a mile and a quarter, in the coming Santa Anita meeting, which opens the day after Christmas. The race is scheduled for February 10th, and it will be the first of 1973 with a purse in six figures. Riva Ridge, Key to the Mint's old rival, wasn't named. An interesting entry, however, is Susan's Girl. No filly has ever won the Strub. Calumet's Miz Clementine finished first in it back in 1955, when it was run as the Santa Anita Maturity, but she was disqualified. Key to the Mint and Susan's Girl are also among the hundred and twenty-one entries for the Santa Anita Handicap, on March 10th. So are Cougar II, Autobiography, and Typecast. I'm looking forward to seeing how Jimmy Kilroe, the official handicapper, weights them.

HERE'S an added starter, decidedly worth looking over, for your Christmas book list: "The Spanish Riding School" (McGraw-Hill, $29.95). It's by Colonel Hans Handler, director of the school where the Lipizzaners, the beautiful white horses of Vienna, are trained, and it celebrates four centuries of horsemanship there. The illustrations include a remarkable collection of photographs by Erich Lessing, many in color, of the Lipizzaners giving their exhibitions of dressage. They are the best photographs of the sort I've ever seen.

COLONEL MARTINGALE joins me in wishing you three hundred and sixty-five lucky days.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

PART 315—REGULATIONS
GOVERNING U.S. SAVINGS BONDS
NOTICE OF MODIFICATION OF REQUIREMENT THAT COURTESY TITLES BE USED
IN INSCRIBING U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

Section 315.5 of Department of the Treasury Circular No. 530, Ninth Revision, dated December 23, 1964, as amended (31 CFR Part 315), provides that in inscribing U.S. savings bonds the name of a woman must be preceded by "Miss" or "Mrs." unless some other applicable title or designation is used. Notice is hereby given that, effective immediately, this requirement has been modified to permit, in lieu of furnishing a courtesy title, the social security account number of any female registrant on a bond, whether the individual is named as owner, coowner, or beneficiary.

Dated: September 14, 1972.

[SEAL] JOHN K. CARLOCK,
Fiscal Assistant Secretary of the Treasury
—*Federal Register, Vol. 37, No. 183.*

Carlock has his finger in the wind.

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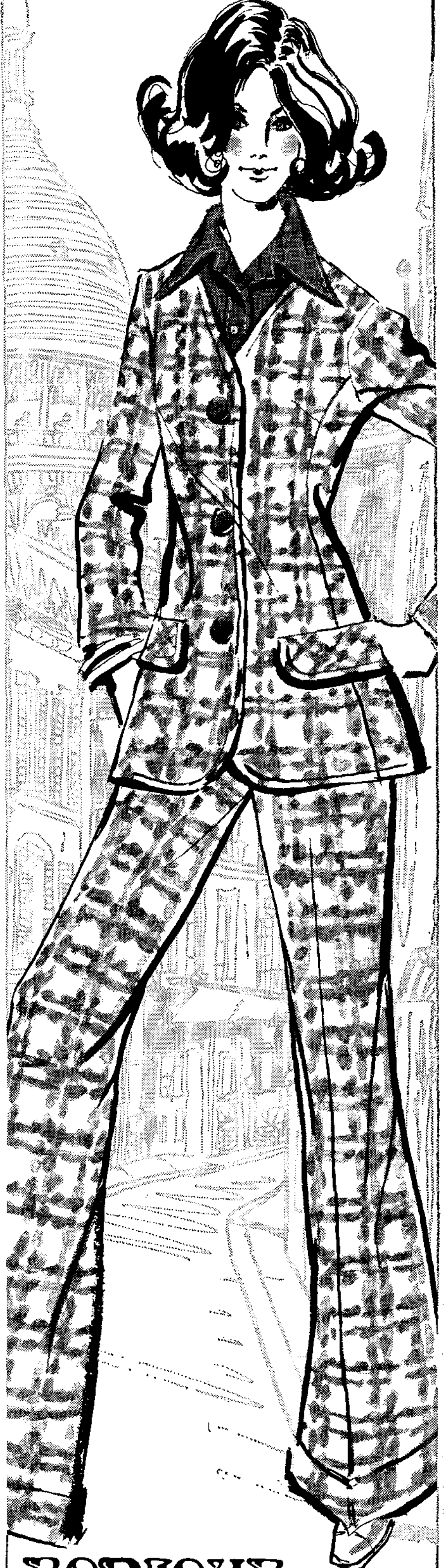

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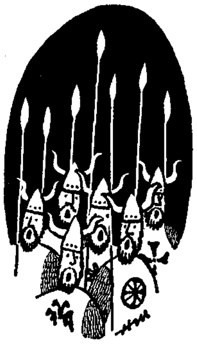
MUSICAL EVENTS

Blest Pair of Sirens

MOST compositions employ the mixt power of Milton's sphear-born harmonious Sisters; most music involves words—though some of the greatest does not. The lieder singer makes her (or his) effect as much through her utterance of the words as through beauty and brilliance of tone. Her matching of tune to text often determines whether a song comes to life or not. The poet's lines must suggest to her the unwritten details of rhythmic phrasing: here a sweet, lingering accent, there a sudden urgent advance. Verbal sense will indicate the vocal hues. Yet vivid declamation is not in itself enough; lieder singing, like just about every other kind of music-making, needs a command of pure line—line that is beautiful and eloquent in an "absolute" way. For particular expressive purposes that line can then be distorted, broken, or bent, but unless at the heart of a singer's interpretation there is a feeling for line she cannot wholly please us. Nor can she do so unless she brings the words to life.



Elisabeth Schwarzkopf is of all lieder singers before the public today the most accomplished. For her use of words she is famous, but any analysis of her art must begin with her control of line. This line is to be found at its purest in her account of such a song as Bach's "Bist du bei mir." A single, quiet emotion shines through the piece; there is no dramatic content, no need to vary the vocal tints. The words must be said gently, simply, and clearly, placed without strong emphasis along a smooth melody that is almost instrumental in character. This Miss Schwarzkopf does. This she did, too, in Mozart's "Abendempfindung," the song that opened her latest Carnegie Hall recital. The program was a progress from such tender simplicity to some of the most intricately vivid songs—Hugo Wolf's—ever written. Miss Schwarzkopf's first Wolf group closed with "Geh', Geliebter, geh' jetzt!," from the "Spanish Songbook"—marvellous piece, compound of passion and *pudeur*, sensuality and shame, evoking a scene of rumpled bedclothes, dawn light piercing the shutters, stir in the streets below, and the singer's mingled guiltiness and glory in her illicit love. "Geh', Geliebter" is one of Miss Schwarzkopf's, as it is one of Wolf's, highest achievements. Another is "Das Köhlerweib ist trunken," which closed the second Wolf group; here, in the space of a half minute, composer and poet (Gottfried Keller), singer and pianist conspire to create a present scene (as the voice of the drunken woman carols wildly from the darkling wood), trace a history (the very gait of the proud, beautiful girl she once was, before the red wine got her, is suggested), and point a moral. The singer's line lurches on the word *"trunken,"* staggers and recovers at *"singt im Wald;"* the intervals grow wider, until the words *"überlistet der rote Wein"* swoop through an octave. The song is hectic, but its performance must be controlled: this is not the collier woman herself singing; she is overheard, not impersonated.

Miss Schwarzkopf was in top form. Bold and free, the voice rang out in the second song, Mozart's high-spirited "Meine Wünsche." Many of her, and her admirers', favorites were included: Schubert's "Gretchen am Spinnrad';" Brahms' "Ständchen" and "Vergebliches Ständchen;" Mahler's merry settings from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn;" five gems from Wolf's "Italian Songbook," that gallery of men and women in and out of love, whose fleeting emotions, whose very features are set down in sure, tiny strokes. There were also new pieces in her repertory: two fine Schuberts—the serene admonition of "Die Sterne" and the sunburnt mirth of "Erntelied." Carnegie Hall is really too big for a song recital (Town Hall is the place), and once or twice Miss Schwarzkopf made an effect on slightly too large a scale. In the last phrase of Wolf's "Wer rief dich denn?" she is wont, with a sudden change of timbre, to reveal the heartbreak that lies beneath the girl's expostulations. This interpretative gloss proves most affecting when it is a delicate suggestion, nothing more; on this occasion it became a signal that must have reached the backmost rows of the top balcony. Miss Schwarzkopf is an audacious executant. Everything she does, however, is carefully and lovingly prepared. We can be sure that no nuance has been left unconsidered. Both words and music have been probed for meaning. Because of this, we may find one quality missing in her work: the direct, unaffected, spontaneous utterance of such a singer as Elisabeth Schumann. But, also because of this, Miss Schwarzkopf can reveal the details of a complicated song in a way that makes other performances of it seem lifeless, no more than half-realized. True, she can be artful. In a simple song she may show simplism. She can be naughty, and coo the "o" of "Castiglione" (the last word of Wolf's "Ich hab' in Penna") too coyly altogether. But who can resist, say, the artful young miss she portrays in Strauss's "Hat gesagt;" who not share with a smile in that naughty triumph when she boasts of her ten lovers in Castiglione?

The care extends to all details of Miss Schwarzkopf's performances. They are joint interpretations with her pianist; she and Geoffrey Parsons make a finely tempered duo. By her demeanor she can hold even a New York audience silent through a piano postlude (though Mr. Parsons was so funny, and so wickedly precise, as he fingered the fumblings of the hesitant violinist in Wolf's "Wie lange schon" that a ripple of mirth passed through the hall). By presence and posture she can set, and afterward sustain, the mood for a particular song, then change it in preparation for the next one. The platform lighting is planned. The piano will have been tried in various positions to secure the best sound in the hall. These things matter. In only one respect did this Carnegie Hall recital betray the high Schwarzkopf standards: the program book was a wretched thing that did not contain the texts of the songs (there were merely translations) or even identify the poets. Since Schubert wrote four songs called "Die Sterne," we should have been told which one (it was the Schlegel setting, "Du staunest, o Mensch," D. 684).

POETS' names, poems, and English translations were all duly present in the program book of Jess Thomas's first New York lieder recital, in Alice Tully Hall. Unfortunately, the good deed was nullified by darkness in the hall for the first half, but in the second the lights were turned on and all was well. Mr. Thomas cares about words. He pronounced them with feeling and sounded their sense. A memorable moment in his recital was provided by the soft, clear peal of his tone through the syllables of *"Morgenglocken,"* in the last line of Wolf's "In der Frühe." But his line was not unflawed. A voice muscled to tackle the heroic Wagnerian roles opened up too forcefully in climaxes. In the phrase *"Hat mit tiefem Seufzen"* (Wolf's

"Wo find' ich Trost?"), the sigh became a yell of anguish. If the young Siegfried had learned Liszt's "In Liebeslust," he might have cried it out to forest and field in the exuberant tones Mr. Thomas used; "*Ich sing' es laut durch Wald und Feld*" indeed—but within the confines of Tully Hall it need not be sung so loudly. There was also much delicately scaled soft singing. Wagner's "Wesendonk Songs" were sensitively done: "Der Engel" was smooth and rapt, marred only by too hefty an emphasis on the word "*Engel;*" "Schmerzen" was long-phrased; the gentle, quiet, throbbing urgency of "Träume" was beautifully captured, as if by a Tristan both passionate and tender. Mr. Thomas's dynamic registers need finer adjustment to the demands of lieder; his intentions and his intelligence are already admirable.

JUST about all Berlioz' music was inspired by words. His "Damnation de Faust" suggests Goethe's "Faust" read by flashes of lightning: a page here, a paragraph there, each leaving an afterimage that then takes vivid musical shape. The work was composed in a series of inspirations—"in my carriage, on the railroad, on steamboats, and even in cities. . . . In Pesth, by the light of a gas-jet in a shop, I wrote the choral refrain of the peasants' dance, one night when I had lost my way; in Prague I got up in the middle of the night to set down a melody that I feared I might forget. . . . I did not look for my ideas; I let them come; and they presented themselves in the most unforeseen order." Eventually, in Paris, Berlioz fitted the various "fits" together to make his *légende dramatique*, and devised the link passages. Sir Georg Solti, with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, gave a wonderfully coherent account of this piece, which has often been deemed scrappy. His reading of it was urgent and energetic. It is not the only way to tackle Berlioz' big dramatic cantatas. Last month, in Toronto, I heard Seiji Ozawa, with the Toronto Symphony and Mendelssohn Choir, give a "Roméo et Juliette" that depended for its effect on intensity of colorful detail, not long musical line, and proved no less whelming than this "Damnation." But Sir Georg's drive, coupled with the high polish of the Chicago playing, carried the day. Not everything was ideal. Orchestra and chorus were perhaps cramped on the Carnegie Hall platform, and the balance suffered. In the finale, the solo violins were far too loud; their accompani-

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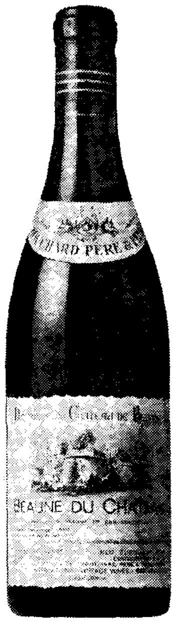

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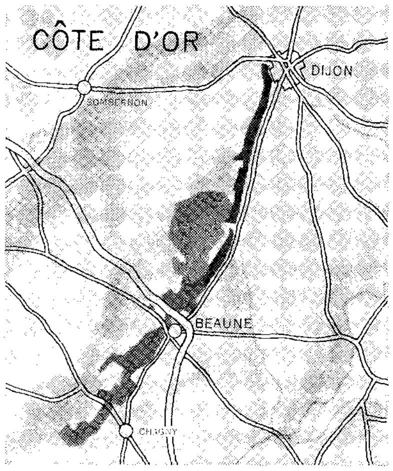

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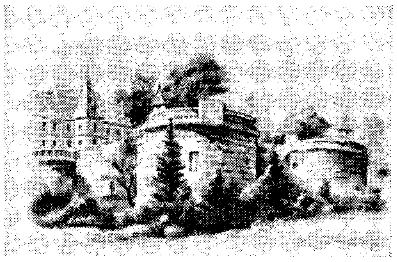

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ment figure drowned the main tune. The sound of the flutes was sometimes lost. The choir, expert body though it is, should have been urged to a more sostenuto singing of the "Easter Hymn;" when Berlioz indicated an octave portamento he presumably wanted it to be sung with portamento. But these were small things, to be noted only lest the blanket approval now generally given to the Chicago Symphony and all its works blunt discernment of its particular virtues; the performance as a whole was magnificent. Josephine Veasey, Stuart Burrows, and Roger Soyer were an excellent Marguerite, Faust, and Mephisto, Miss Veasey's smoothness in "D'amour l'ardente flamme" and Mr. Soyer's elegant handling of the "Serenade" being of special note. A libretto with original text and parallel English translation was provided gratis.

THE words went for nothing in the consequently pointless performance of Bach's Cantata No. 48 that opened last week's Philharmonic concert, conducted by Pierre Boulez. They were not even printed in the program book; there was only a loose English verse paraphrase, not easily legible in the depressant gloom favored by the Philharmonic. But to the music of a Bach cantata the words are crucial; even the instrumentalists should know exactly what is being said if they are to invest their melodies with the due expression. An English translation was provided for following the fifty minutes or so (the closing scenes of the first act) of Pfitzner's "Palestrina" presented (in German) by the New Jersey Symphony at its Carnegie Hall concert last week. The translation held a howler or two ("*Weiden*" can mean willows, as well as meadows; Palestrina's harp was surely hung on the willows, not "thrown in the pasture") but was better than nothing. The lighting, once again, was a shade too low to make reading easy. Pfitzner's solemn, searching, beautiful music is always a joy to those who enjoy it (and I'm a "Palestrina" nut who has even stood through performances of that immensely long opera). Henry Lewis conducted with love. Nicolai Gedda sang the title role with tone and expression that could not be faulted. In the first half of the concert, Mr. Lewis gave an ardent, glowing account of a suite drawn from Prokofieff's "Romeo and Juliet." He has a graceful action. From the New Jersey orchestra he drew richly colored, zestful, and accomplished playing. An exhilarating concert.

—ANDREW PORTER

THE ART WORLD

Fertile Fields

> All transformations are possible. . . .
> The description of the landscape is of little importance.
> —*"Invention," by Paul Éluard.*

IN the "Walpurgis-Night" portion of Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain," Hofrat Behrens, the director of the sanitarium, introduces a game into the invalids' festivities. It consists of drawing, with eyes closed, the image of a pig on the back of a visiting card. Behrens' drawing is not accurate, but it manages to unmistakably resemble a pig. But when the patients try their hands at the game, the pig disintegrates into a chaos of lines and shapes. "The eyes were outside the head, the legs inside the paunch, the line of the latter came nowhere near joining, the little tail curled away by itself without organic connection with the figure, an independent arabesque." Mann might have been parodying Miró's "Sourire de Ma Blonde," done the year (1924) that "The Magic Mountain" was published: a detached eye and other "signs" representing parts of the body radiate from the ends of thin lines that project out of a scribbled oval set in the opening of a V in the center of the canvas; from each side of this V protrude an arm and a foot, while below it a floating pennant proclaims the title of the painting in partly obliterated lettering. What Miró has in common with other Surrealist painters, as well as with Behrens' patients, is that his marks on the canvas, no matter how obscure, refer to actual things: this is an ear, this a shooting star, this the embrace of a man and a woman. But reality (the pig) has receded behind the closed eyes, and in the darkened mind phenomena merge with other phenomena and with abstractions (the pig's tail as an "arabesque"). "The sea," wrote Éluard, whose influence contributed to Miró's transformation in 1923 from "realist" into poetic visionary, "has deposited its ears on the beach." It has also deposited words, isolated letters of the alphabet, stick figures, and doodles that in the dream or hallucination have the same substance as persons and objects.

Thus, Miró's paintings are never abstract; each has a scenario, which can be "read," and the artist holds the key to the reading. Although, according to Masson, Miró would not divulge "the inspirational origins of his paintings," he has never been reluctant to explain what his signs stand for and how he happened to think of them. James Johnson Sweeney recalls Miró's saying, in 1948, that a form is "always a man, a bird, or something else. For me, painting is never form for form's sake." It is the translatability of his imagery that differentiates Miró from the American Abstract Expressionists and Action painters, whom he anticipated in important respects—for instance, in developing his pictures in the course of painting ("The form becomes a sign for a woman or a bird as I work") instead of beginning with a subject and carrying it to a conclusion. Miró's figurations remain symbols, while a Rothko or a Pollock is not a sign of anything but an object in itself. Even a de Kooning "woman" has no reference outside the frame; it is a unique "event" that has occurred only on the canvas. Surrealist automatism evokes data of nature and memory; Action-painting spontaneity projects a new world.

Miró's vocabulary of signs has remained mostly stable over the past fifty years—it consists of male and female "personages," eyes, lips, and other organs, the sun, moon, and stars, animals, birds, and reptiles, emblematic abstractions, such as the crossing of vertical and horizontal lines to represent the human figure—and his paintings and sculptures are legible in various degrees, according to the amount of control exercised upon the artist's hand (much as Behrens' pig was "rather more fanciful than realistic, yet undoubtedly the lineaments of a pig," while Hans Castorp's pig came apart into "some horrible inanity"). In the first phase of his conversion to Surrealism, Miró drew his visions from self-induced hallucinations, in which he was aided by being always hungry. "Portrait of Madame B." (1924), in the current Miró exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum, with its scattered lettering, "iMRA," and its central figure of a woman with satanic eyebrows, a neck nearly as long as her body, and tiny breasts that suggest a double Adam's apple, bears a distinct likeness to drawings by schizophrenics—an impression strengthened by the symmetry of the composition, also characteristic of the art of the deranged. But Miró's innovation consisted in abandoning the psychic automatism of dream and chance combinations exploited by the Surrealists, in order to place his imagination under the guidance of the materials of painting itself; the surface of the canvas or paper was turned into a creative force. In a Miró, the figures are signs, but so, also, is the background a sign, as well as a source: a yellow night, a blue abyss, the tawny earth of the artist's native Catalonia. The painted ground is no longer merely a hue intended to unify the composition; it has become a space, alive with energies, that throws up images, as the field planted with dragon's teeth brought forth warriors. Paintings such as "The Poetess" and "The Nightingale's Song at Midnight and Morning Rain," both lately at the Acquavella Galleries, are geysers of balloons, hourglass shapes, moons, eyes, streamers, dunce caps, kites, stars diffused into the air above surfaces of smudged buff and gray.

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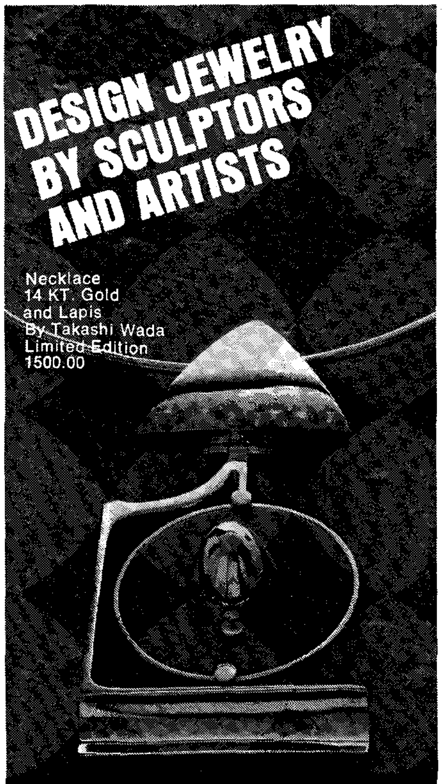

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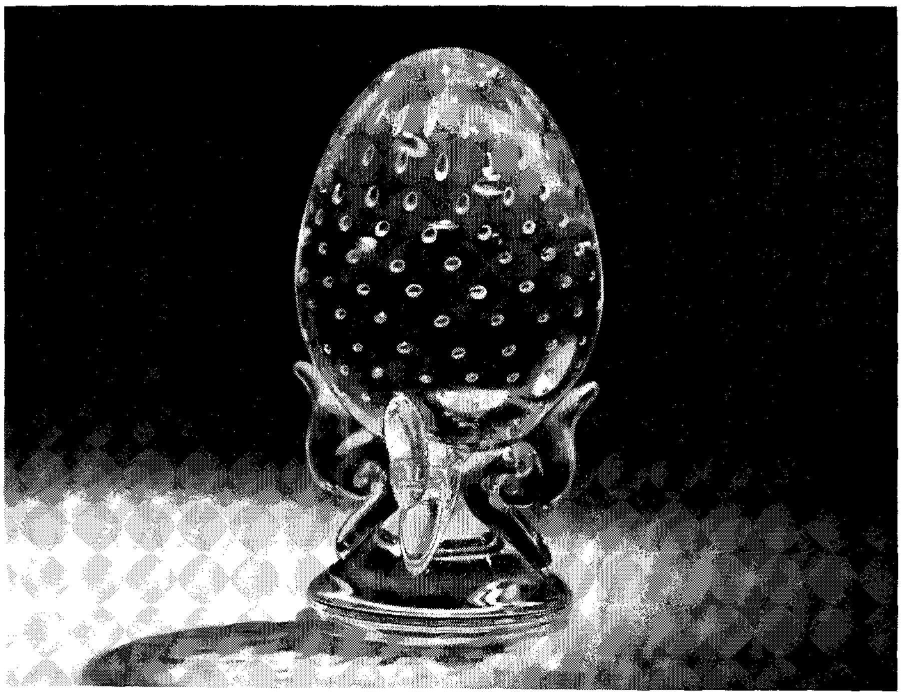
ating vowels and Mallarmé's white void of the writing paper, transforms his painting surface into an equivalent of the unconscious. A line, a dot, a stroke of the brush is sufficient to animate this space and set the image-forming activity into motion. "I even used some spilled blackberry jam in one case as a beginning," Miró told Sweeney. A smudge converts the canvas into a dynamic field that responds actively to the next mark placed upon it. "A touch of the finger on the drum discharges all the sounds and begins the new harmony," wrote Rimbaud in "Illuminations." Hans Hofmann, who in general would have nothing to do with Surrealism, taught that space "resounds" and that "the plane is the creative element" in painting. Something similar was present in Pollock's notion of "contact," in which the reciprocal flow of energy between the artist and the surface insured rightness in the painting. William Rubin, in a prepublication release of a portion of his catalogue for a Miró exhibition to be presented next year at the Museum of Modern Art, describes in detail how Miró would mess up the surface on which he worked, in order to animate it: in "The Birth of the World" (now on view at the Museum of Modern Art) he "began by covering the canvas with glue sizing which was purposely laid on irregularly, in varying densities, so that the painting would take to the canvas unevenly, here consisting of a film atop the sizing, there impregnating or staining it," and so on. Miró himself has summed it up by saying that a painterly ground stimulates his imagination to invent.

The conversion of the canvas into an active "field" represents a major revolution in the form of painting; Hofmann conceived of the "push and pull" of the surface as the basis for the modernist elimination of perspective. The reverberation of the entire canvas or paper supersedes compositional structure. In his "Notebooks for 'The Idiot,' " Dostoevski speaks of a "field of action" against which the character of his protagonist would take on a unique splendor. The field of action as dynamic background is the alternative to the traditional plot as a structure of related events; expanding fields of phenomena determine the moods of "The Castle" and "Ulysses." Instead of moving toward a resolution, the field remains open, to attract an indefinite quantity of data seemingly placed at random. Similarly, Miró's fields produce resplendent effects within his—to quote Douglas Cooper—"basically unstructured composition." Miró's sign-objects locate themselves arbitrarily in the vibrating expanse or settle wherever they have emerged into sight. In this type of automatism, the artist submits to being controlled, but he is controlled, so to say, with his eyes open. Miró speaks of a "second stage" in his paintings, in which, during certain periods in his career, he assumed direction over paintings that originated in his unconscious. His ideas of composition are, however, rudimentary—amounting to little more than equilibrium—and his resort to discipline in his painting consists, one assumes, of a revision of the spontaneous positioning of his forms. Cooper's ultimate tribute is that "his sense of placement is faultless."

For Miró, the field has been as endlessly fertile in signs and metamorphoses as the unconscious itself. It is a projected "mind," an externalized dream machine. And Miró early saw that the profusion of images could be dispensed with and that the field, vibrating with textures, lines, spots and masses of color, would be sufficient in itself to strike profound chords of feeling. Hence, while producing his image-laden canvases, Miró simultaneously made himself the master of the "empty" painting, in which the power of the ground, or field, is emphasized. In the year he began "Carnival of Harlequin" (1924), populated with almost the entire inventory of symbols that he was to dispense in the following five decades (from snakes, eyes, ears, and ladders to nudes, comets, and bars of music), he executed "Le Baiser," a painting consisting of a recumbent figure 8 within a loose oval on a green ground, and "Sourire de Ma Blonde" and "Le Renversement," both of them yellow rectangles on which are inscribed faint geometrical line drawings, unobtrusive signs, and words (in "Le Renversement," "AH!!," "HOO!," and "JOUR"). Perhaps the most radical of Miró's "empty" works is one called "Painting," at the Guggenheim, which consists of an agitated blue surface with a faint seam or slit above center and a tiny white dot in the upper left corner. In his juxtaposition of fields in different degrees of fertility, Miró has consistently held to the vision of man in a world that is alive, which to him constitutes the continuous revelation brought by modernism in art. "The Impressionists realized," he has said, "that the landscape breathes, that it changes from one moment to the next. . . . We simply have to see it again, that is to say, to find a new form for it." In his sensing of the breathing landscape, of which the canvas is the embodiment, the Catalonian outsider to Europe (Gertrude Stein's conception of Picasso) is an ancestor of the animistic American Action painters, despite deep differences in form, symbolism, temperament, and creative method.

THE exhibition at the Guggenheim, of some sixty Mirós under the inspired title of "Magnetic Fields" (the name of a collection of prose poems by André Breton and Philippe Soupault published in 1920), is a selection of this artist's "empty" canvases done in two widely separated periods—the nineteen-twenties and the nineteen-sixties. Item by item, the show is a splendid one, and in stressing the importance of the ground in Miró's creation it calls attention to one of the liveliest features of his paintings—their ability to arouse feeling through texture and color alone. Miró's paintings on burlap and such works as "Painting on Celotex" (1937), recently at the Acquavella—a golden surface, roughened in spots, with a figuration of thin crossed lines, and dotted with red, yellow, black, and white splatters—have always had a special appeal to me. The Guggenheim exhibition, however, goes beyond a selection based on taste; its aim is to dissociate Miró's field, or "open," paintings from his other works and thus to recast the accepted concept of the artist as the creator of the teeming imagery of "Carnival" and "The Poetess." In the opening paragraph of the Guggenheim catalogue, Rosalind E. Krauss, co-curator of the exhibition, identifies painting with music, dance, and theatre, and claims the privilege of staging an artist's work in what amounts to a new performance. The curator-impresario has discovered, she contends, a second Miró—one substantially different from, if not opposite to, the artist familiar this past half century. Miró *autre*, as the French might call him, is, like Miss Krauss and her generation of art critics, "haunted" by the question of space, and proves to be much more American than the original Miró, influenced by Matisse, Picasso, Ernst, and Klee, and by Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Apollinaire, and Breton. Miss Krauss and her collaborator, Margit Rowell, associate curator of the Guggenheim, remind the reader of their catalogue that in the early fifties Miró saw and was moved by work of the American Abstract Expressionists,



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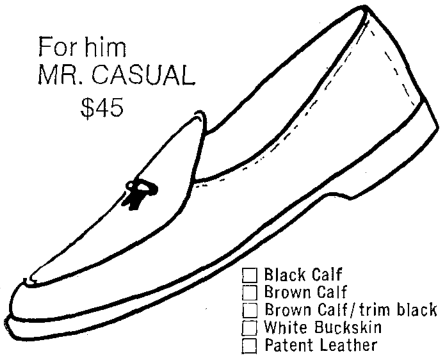
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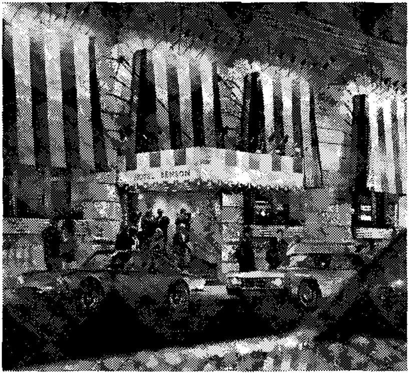
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particularly Pollock, and that thereafter he returned to producing large-scale color paintings, specimens of which had appeared among the "dream landscapes" of his Surrealist days. Paintings of the nineteen-twenties thus combine with color-field canvases of the nineteen-sixties to produce a Miró remote from automatism and gifted with a high level of "formal intelligence," the chief quality of the American abstractionists of the nineteen-sixties. In sum, the Guggenheim Miró is a naturalized formalist who happens to have had an early leaning toward poetry and metaphysical feelings but whose true "concern" has been similar to that of the American color-field structuralists, such as Ellsworth Kelly and Frank Stella. "In 'Les Champs Magnétiques,' " writes Miss Krauss, "the concern to create an uninterrupted field of language parallels the concern Miró came to by the mid-twenties: to make painting from an uninterrupted field of color;" she does not explain why the desire to create "an uninterrupted field" should have induced Miró to "interrupt" his surface with irregular densities of glue sizing, as described by Dr. Rubin.

To contrive an American-scale color-field painter out of two segments of their hijacked Surrealist required that the two curators eliminate the great bulk of his paintings, to say nothing of his sculptures, graphics, tapestries, and book illustrations. One critic, Miss Krauss told me, objected that this reduction of Miró is a distortion. Miss Krauss, however, holds that, as curator, she has the right to replay an artist in the key of her own values, and, besides, that an artist's image comes to us already distorted by the accepted way of presenting him. This might be a defense of the Guggenheim show, but it is not a justification of the catalogue, the thesis of which is that a particular group of Mirós represents a principle alien to the artist's creation as a whole. If this premise is accepted, the next step would be to "refine" Miró by getting rid of all his work (i.e., most of it) that does not fit the new idea, as had earlier been done, for example, in eliminating several years of the work of Morris Louis. In any case, Miss Krauss misunderstands the concept of the field. It is for its function in Miró's automatism that the field is important, not as the solution of Miss Krauss's "problem of how to represent space without constructing an illusion of it." If Miró had a "problem," it was how to reach a state of creation unhindered by problems. In that state, solutions arise simultaneously with problems, or else problems and solutions respond to each other as if they were interchangeable. In keeping with her formalist ideology, Miss Krauss seeks to impose an order upon Miró's improvisations by discovering in them "an internal structure, based on color." But color is too fluid and subjective to sustain a "structure," and in discerning currents flowing through Miró's fields Miss Krauss simply contradicts herself. Color can become a building element only as a static quantity, whether of area or of intensity, as in the color compositions of Stella or Noland. Such measured color is effective as design, but it is alien to the idea of a field capable of "magnetizing" images out of the unconscious. In the effort to reconcile her perceptions of the mobility of Miró's figurations with her color-field ideology, Miss Krauss resorts to what can be described only as formalist theology: "The areas of lightness which open out behind these marks simultaneously underscore visually and seem to signify the meaning of the pictorial field itself: the tenuous grasp it has on its own opacity."

Miss Rowell, who in the catalogue does admirable detective work on Miró's poetic sources, and who is aware that his metaphysical sensibility differentiates his canvases from " 'color-field' paintings in the American sense," joins with Miss Krauss in expressing the fear that the Guggenheim presentation may imply a split between form and content. Yes, and it is a split that formalist scholasticism cannot heal. For if there is one thing that should have been learned from Surrealism, as from Freud, it is that the antithesis consciousness/unconsciousness, or form/imagination, upon which the Guggenheim exhibition is based, is unreal, and that it falsifies the manner in which original art is created.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

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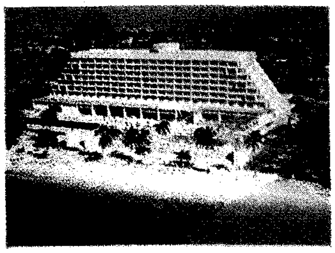

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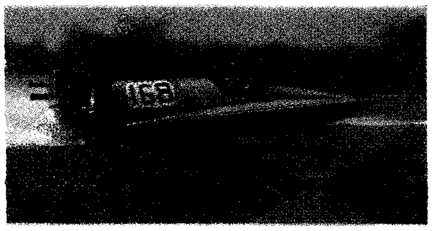

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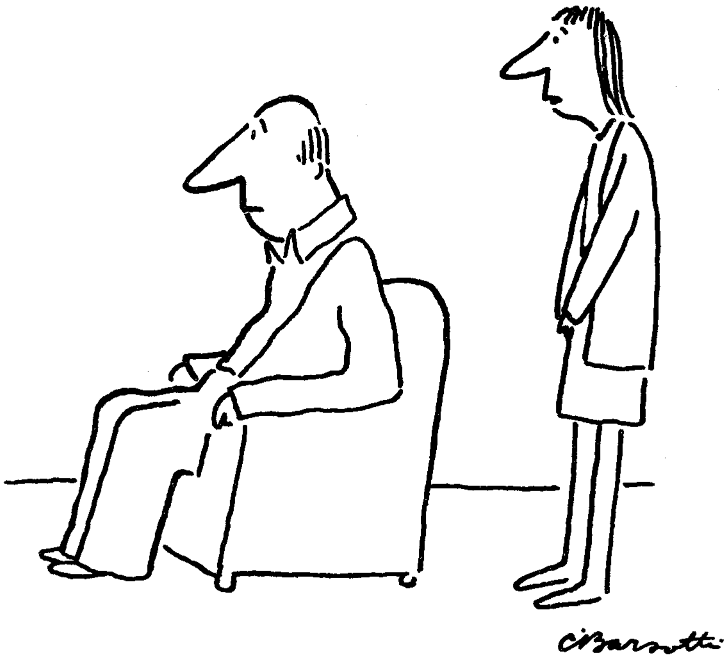
ON the central California coast, near the city of Morro Bay, there is a towering rock, almost six hundred feet high, that rises out of the water like a fortress or a castle. It is connected to the mainland by a causeway. There is just enough flat space bordering the base of the rock for an encircling road and a shallow parking lot. Fishermen go there often. Cellophane wrappers and bait cans are scattered around on the gravel. The view toward land is also depressing; docks and industrial chimneys have eaten up the shore. But the rock itself—Morro Rock—is untouched. It stands above the litter with magnificence and faces the open sea, besieged but not yet conquered.

For some years now, Morro Rock has been the scene of a curious struggle. A cleft high up in its face is the nesting place of what may be one of the last pairs of peregrine falcons that will ever nest in the state of California. Each spring, the falcons attempt to raise their young. But young falcons, because they are prized by people who pursue the sport of falconry, are worth a great deal of money, so the nestlings of Morro Rock are in constant danger of being stolen. To protect them, two citizens of Morro Bay, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Davey, maintain a vigil at the foot of the cliff while the young falcons are in the nest.

Falcons are close relatives of hawks and eagles. Among the many species of falcons, besides the peregrine, are the gyrfalcon, the lanner, the saker, and the merlin. Peregrines are about the size of a large crow, and they have a wingspread of three to four feet. They hunt other birds, swooping through the air at speeds of as much as a hundred and seventy-five miles an hour and catching their prey in flight. Their aerial skill is thrilling to watch. Falconry—the sport of hunting wild quarry with trained falcons, hawks, or eagles—originated in China at least four thousand years ago. From the East, the sport drifted to medieval Europe, where it was practiced mainly by the élite. The Holy Roman Emperor Frederick II, for instance, was an ardent falconer, and he wrote the first treatise on the subject to be published in the West. For centuries, falconry has also flourished in the Middle East. Rich sheikhs offer huge sums—sometimes thousands of dollars—for young birds stolen from nests in the wild. Though many birds of prey can be used in falconry, the peregrine falcon is a favorite with falconers, because of its fierceness and beauty in the chase and its receptiveness to training. Unfortunately, the peregrine is in great danger of becoming extinct in much of the world. Until recently, captive breeding of peregrines was considered impossible. Within the last two years, several peregrines have been reared by a biologist, Dr. Heinz Meng, of the State University of New York, but the feat is so difficult that it cannot repopulate the wild or provide birds for fanciers. Thus, stolen nestlings are the only source of birds for falconers.

Falconry began to take hold in the United States in the nineteen-thirties, when the country still had a healthy population of peregrines. It was practiced by only a few people, who were, for the most part, skilled in the handling of birds and educated in the traditions of the sport. It was a rather precious pastime, associated with the lore of the Middle Ages. The spirit of the sport was captured by the British author T. H. White in his book "The Goshawk," which described his struggle to tame a hawk—an endeavor he saw as a noble contest of wills. Since only a few Americans had ever heard of this esoteric and exacting sport, the effect of falconry on the falcon population in those days was negligible.

In the nineteen-sixties, the United States suddenly became aware of falconry. Sports and pastimes that had once been confined to small, special groups were being discovered by the disseminators of popular culture and turned into mass merchandise. The outdoors, nature, and animals proved to be marketable. Among other things, there was a tremendous demand for wildlife subjects suitable for films. One of those selected, by Walt Disney, was falconry. Walt Disney Productions made two television films dealing with hawks and eagles. Since the T. H. White medieval-mystique approach was hardly likely to go over with a general audience, Disney presented a sentimental picture of the taming of a bird of prey, suggesting that any twelve-year-old boy could turn one into a faithful pal—something like a collie with wings—and practice the sport of sheikhs and princes. These films were shown several times on network television, and they had the same effect on the falcon population that Mrs. Kennedy's leopard coat had on spotted cats. Falconry, or what was thought to be falconry, caught on. Young would-be falconers robbed nests and bought and sold falcons. News that the birds brought prices in the hundreds of dollars inspired nest robbers whose only intent was to make a quick profit. Newspapers carried Sunday feature stories that glamorized falconry as a clean and romantic outdoor sport. Young men were photographed squinting into Marlboro Country with falcons perched on their leather-girt wrists. Because training a falcon to return is a long and difficult task, many of the captive falcons never flew; their owners simply carried them around to attract admiring attention. The birds became a cult emblem. Many falcon owners were unskilled at keeping birds, and many falcons died tethered to dirty perches in suburban back yards. Other birds—including some that were not falcons but had been



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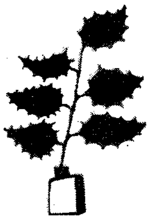
mistaken for them by the uninitiated—were brought, half dead, to museums and zoos.

Although the falcon craze has had a serious effect on the peregrine population of the United States, it was not falconry that did the birds in. Rather, it was DDT. This chemical breaks down into a substance known as DDE, which causes a hormone disturbance in birds that prevents the formation of a normal eggshell. The eggs of most species will hatch if their shells are as much as eighty per cent of the normal thickness; any thinner than that, they usually break in the nest. Peregrine falcons were the first birds in this country to reach that fatal level. Owing to their feeding habits, they accumulated DDE more rapidly than other birds. DDE moves up the food chain, being passed along by each organism to the one above, and it becomes increasingly concentrated in the process. Peregrines, preying on other birds, are at the top of the chain. During the nineteen-fifties and early sixties, peregrines gradually vanished from all the agricultural areas of the United States. In addition, they no longer nest on the East Coast and are almost gone from the West Coast. Steven Herman, a naturalist from the University of California at Davis, who searched all known nesting places in California three years ago, found only ten peregrines, including two nesting pairs.



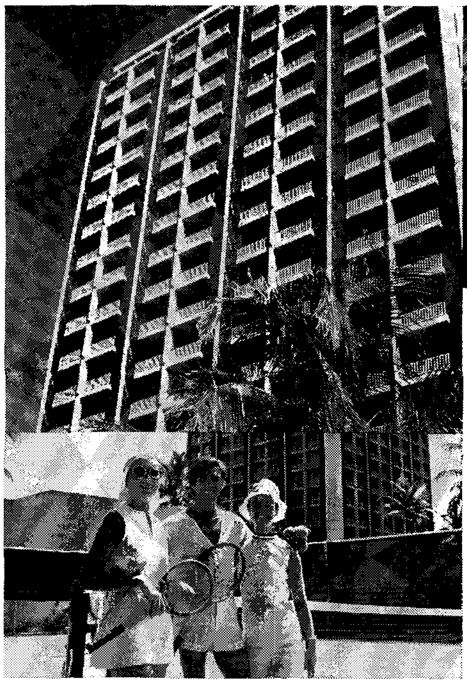
THE Morro Bay falcons came to the attention of biologists in 1967, when Dr. Monte Kirven, of the San Diego Natural History Museum, heard of them. Dr. Kirven has a passionate interest in falconry, on the pre-Disney level, and keeps in touch with people who own birds. He was surreptitiously tipped off by a falconer that a falcon nest on Morro Rock which had been inactive for years was now occupied. Dr. Kirven went to Morro Rock in the spring of that year and spotted two nestlings. Since these young birds seemed to represent one of the few hopes for the survival of peregrines in California, the biologist sought a way to guard the nest. He got in touch with the local Audubon Society, which asked its members to volunteer for guard duty. About twenty came forward—among them Vernon and May Davey, of Morro Bay, who thus entered upon what has turned out to be one of the most extraordinary ordeals, emotional and physical, in the annals of bird-watching. Vernon Davey is a tall, thin man of sixty, not robust, who has retired after a lifetime of working as a marketing consultant for the Pillsbury Company. He is reserved, and seems gentle but resolute. His wife, a tall, pretty woman in her fifties, speaks quickly and openly, sometimes with rushes of feeling. Until they volunteered to help guard the falcons, neither had spent much time with birds; they had only recently joined the Audubon Society.

In 1967, the Morro Bay falcons nested on a ledge about three-quarters of the way up the face of the rock. From the parking lot below, it was possible to see the gleaming, gray-white breast feathers of the birds as they took turns sitting on the nest. The Audubon Society volunteers stationed themselves in the parking lot and watched the nest in shifts, day and night. It takes falcons three months to raise a brood, so the watchers were prepared for a long siege. There was already a state law against robbing a falcon nest, but, as further protection, the watchers succeeded in getting a State Park ordinance passed that prohibited the climbing of Morro Rock for any purpose. (Morro Rock is part of Morro Bay State Park, which was established to preserve the wetlands on that part of the coast.) During the weeks of the vigil, two birds hatched. The watchers turned away several climbers by threatening to call the police. Unhappily, one of the young birds died in the nest, but the other one lived and flew off into the world. All concerned felt that the effort had been worthwhile.

The next spring, the falcons returned and nested again. From their choice of the same nesting site and their appearance and habits, the Daveys assumed that they were the same pair. Again, a guard was organized. Mr. and Mrs. Davey, though they had begun as the novices of the group, became its most devoted members. Both began to have strong feelings about the importance of protecting the nest. What they saw as the birds' brave effort to carry on against overwhelming odds touched them deeply. Dr. Robert Risebrough, a biologist at the University of California at Berkeley, who had also become interested in the fate of the Morro Bay falcons, suggested that they watch the nest with binoculars and keep detailed notes of everything that went on as the birds incubated and then brooded their young. The Daveys found these observations fascinating, and they were stirred by the beauty of the birds. Dr. Risebrough came down from time to time to look over the notes. He urged the Daveys to keep on, pointing out that since this might be the last chance to observe peregrine falcons in the Western states, the Daveys' records could have future scientific value. Dr. Risebrough told them that there was a chance—a very slim chance—that DDT levels would go down in California in time for peregrines to survive through these birds. The Daveys and their fellow-watchers continued to guard the nest twenty-four hours a day.

In June of 1968, three birds hatched. The Daveys were delighted. One of the young died several weeks after leaving the nest, of unknown causes, but the two remaining birds survived. Once the young were flying, Dr. Risebrough and Dr. Kirven climbed the rock and examined the nest. (The cliff, though it looks formidable, is not difficult for an experienced climber.) The expedition enabled them to solve the mystery of why this particular pair of peregrines was able to produce viable eggs. From the bones scattered on the ledge, they learned that these falcons were subsisting on doves rather than on sea birds. Doves, because they are seed eaters, are less heavily contaminated with pesticides than fish-eating birds, so the peregrines had escaped the level of poisoning that causes fatally thin eggshells.

The next year, the pair of falcons returned to the rock in March and nested in the accustomed spot. The vigil was resumed. Mrs. Davey, in charge of arranging the schedule, found that the other club members were losing interest, and it became easier for her and her husband to do the whole job themselves than to round up others. Late one afternoon, while the eggs were still being laid, a bad storm blew up. Mr. and Mrs. Davey decided that no one would be likely to climb the rock in a gale and went home for the night. The next day, they couldn't get back to the rock. Local contractors had moved in and closed off the causeway. The Daveys learned, with dismay, that the city needed rock rubble to repair a road washout nearby, and the contractors were blasting from the face of the cliff, just below the falcon nest. With the help of searchlights, the blasting went on around the clock. Dr. Isaac Farfel, a retired dentist from New York City, who shared the Daveys' feeling about the birds, complained to the Department of State Parks and Recreation in Sacramento. He got nowhere. From their home, more than a mile from the rock, the Daveys could hear the incessant, rumbling detonations. After



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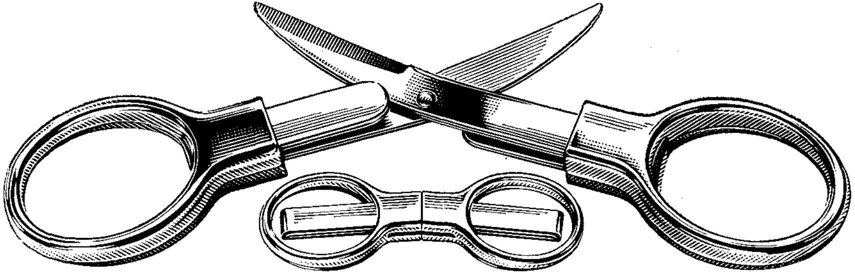

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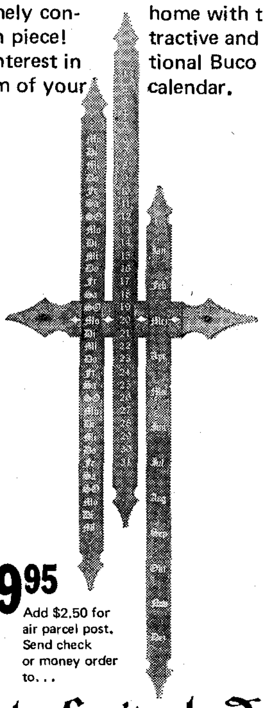

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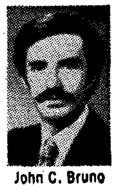

ten days, the contractors took down the barricades and went away. Mr. and Mrs. Davey hurried to the rock. The birds had left the nest and moved to a new site, on the opposite side of the rock. They seemed to be unharmed, and to be nesting again. The Daveys resumed guard duty.

Within a few days, it became clear that the female peregrine was behaving strangely. "I could sense that there was something wrong," Mrs. Davey told a friend recently, recalling the scene. "You watch these birds and they become almost part of you, you know them so well. There was something different in the way the female behaved. I said to my husband, 'That bird isn't well.' The poor tiercel—that's the male—fretted at her. He kept trying to get her to eat, and she wouldn't." A day or two later, on Easter morning, Mrs. Davey arrived to hear the male screaming. She looked up and saw the female lying on the ledge. It was obvious from the way her body was sprawled, with the wind ruffling her feathers, that she was dead. Mrs. Davey wept.

The behavior of the male bird was dramatic, Vernon Davey says. "It seemed as if he didn't know what he was doing. He yelled and screamed and flew around. He attacked the cormorants, who also nest on the rock—something he had never done before, except in play. He would fly out over the ocean and attack gulls. And he kept calling to the female. It was terrible to watch." Davey called Dr. Risebrough, and he and Steven Herman hurried down to Morro Bay, arriving at three-thirty in the morning. At dawn, they all went to the cliff, and found that the dead bird had fallen from the ledge to the foot of the rock. Dr. Risebrough took the body back to his laboratory. An autopsy showed that the falcon had died of a rupture of the oviduct.

The male peregrine hung around the cliff through the fall, and the Daveys checked up on him from time to time. Sometimes he disappeared for a few days, and they surmised that he was searching for another mate—without success. He didn't leave the rock until December. The Daveys hoped that the male would find a female during his winter wandering, but when he reappeared, in the spring of 1970, he was still alone. He stayed at the rock all summer, in futile solitude, and left, according to falcon custom, in the fall.

THE next spring, a pair of peregrines arrived and nested on the cliff. The Daveys were not sure whether it was the original male with a new mate or, perhaps, a pair formed from the young fledged in 1967 and 1968. In any case, the Daveys happily resumed their guard duty. The year before, after the nesting period had ended, they had bought a camper, and now they returned with it to the parking lot at the base of the cliff. They lived there during the week and returned to their house on the weekends, when three college boys from Los Angeles took over the vigil. Guard duty turned out to be very necessary. Although the Daveys had made every effort to keep the nest a secret, it was apparent that news of it was circulating among falconers. Falconry is in a strange twilight situation. It is illegal to capture a peregrine in this country, but it is not illegal to possess one. Falconers in California are registered with the State Fish and Game Department. The birds they keep are presumably taken from some place such as India or Spain, where the species still survives and capture is not illegal. Falconers profess to love falcons, and yet the scarcer they become the more remorselessly the falconers pursue them. Mr. and Mrs. Davey find this hard to understand. As they had in 1967 and 1968, they frustrated a number of attempts to rob the nest. Davey got so he could smell a falconer, he says. Anyone who came and stood around looking up at the cliff was suspect. Davey took to glancing into parked cars. If he saw ropes or climbing gear, he would ask the owner about his intentions. Some climbers admitted what they were up to, and when Davey told them, in his mild way, that he would have to have them arrested, they gave up and went away. Other frustrated nest robbers grew abusive and drove away yelling curses and threats. The Daveys felt that robbers were most likely to strike on moonlit nights or just at dawn. Either Mr. or Mrs. Davey was always dressed and alert at those times.

Thanks to these precautions, the nesting proceeded as it should, and by late May the Daveys knew that there

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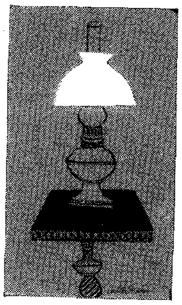
were three young birds. A visitor to the Daveys' sentry post one day in early June found Davey sitting on a boulder near the camper with a spyglass and a notebook in his lap. He handed over the glass and showed the visitor how to follow the seams in the rock until the nest came into view. Near the top of the cliff, in a shallow, cavelike recess, a bird with a dark head and dark wings could be seen sitting immobile. A strong onshore wind ruffled the silvery breast feathers. "That's the male," Davey said. "The female is off hunting."

Mrs. Davey came out of the camper, where she had been making coffee. "Listen," she said after a minute. "I hear the female. She's coming." Before the bird was visible there was a high, thin, eerie cry—a pure note, very urgent, repeated over and over. The cry became louder, and suddenly the bird was soaring round and round just above the parking lot. It rode the strong wind with terrific speed, gliding along the face of the cliff and then veering off, while continuing to call. After half a dozen passes, it landed on the ledge, and the male took off, launching himself into the wind and sailing away.

"Aren't they beautiful?" Davey asked, smiling proudly.

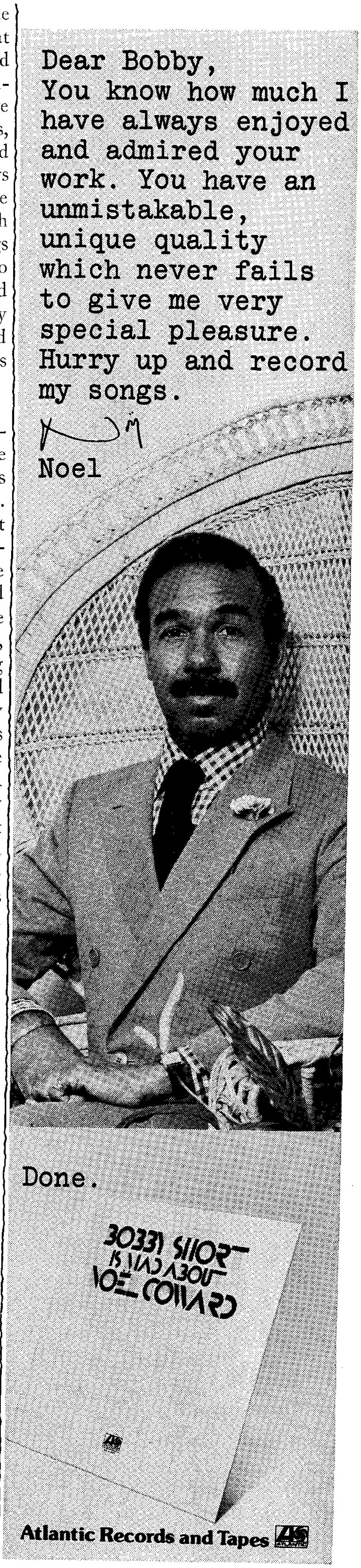
"I know we must seem like crazy people, sitting here for three months to protect a couple of birds," Mrs. Davey said. "But it seems so urgent. I've always been for the underdog, I guess, but the peregrine is more than that. Rationally, I know that the situation is hopeless. There are just too many things working against them—DDT, falconers, everything. But I can't give up. I think it has to do with my feeling that everything we love, everything beautiful and natural in the world, is being taken away. These birds are so wonderful. It's hard to explain, but anyone who watched them and really got to know them would feel the same. Vernon and I do sometimes think of giving up. Three months in a camper *is* a long time. But then we think of how we'd feel if something happened to them just because we weren't here, and we keep on."



On June 6th, a few days after this visit, the young birds began to fly. The first of them to leave the nest gave the Daveys a bad scare. It fluttered along the cliff face, fell into a crevice, and disappeared. Davey called the Morro Bay State Park headquarters for help. The ranger there said he would be unable to come until the next day. The Daveys spent an unhappy night, but at dawn they found that the bird had somehow extricated itself. It was perching on the ledge, and the parents were feeding it. During the next few days, the two other young falcons launched themselves successfully. The Daveys guarded them for a week or so, while the young falcons gathered strength and daring. At first, the fledglings were clumsy and had to struggle to stay airborne. Their parents continued to feed and encourage them. Soon they were able to do acrobatics in the air and to take food from their parents' talons on the wing.

THIS year, the pair of falcons returned to the rock in the middle of March and began nesting, but things had changed unhappily for the Daveys. Mr. Davey was not well. The all-night watches the year before had been exhausting, and he didn't feel able to take them up again. The Daveys appealed for volunteers to help out, but no one came forward. With many misgivings, they adopted a schedule of watching only during the daylight hours. All went well until Monday, May 8th. By that time, two three-week-old birds were in the nest. The Daveys left the rock about 5 P.M. and went home. A man named Ronald Garret, who knew of the nest, was on the waterfront that evening, and just at dusk he saw a man's figure on top of the rock, silhouetted against the sky. "The man was holding out his arms like a cross, and the birds were swooping in a frenzy around him," Garret said later. Garret called Howard Martin, a Fish and Game Department warden, who called the police. They arrived within a few minutes, and found two young men descending the rock. They were from towns about thirty miles south of Morro Bay. Both denied having touched the falcons. They were charged with illegally climbing the rock and fined a hundred and fifty dollars apiece.

The next morning, Martin and a couple of colleagues climbed the rock to check on the two young birds. The nest was empty. On top of the rock were two climbing pitons and a litter of cigarette butts and candy wrappers. Since the two men descending the rock had been empty-handed when they were caught, the police suspected that a third man had slipped away in the darkness carrying the birds. The Fish and Game Department met with members of the California Hawking Club and asked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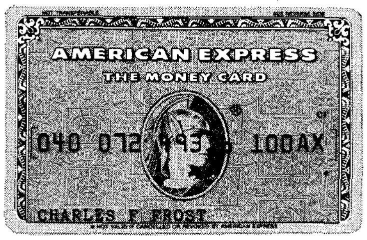

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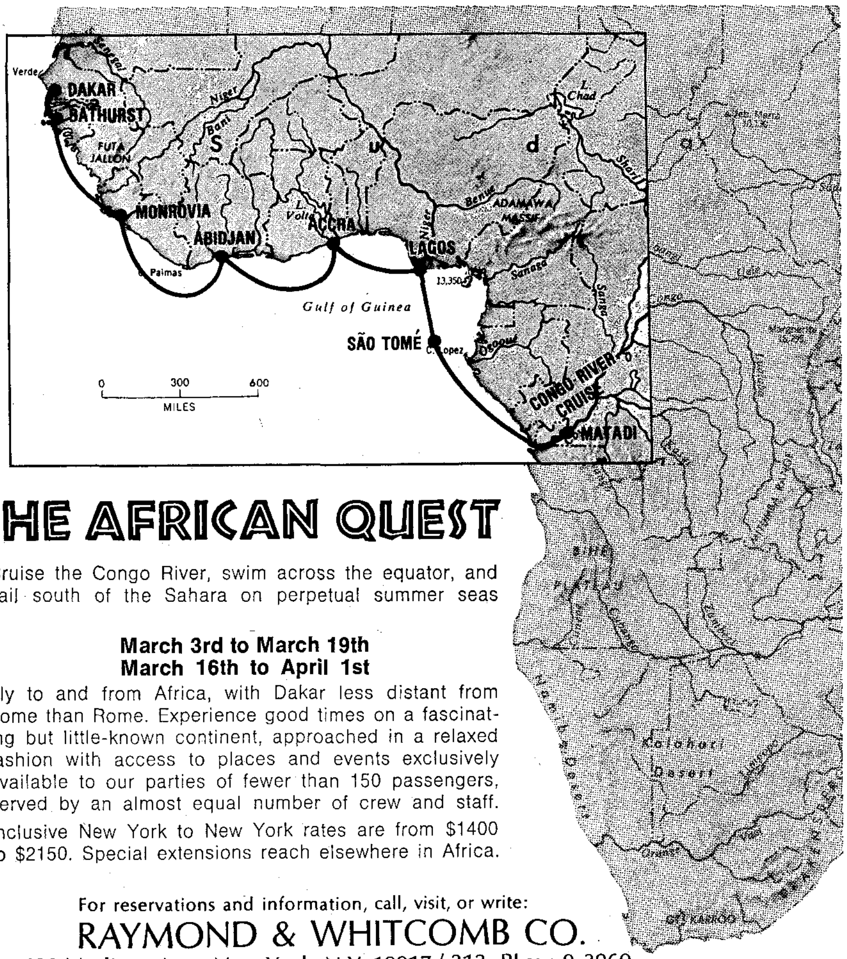

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them to get word to whoever had the birds that they must be returned. At midnight, the Morro Bay police got an anonymous call informing them that the nestlings could be found in a bag near the rock. Martin and the police went to the rock and, after an hour's search, found the young birds. They brought them to the Daveys at two in the morning. The young birds were in good shape and accepted food. They looked like balls of white fluff with huge dark eyes. Early Wednesday morning, Martin and a Hawking Club member named Bryan Walton climbed the rock and put the two birds back in the nest. The Daveys waited below, wondering whether the parents would accept the young birds. After a few hours, the female brought them a meal, and all seemed well.

Thursday passed uneventfully. The Daveys stayed at their post all day and left at dark. The next morning, the Daveys went to the rock at daybreak and encountered a man leaving the parking lot in a Volkswagen. As the morning wore on, they realized that the parent birds were not bringing food to the nest. They felt dreadfully afraid that something had gone wrong. At nightfall, they alerted Captain Hugh Thomas, the Fish and Game Department's supervisor for the central coast area. He climbed the rock and surprised a young man about to descend with climbing gear and a walkie-talkie. Waiting for him below in a Volkswagen was a friend with a matching walkie-talkie. Again, the nest was empty. The two young men denied having taken the birds. They were, however, charged with having attempted to do so, and with illegal climbing, and were released for a later hearing. In September, they were convicted of illegal climbing but acquitted on the charge of attempting to steal the birds.

This time, the baby peregrines were not returned. The police do not know who took them. In spite of the deep discouragement the Daveys feel, they intend to round up help for a new vigil next spring. They are waiting anxiously for the falcons to nest again.

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BOOKS

Edmund Wilson

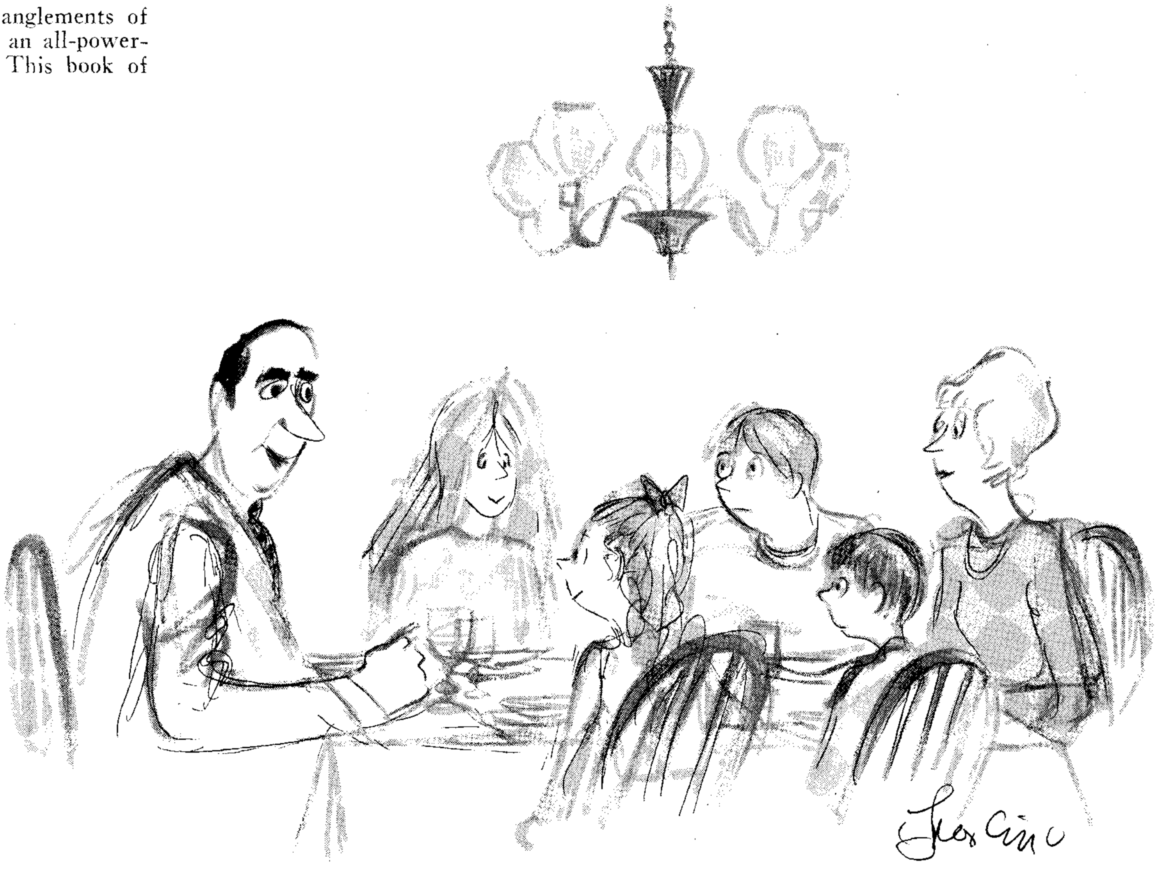
After thirty-two years, Edmund Wilson's "To the Finland Station" has been reissued by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, with an introduction written by him not much more than a year ago. The book seems to me to have become crisper, in some mysterious way, in the long interval, to have moved away from topical domestic hopes into the classic condition and to be Wilson's most enlarging work. I cannot think of any other American historical essay so fine in texture, at any rate, in this century. What did Wilson himself think of it? He understood its roots in the agitations of the thirties. Authors are usually their own exact critics.

> It is all too easy to idealize a social upheaval which takes place in some other country than one's own. . . . The remoteness of Russia from the West evidently made it even easier for American socialists and liberals to imagine that the Russian Revolution was to get rid of an oppressive past, to scrap a commercial civilization, and to found, as Trotsky prophesied, the first really human society. We were very naïve about this. We did not foresee that the new Russia must contain a good deal of the old Russia: censorship, secret police, the entanglements of bureaucratic incompetence, an all-powerful and brutal autocracy. This book of mine assumes throughout that an important step in progress . . . had occurred, that nothing in our human history would ever be the same.

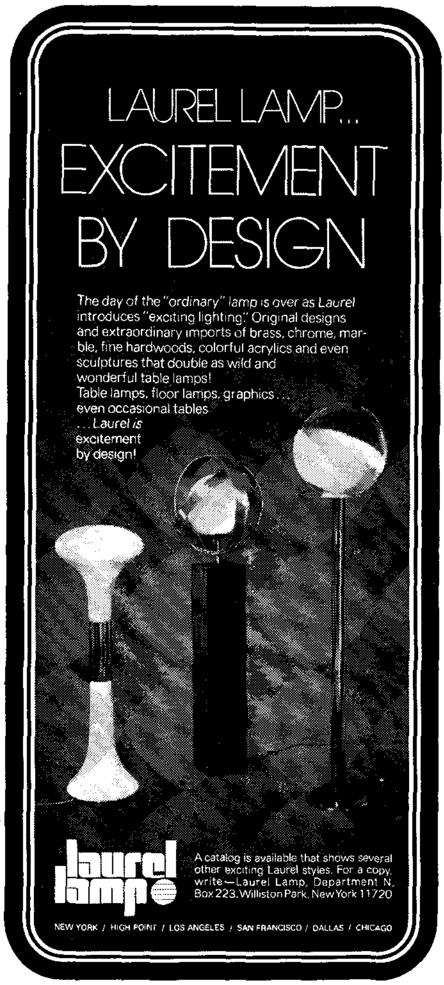
Now, with a changed mind, Wilson writes that the book is at least a basically reliable account of what reformers, revolutionary theorists, and conspirators in Europe, and eventually in Russia, "thought they were doing" in the nineteenth century in the interests of " 'a better world.' " His precise criticisms are that he undoubtedly underrated the vigorous persistence of the French Socialist tradition and sinned in leaving out Jaurès and Zola, and that his dislike of the Abbé Coignard and Le Petit Pierre made him underrate the Anatole France of the "Histoire Contemporaine" and "Les Dieux Ont Soif." I myself would have said that there is rather much of the gourmet in Anatole France's manner when he dwells on the sexual sadism of massacre. A Goya saw terror as open nightmare: the fact that violence devours its children was neither a metaphor nor a psychological conceit to the Spaniard; in the indignation of Anatole France there is always a smell of tooled leather. As for the charge that Wilson was too amiable to Lenin, Wilson admits that the critics have some grounds for saying this, but he had had, at the time, only the accounts authorized by the Soviet government. With that truly Wilsonian appetite for new documents, he now adds several views of Lenin by people who knew him. He quotes a long passage from Pyotr Struve, a Russian contemporary, who said that in his attitude to his fellow-men Lenin "breathed coldness, contempt, and cruelty." This was bound up with his love of power. Another writer, recounting what he knew of the decision to kill the Czar and his family, said:

> In the intellectual circles of the Party there probably were misgivings and shakings of heads. But the masses of workers and soldiers had not a minute's doubt. They would not have understood and would not have accepted any other decision. *This* Lenin sensed well. The ability to think and feel for and with the masses was characteristic of him to the highest degree, especially at the great political turning points.

Wilson's attentions to his critics are proper in their way, but not so very relevant; after all, the book ends with Lenin's dramatic arrival in Leningrad—a story told with all Wilson's glinting exactness—and says almost nothing about the Revolution itself. The originality of "To the Finland Station" lies not in its direct narrative or in its factuality but in its study of the writing and acting of history. The task Wilson sets himself is to follow the devious yet constantly renewed threads in the texture of conspiracy. His people and their actions are born when their minds make their act of discovery. So Vico, the modest Italian scholar, who finds his academic career blocked because of his humble origins and because he is thought to be a crank, is driven into the wilderness, where he discovers the subversive idea that society is organic: "I speak of this incontestable



"Beginning with Susan and moving counter-clockwise, let's each repeat the most profound remark we heard spoken today. Sue?"



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truth: the social world is certainly the work of men." This is in 1725. Then there is a leap to 1824, when Michelet, the son of a poor printer persecuted by Napoleon, finds Vico's name in a translator's note and—in brisk Wilsonian phrase—"immediately set out to learn Italian." History is born, and here, with Michelet as master, Wilson has half his method and strikes his subject. Michelet said that he dashed off his "Introduction to Universal History" when he was fresh from "the burning pavements" of Paris and the workers' riots before Charles X abdicated, in 1830, and in the fervent chapters on Michelet's life and work one can see how much of Wilson's method was extracted and adapted from the historian. One main difference between Michelet's method and the method of the ordinary historian, Wilson says, is this:

> The ordinary historian knows what is going to happen in the course of his historical narrative, because he knows what has really happened, but Michelet is able to put us back at upper stages of the stream of time, so that we grope with the people of the past themselves, share their heroic faiths, are dismayed by their unexpected catastrophes, feel, for all our knowledge of after-the-event, that we do *not* know precisely what is coming. Michelet responds with the sensitivity of a poet to every change of tempo, movement, or scope, and he develops an infinitely varied technique to register different phases. . . . To give us a final symbol for the monarchy, Michelet has only to describe without comment the expense and the clumsy complication of the great waterworks at Marly which make the Versailles fountains play and which fill the air for miles around with their agonized creakings and groanings.

Wilson was no poet; he was a humane critic, but how closely his thinking method follows what in Michelet was learnedly emotional.

So, in Wilson's powerful essay, Michelet the historian is seen as a character playing a personal and creative part himself in history. He is a human continuation of it. Very early on in the book, we see him as both man and symbol. There he stands for us—the laborious and fervid son of a printer worshipping his father's printing press itself. It might be some allegorical object out of Balzac. The press represents enlightenment and liberty. When Napoleon's police took the whole family off to jail and put the seals on the machine, "the incident caused Jules such anguish that he afterwards made a stipulation in his will that his wife should not be obliged to seal his coffin." When Wilson moves on to Renan, Taine, France, and, briefly, to the Symbolists, in order to show the ossification of the once Romantic impulse, the biographical detail links their thinking to their lives. And biography plays a major part as his grand examination of Babeuf, Marx, Engels, Bakunin, Lassalle, Lenin, and Trotsky expands.

It is amusingly typical of Wilson that he should turn to one of Meredith's novels for an oblique glance at Lassalle.

Wilson was not, in the academic sense, a scholar or historian. He was an enormous reader, one of those readers who are perpetually on the scent from book to book. He was the old-style man of letters, but galvanized and with the iron of purpose in him. He was proud of his journalistic alacrity, and of the gift of combining symphonic effects with those of "no comment." One has read dozens of books about the development of Socialist thought; one's mind is a sort of photograph album of the riots, risings, and coups d'état: Wilson takes this for granted. He brings us something else: intimacy with the makers. He is a critic in whom history is broken up into minds. And despite the awkwardness of his prose, he is a coherent artist in the architecture of his subject. I mean that he is an artist—this is evident in so much of his writing—in the sense that he is a man possessed. Give him his subject and it fuses with his whole person, as if something like Mesmer's famous magnetic fluid had flowed into him. The effect is all the stronger because he is not exalted; he is, indeed, phlegmatic, as if his whole idea were a matter of grasp. He is as penetrating and as summary as the lawyer or the doctor (there is a good deal of both in him): skeptical, pungent, even dry as he surveys the evidence. Then the artist blows and puts the glow of life into it, and the critic sets the perspective. An egotist himself, he understands that the egotism of his conspirators is a passion and a fate.

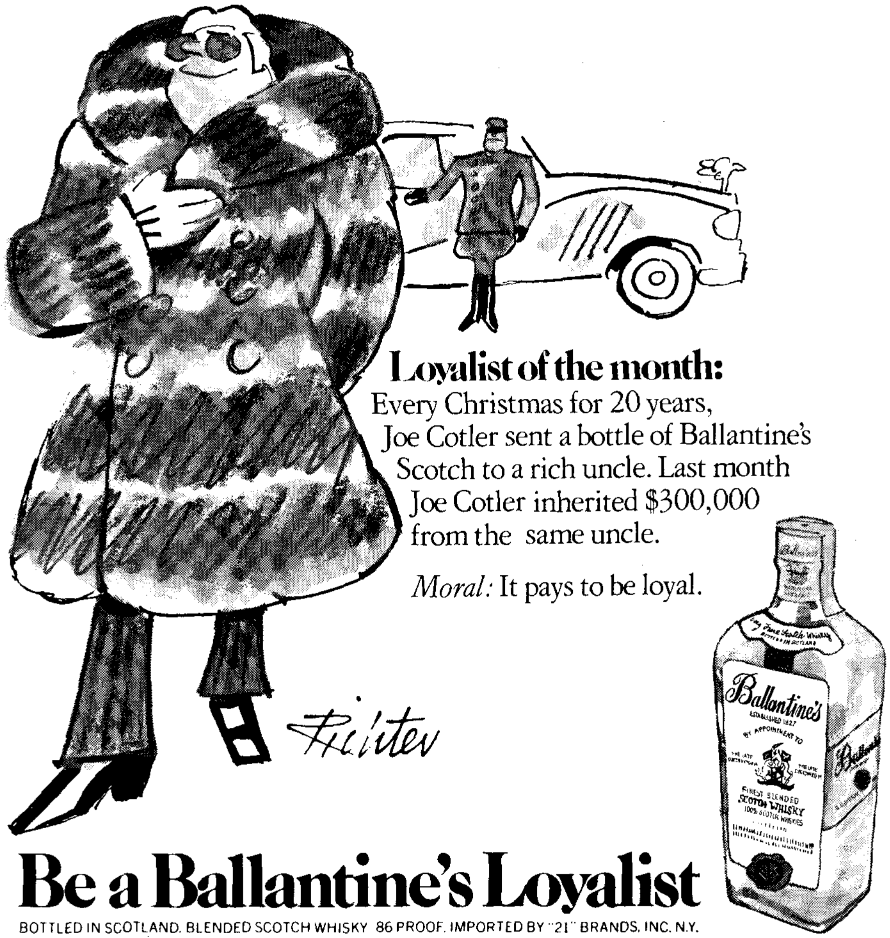
This is what gives his long, argued portraits of Marx and Engels their supreme and moving place in the book. Here, in fact, are Micheletlike figures who do not know what will happen, and who had actually thought of Russia as a bugbear. Being Germans, Marx and Engels had a cultivated contempt for the Slavs. Marx had pinned his hopes on "Das Kapital's" being published in English. It was not published in England in his lifetime, yet from England he had drawn a huge part of his evidence, and when he heard of the Russian translation he complained that the Russians "always run after the most extreme ideas that the West has to offer." How tenderly, but without infatuation, Wilson follows the devotion of Engels to Marx's overwhelming labors. Marx felt that he was borne down by an incubus. Wilson's criticism is searching, but not destructive; it enlarges our sense of the intellectual and human drama of Marx's life: both his morbid personal hatreds *and* his idealizing of necessity are organically part of a passion. Even the boils, the carbuncles, the rheumatism, the enlarged liver, the markedly sadistic metaphors of his prose, his guilt—all are part of the struggle. Marx groaned that he was a non-God-fearing Job. There is a background of myth and even of mysticism in the elusive and supposedly scientific idea of the Dialectic, the mystery of the Trinity reborn. Wilson goes on to write:

> No: he is not so god-fearing. He sees himself also as "Old Nick," the Goethean spirit that denies. Yet Old Nick is not the right symbol either: this Devil has been twisted and racked.... It is Prometheus who remains his favorite hero; for Prometheus is a Satan who suffers, a Job who never assents; and, unlike either Job or Satan, he brings liberation to mankind. Prometheus turns up in "Das Kapital" (in Chapter 23) to represent the proletariat chained to capital. The Light-Bringer was tortured, we remember, by Zeus's eagle's tearing, precisely, his liver, as Karl Marx himself—who is said to have reread Aeschylus every year—was obsessed by the fear that his liver would be eaten, like his father's, by cancer. And yet, if it is a devouring bird which Father Zeus has sent against the rebel, it is also a devourer, a destroyer, fire, which Prometheus has brought to man. And in the meantime the deliverer is never delivered; the slayer never rises from the grave. The resurrection, although certain, is not yet; for the expropriators are yet to be expropriated.

But before Wilson goes on to inquire into the failure of Marx's drastic dogma when it meets the resilience of advanced industrial societies, he reminds us that the importance of a book depends on the depths from which it is drawn:

> Only so sore and angry a spirit, so ill at ease in the world, could have recognized and seen into the causes of the wholesale mutilation of humanity, the grim collisions, the uncomprehended convulsions, to which that age of great profits was doomed.

Michelet, Wilson says, had tried to relive the past as an artistic creation—



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an attempt that was to make a strong impression on Proust—and had seen history break the pattern. Would Lenin be able to impose not an artistic pattern but one of political direction? Of all the Marxists, Lenin was least in love with prophetic visions. ("Theoretical classification doesn't matter now.") And there, artistically, Wilson's symphony comes to an end, not with a crescendo or a crash of cymbals but, rather, leaving us to move out of biography, impression, the books, the quarrels and arguments of the long conspiracy, to the frightful territory where history, like nature, is red in tooth and claw. The Wilson of 1940 thought that we must not be surprised if later events were not to be "amenable" to the pattern either of the vision or of practice. In 1971, Wilson, the battered liberal, *is* surprised at the appearance of "one of the most hideous tyrannies that the world had ever known."

"To the Finland Station" is perhaps the only book on the grand scale to come out of the thirties—in either England or America. It contains to a novel degree the human history of an argument, from its roots to its innumerable branches, domestic and emotional. It comes from a mind that is divided between something like an obsession with record for its own sake and the drastic habit of imposing a personal emotion. Yet, in the writing, simply because of a profound instinct of an imagination that has lived in the sun of art and is unrepentant, fed by the intuitions and idiosyncrasies of the artist, the book is lifted, with a thinking excitement, from the ground. Again and again its sudden queer asides, its touches of vernacular pugnacity, its minuteness, and—for that matter—its shrewdness, piety, and good will mark it as deeply American. Even in style it is democratic, in the sense that this distinguished man will not for long allow one phrase to be better than another; the whole argument, as in narrative, must be plain-spoken, and cogent. The histories of conspiracy have often attracted the rival angers of the orthodox and the fanatic or the dismissive wit of irony; none of these authors, in my recollection, emphasize, as Wilson does, that at the core of the history of the nineteenth century there is intellectual anguish, often ugly with the pain and vanity of human nature; if Europe was a brilliant assembly of courts and salons, with their commanding intellects, it was also—for the masses—half hospital, and in Russia almost all hospital. Wilson reminds us that Chekhov's "Ward No. 6" had a devastating effect on the mind of the young Lenin. It is because it never loses sight of the pain gnawing at the heart of the human conscience that Wilson's discursive record, untouched by rhetoric, achieves pages one can only call noble.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SOMEWHERE ELSE, by Robert Kotlowitz (Charterhouse). Mr. Kotlowitz looks at an important movement in modern Jewish history: the pre-First World War migration of individuals and families from Eastern Europe to London and thence to America—or, in some cases, thence to Palestine (in the Zionist cause) or back to Eastern Europe (in the cause of revolution). The central character is an unexceptional young man, Mendel, who leaves his home in provincial Poland, studies the cantor's art in Warsaw, works in London as a jeweller's messenger and then as a musical trouper, becomes involved with a Gentile girl, and, in general, serves as the author's eyes and ears for exploring the period. Though limited in its intentions, this long, densely detailed novel convincingly transports us to another time and place.

THE LEMON, by Mohammed Mrabet, translated from the Moghrebi and edited by Paul Bowles (McGraw-Hill). This short novel starts out as an innocuous-seeming tale of a young Moroccan boy who is cast out of his home and forced to fend for himself. His experience of the world includes working in a café, smoking kif, conversing with a cheerful lady of the streets (who perhaps too closely resembles other fictional ladies of the streets), and, mainly, coming to terms with a dissolute man who gives him a room to sleep in. The threat of a sexual attack by the man on the boy hangs over the story and grows by very small steps until the rather grisly ending. A surprisingly effective book.

GENERAL

THE ELIZABETHAN RENAISSANCE: THE CULTURAL ACHIEVEMENT, by A. L. Rowse (Scribners). This volume completes Mr. Rowse's writings on the Elizabethan age, which must surely be among our time's liveliest and most attractive histories. His chief virtue is his direct and personal confrontation with the past; he quotes a source here, turns a phrase there, and never writes with

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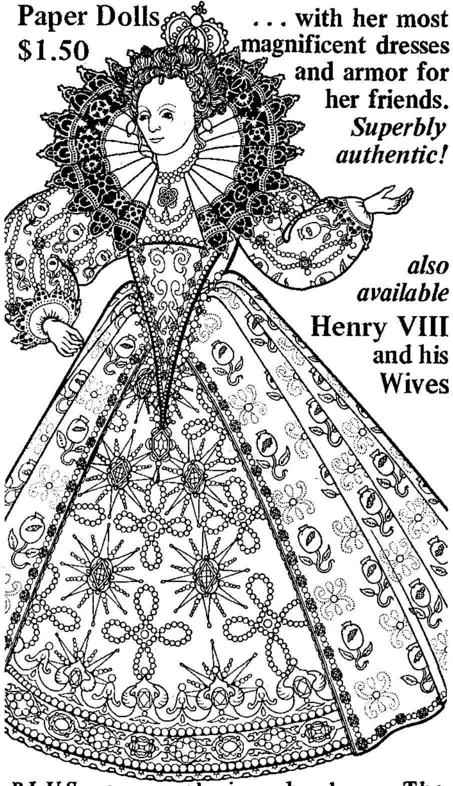

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less than his all. "We need not go into any further detail," he says, discussing certain theological controversies. "When one has read a score of these books one has read a hundred, all repeating the same arguments, similar abuse and insults, going over the same ground, trudging the wearisome treadmill. It is all dead rubbish." The burgeoning of Elizabethan drama, the formation of the English language, the spread and accomplishments of English music—these are some of the *living* things he notes, savors, and places in perspective. There are also chapters on architecture, painting, the domestic arts (costumes, furniture, etc.), and science, and a fascinating discussion of Elizabethan medicine. England, receiving ideas and patterns from the Continent, and repaying with great works of drama and music, was moving to the fore of nations.

THE HIDDEN INJURIES OF CLASS, by Richard Sennett and Jonathan Cobb (Knopf). The authors, two young social scientists, report their investigations into the ways in which manual workers—most of them whites of foreign extraction and most of them men—feel wounded or devalued by their place in American society. The raw material came from a hundred and fifty interviews in the Boston area, and it may be that the authors are attempting to build too large generalizations on too numerically small a foundation. Nonetheless, their work is subtle, refined, and sympathetic. It is an excellent example of social-science work in which the authors do not pretend impartiality but state their values and allow their readers to learn from their findings and argue with their conclusions.

DIANE ARBUS (Aperture). A man wearing a bra and stockings, a middle-aged nudist couple in their Middle America living room, "a Jewish giant at home with his parents in the Bronx," a widow sitting among her garish chinoiserie, demented people playing in the grass, a hermaphrodite with a dog are some of the images in this collection of photographs. The late Diane Arbus sought out pain, ugliness, and disorder, and looked at it harder than probably any other photographer has done. "The more specific you are, the more general it'll be," she says in the introduction (made up of excerpts from lectures, interviews, and writings), and the specificity of these photographs is what invests them with their special power and horror. Of the freaks that she had been drawn to throughout her career, Mrs. Arbus said, "Most people go through life dreading they'll have a traumatic experience. Freaks were born with their trauma. They've already passed their test in life. They're aristocrats." And this may be why the most disturbing photographs in the book are not those of the freaks but those of the "normal" people—the Westchester couple on their lawn, the Brooklyn family on an outing, the elderly couple on a park bench, the twins in smock dresses—whom we have all seen before, we are startled to realize, and whose anxiety is our own. Fifteen dollars.

LOUISE NEVELSON, by Arnold B. Glimcher (Praeger). This worshipful "appreciation" of the seventy-three-year-old artist's career once again demonstrates that "a flattering mouth worketh ruin." The author is Mrs. Nevelson's friend and dealer, and they have known each other well, he says, for over a decade. Despite this inside track, Mr. Glimcher was clearly unable to cope with the artist's habit of rewriting her own history, or, as he puts it, "discarding facts, rearranging chronology," and making a "collage" of her life. He is on surer ground when he traces the development of her work from the flower drawings of her childhood, in Rockland, Maine, to her complex painted walls and sculpture houses. But even this critique, if it can be called that, deafens the reader with cheers. Admirers of Mrs. Nevelson's work may still welcome this book for its ninety-three excellent illustrations, twelve in color. Twenty-nine dollars and fifty cents.

ALBRECHT DÜRER, by Heinz Lüdecke (Putnam). A diligent, boring compilation of what seems like everything anyone has ever said about Dürer. A hundred and seventy-five illustrations, forty-three of them in color. Sixteen dollars and ninety-five cents.

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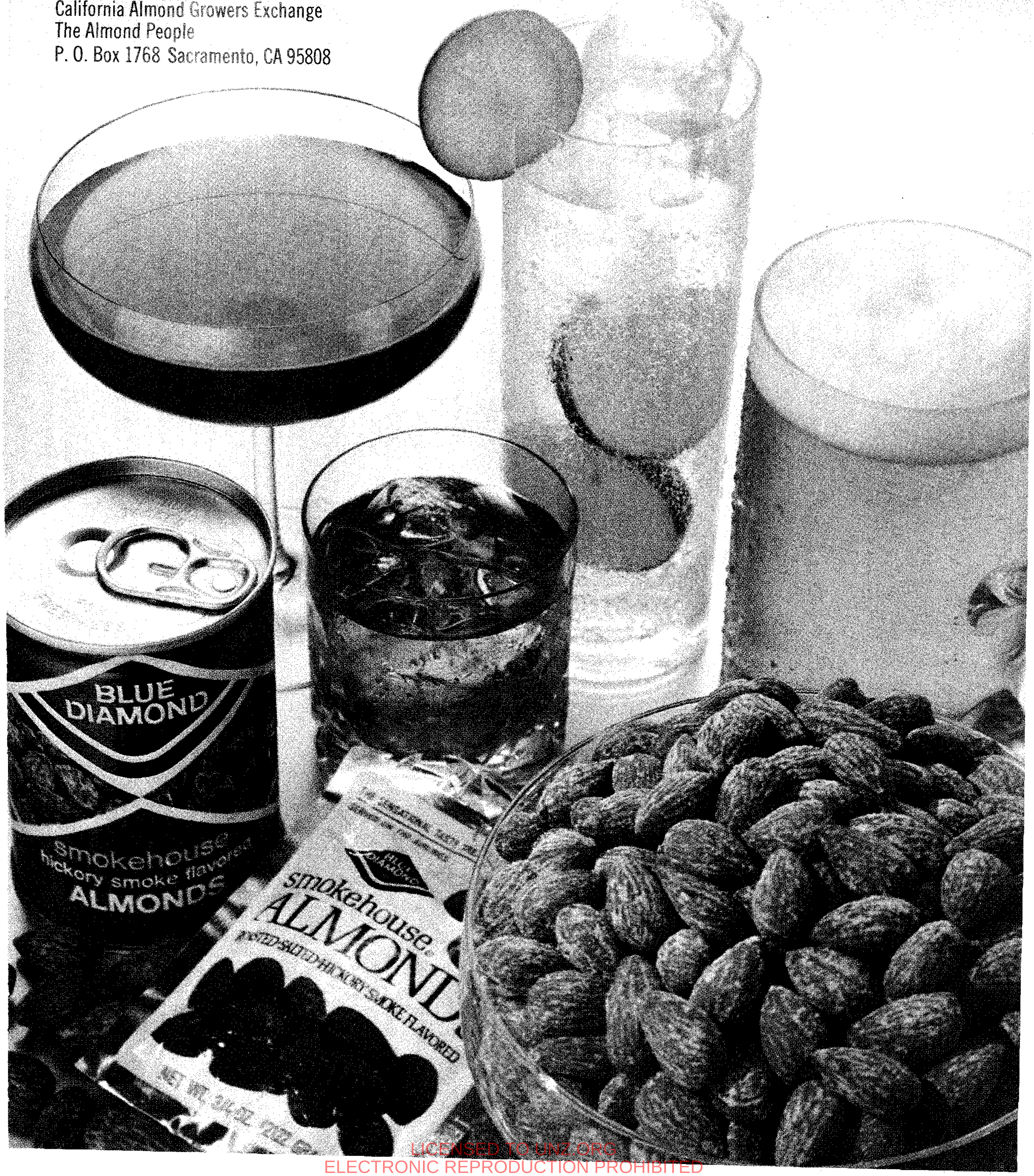
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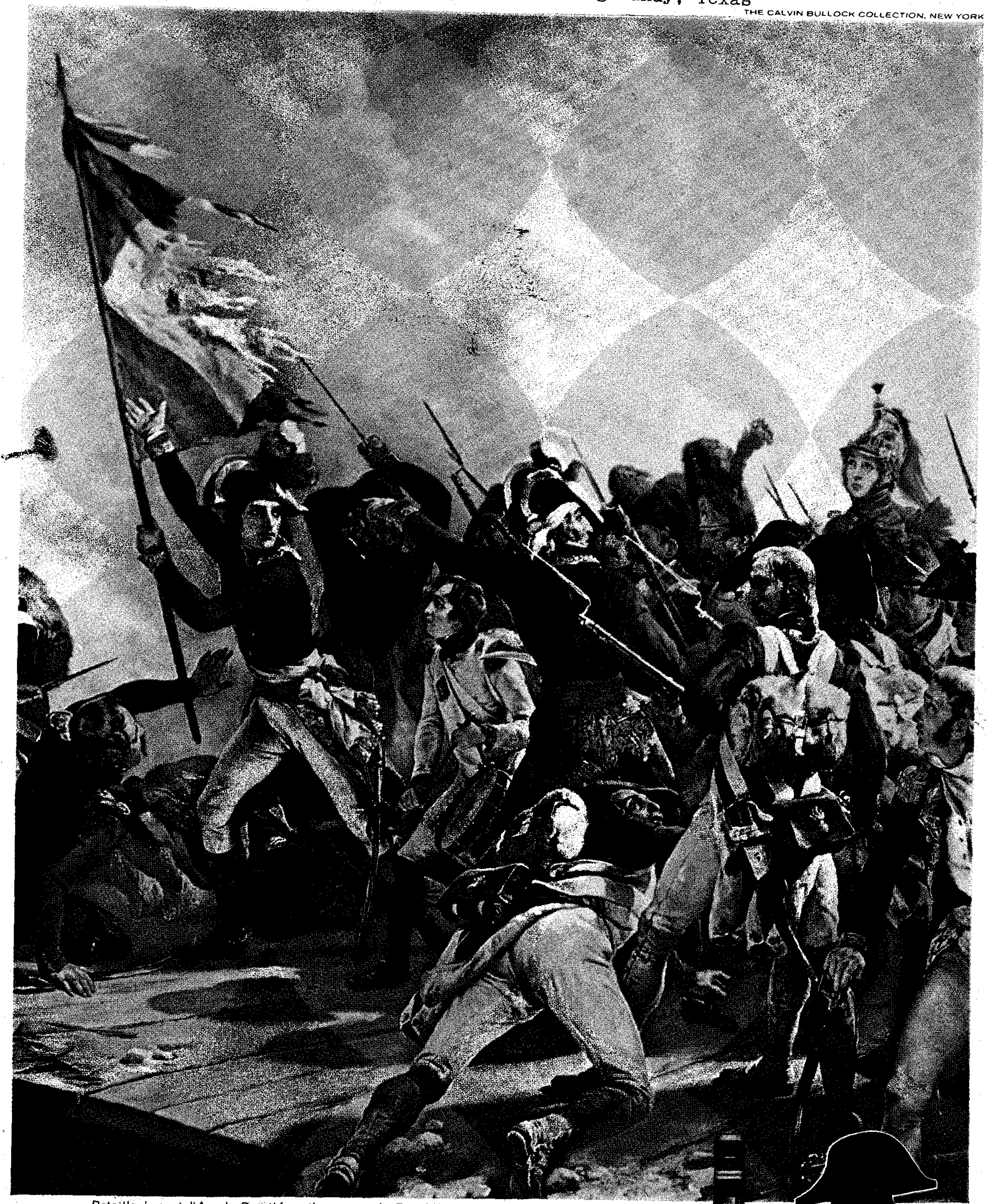

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